Saturday Review
APRIL 15, 1961 / 25¢

EDUCATION

A Frenchman Appraises U. S. Schools

BY ANDRE MAUROIS

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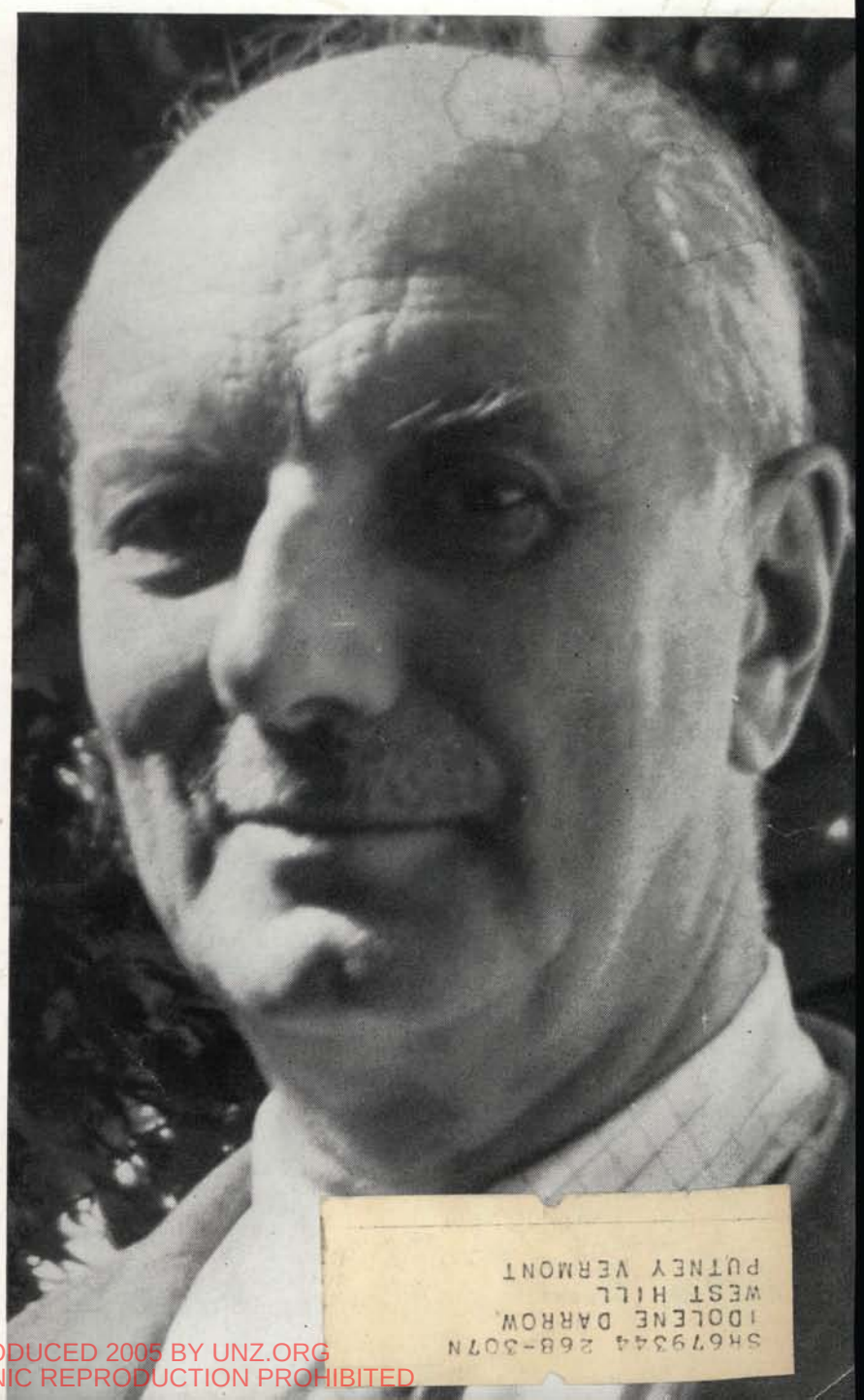

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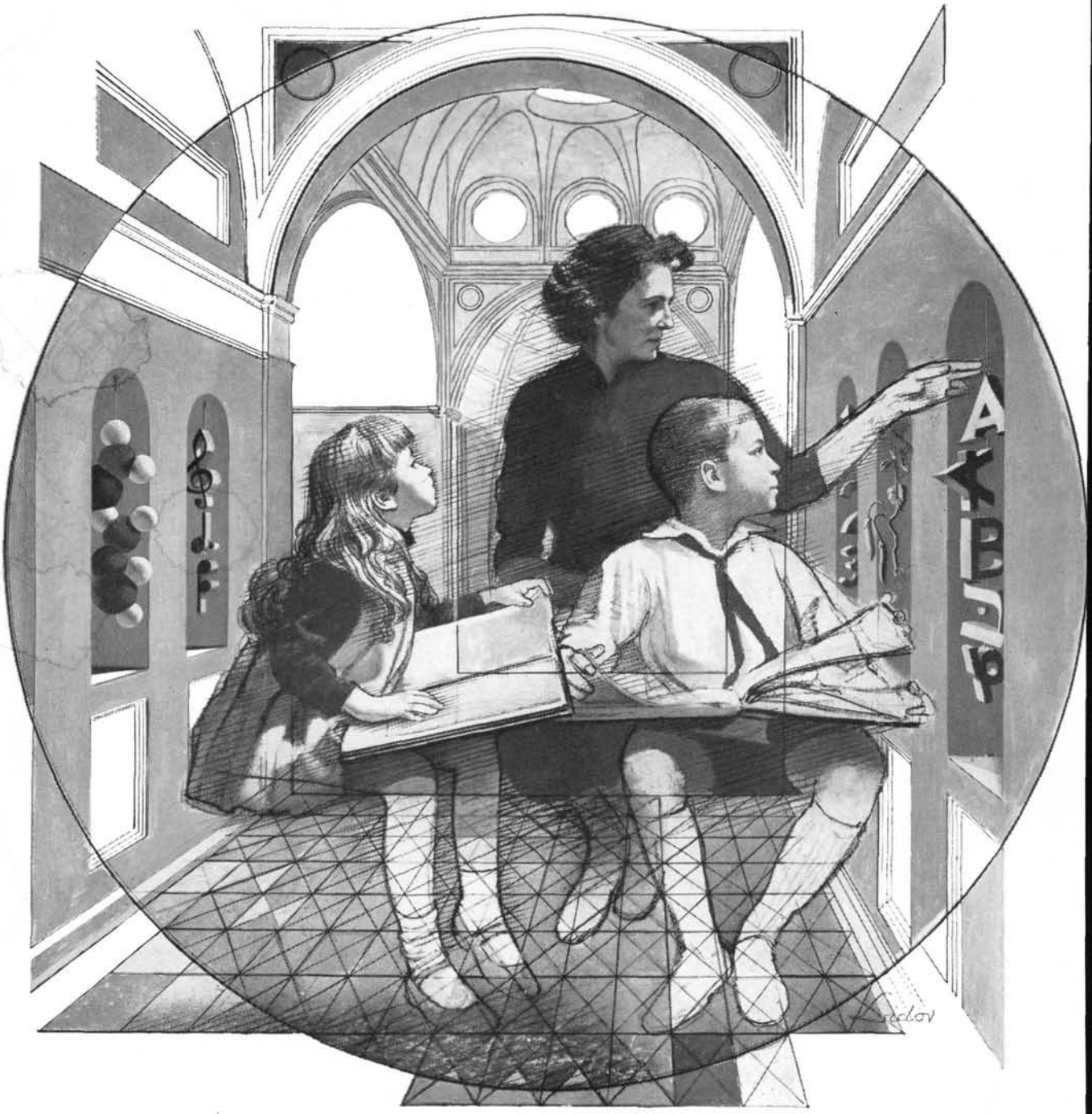

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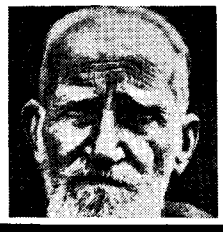

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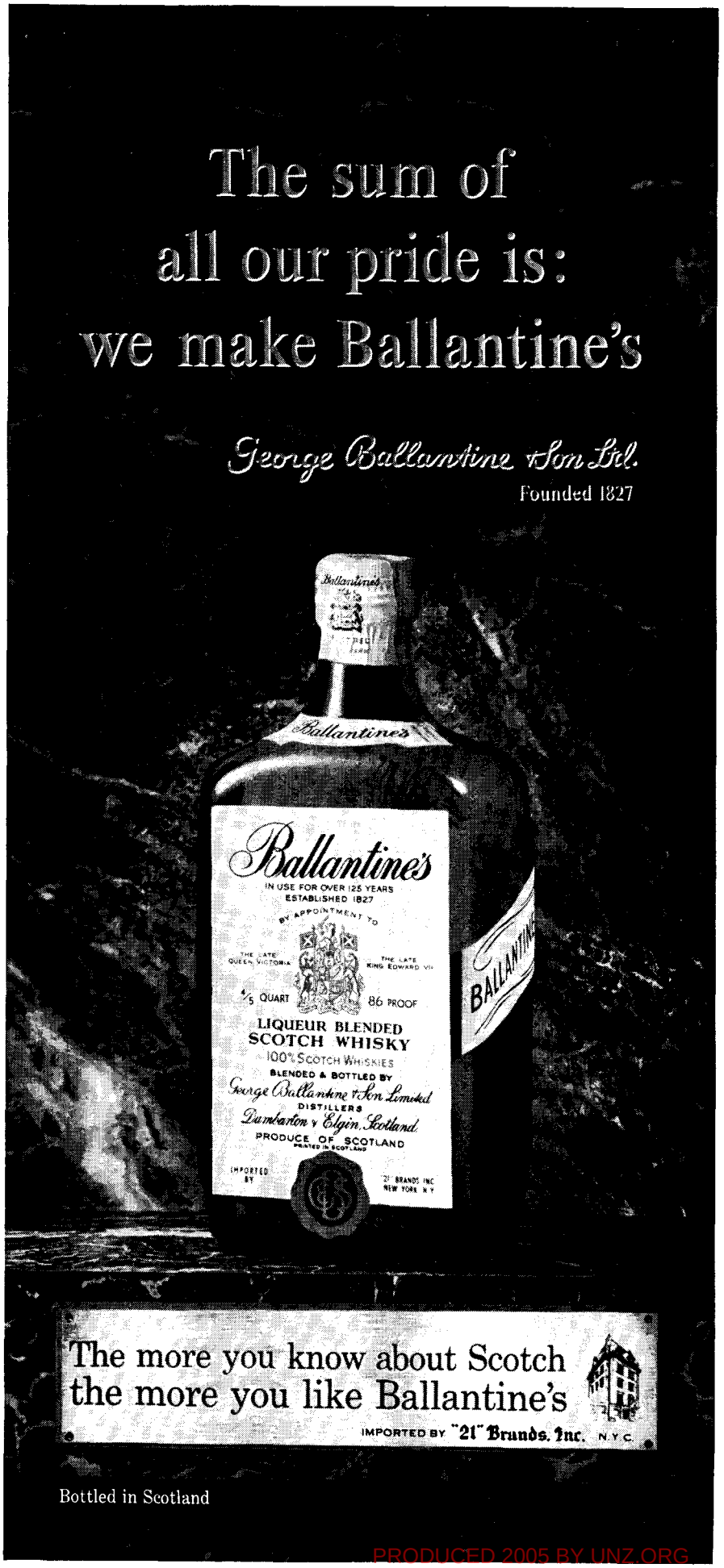

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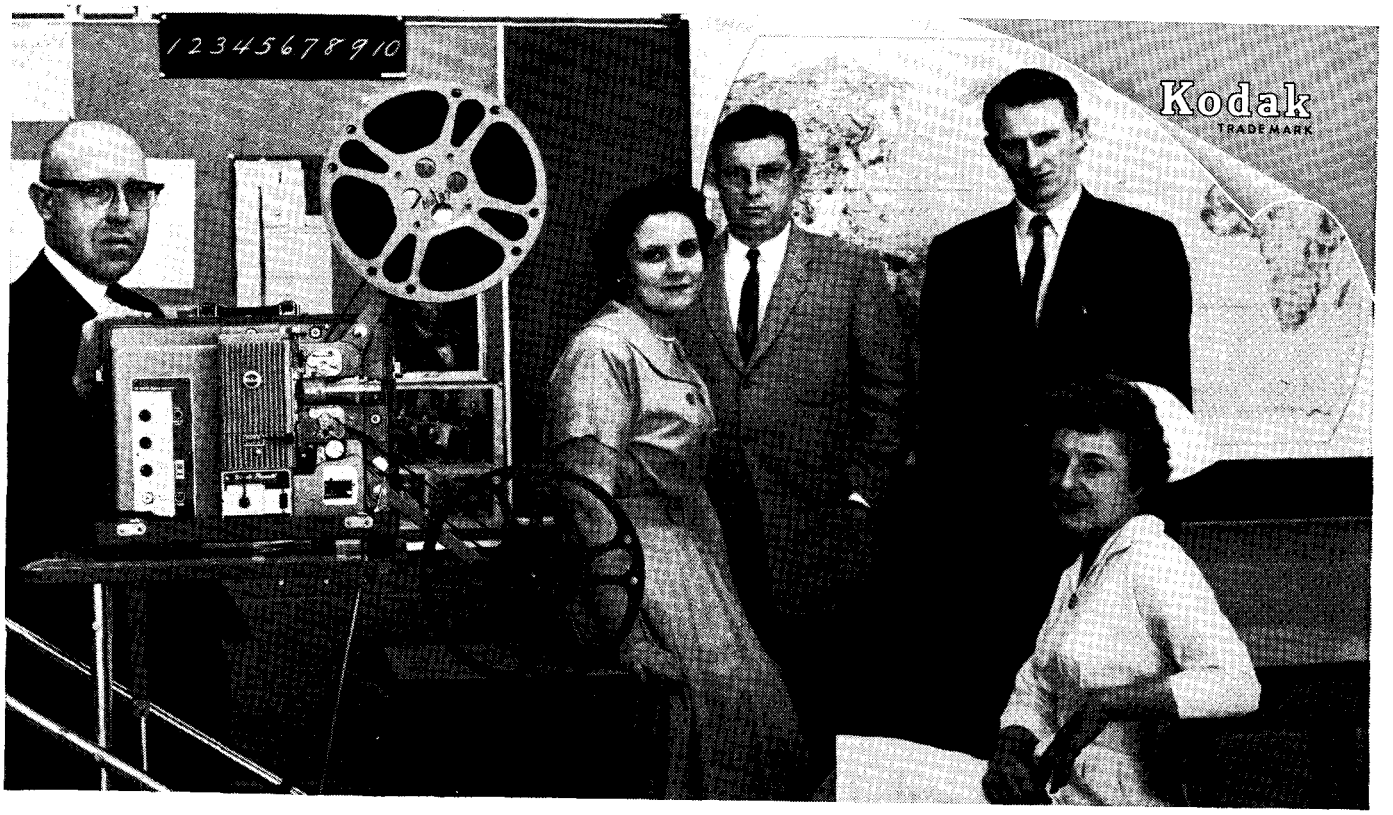

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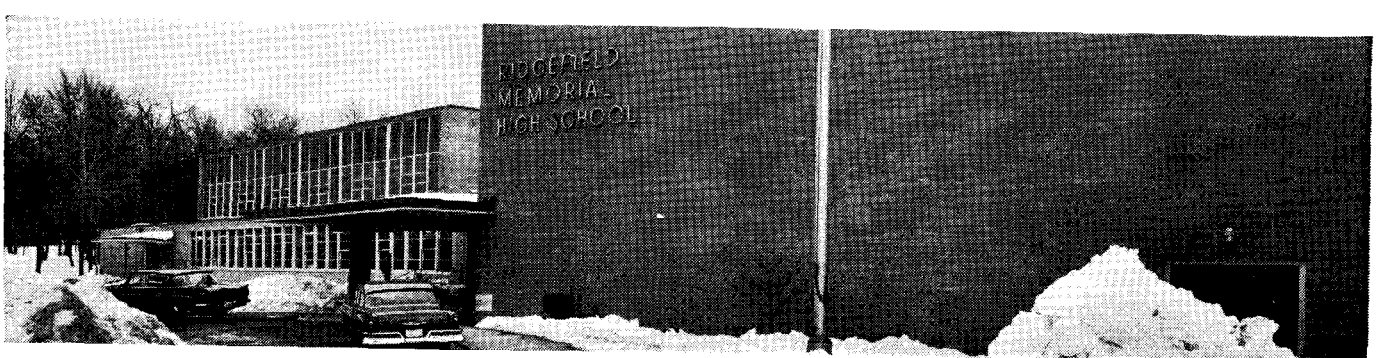

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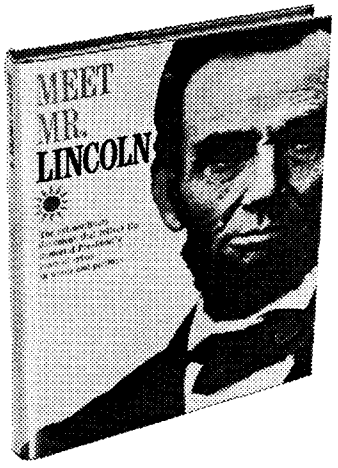

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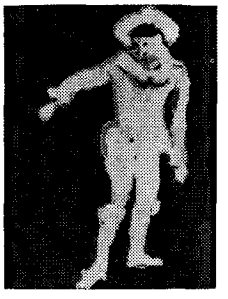

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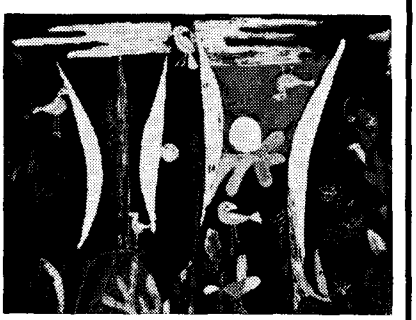

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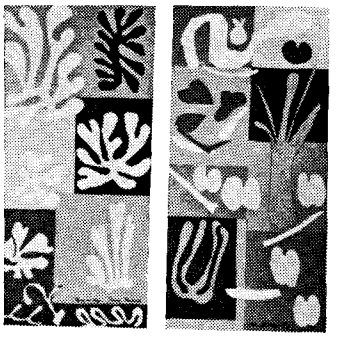

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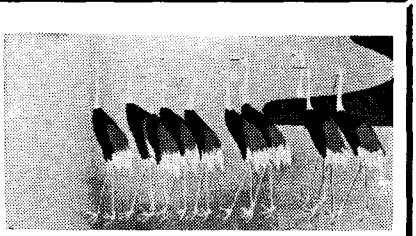

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Manner of Speaking

By JOHN CIARDI

READERS of this magazine, as I have long since discovered, are Herculean letter-writers. Whether to confirm or confound, the subscription list makes itself felt. Three qualified cheers for that. What is more disappointing for a writer than to drop his published words into a bottomless well of silence from which no echo is ever to be heard? But if only a man could wish for an echo without wishing-up a roar. I dare not count how many letters are at this moment spilling over my desk unanswered. They are unanswered for the good reason that to answer them would not be a chore but a career. And because I have other work to do.

One good reason, of course, for answering mail is that it is fun to receive it. But there are even better reasons for not answering, and certainly the first among them is the fact that many letters ought not to have been written in the first place. In terms of any reasonable social contract, the writer should have known better.

In the first rank of such social misdemeanors I certainly place the scores of letters I have received from misguided students fumbling at a term paper, who have blandly asked me in effect to write it for them. At first—because I have myself put in too many years as a teacher—I used to reply with a mild avuncular scolding, along with a brief summary of basic reference works available in any good library, and the assurance that the writer would neither lose social standing nor be shot down by the librarian were he to pass quietly through the front door and look for himself.

But no more. I am persuaded we have reared an unmannerly generation unto ourselves. Not one of the young whelps I wrote to took the trouble to say thanks. (One mother did write to thank me for the scolding I had given her young whippersnapper.) Not one enclosed a self-addressed stamped envelope. And not one knew enough to frame a considered (which is to say answerable) question, but only such hopelessly hopeful casts as "Please tell me what you think of William Butler Yeats. I am doing my term paper on him." I must insist on assuming that one is absolved when bad manners are added to ignorance, and that there need be no social debt to answer such letters.

The second rank of letters that must be discarded at once is made up of those that come along with a batch of bad poems (they are always bad) and a request for a personal critique.

Certainly I understand why a writer wants someone else to read his work and to comment on it. I have sought such reading and comment all my life. "Well, isn't that a debt?" one hears the letter-writer thinking. Yes it is, and I do my best to repay it to my students. I try to repay it there because, there, repayment is more or less possible. I *can* criticize their writing—for better or worse—but only after at least a month of setting forth principles, rules of thumb, and a vocabulary of criticism.

WHAT happens, on the other hand, when the editor confuses himself with the teacher? If a student passes in a poem whose diction is random I can say, "Show me how the overtones of your words bear any relation to one another." Or in another case I can say, "Break the poem down into its mechanical and meaningful stresses and show me what you think happens between the two." The student—at least the good one—will understand because he has been to the lectures that set up those criteria and because he has done supervised exercises in analyzing those elements of the poem.

But suppose I mention overtones to a reader? Or mechanical and meaningful stresses? I have not answered the mail, I have only multiplied it. Back comes another letter saying, "What is an overtone? And what is a mechanical and a meaningful stress?"

By that point the hour has struck. Nothing less than 10,000 words could begin to make sense. I compute that I am offered daily the opportunity to write roughly 100,000 such words, and I leave simple addition to attest that the answer must be no. Sorry, but no. And since that is the only possible answer, why answer at all?

The third rank in the army of the pestiferous carries a banner that reads "Chatty Pals." Between Bangor and San Diego there must be millions of literate and semiliterate people with nothing to do, and the itch to write long soul-searching single-spaced letters. To engage in two such correspondences would be a life work for an unfastidious Lord Chesterfield. Forgive me, dear leisured friends, but once again, the rest is silence.

I suspect we are all overcivilized these days, and it does in fact cause an uneasy feeling (at first) to leave letters unanswered. But in time the callouses grow. And in the name of reason, is everyman's mistake a duty upon me once four cents has been invested in postage?

But to ask that question is a way of wheedling toward an easy self-justification. A writer has purer grounds within his own need. The Age of Public Relations is upon us all, and where is the executive, however majestic in his banker's eye, who has not established a routine for making some sort of acknowledgement of every scrap of mail? He has heard the legend that the busiest and most important men always find time to answer, and since he is obviously busy and obviously important, he will not disappoint his own legend of himself. After all, it takes only a standard-forms book and a secretary who knows her business—both of them deductible items.

No thanks. I shall rest with the writer's purer refusal. What need he care about the legends of importance? He has the holy right of his own selfishness. His attention belongs to himself and to his writing. He owes no private pieces of his mind to junior college students in Minnesota, to hopefully hopeless young writers on Long Island, or to chatty housewives in Tuscaloosa. What he has to say is best said within the formalities of his writing. Whatever he has written well is there to be received by anyone able to read it, and nothing he might scribble out of a misplaced sense of public relations will take its place.

In the name of that indispensable selfishness, therefore, and to ask of such readers as are willing to grant it, their mercy upon selfish need, I hereby sweep the desk clean of all letters I have lacked the courage to chuck out before, and for such amends as it may offer, I begin this column in which I shall try to answer, among other things, some of the questions that crop up in the mailbag, at least such as involve matters of general interest. I have some thought of getting down to occasional specific discussion of poetic techniques. And obviously—along with every other columnist—I must take a shot at saving the world now and then. At saving it or damning it.

My plans are no more definite than that. Except to look at the mail when there is time, and to give most letter-writers the fullest assurance that unless their letters are answered here they will not be answered at all.

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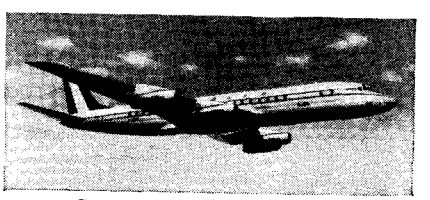

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TRADE Winds

IVES WASHBURN has just brought out John Henry Cutler's book on opportunities for the modern woman called "What About Women?" In it, we learn of one of America's early suffragettes who once consoled a discouraged associate with these words: "Call on the Good Lord, my dear. She will help you."

THE WORD "BEAT" has been the source of a good deal of confusion lately, and right now many people seem to be somewhat unsure exactly what it does mean.

One dictionary describes the word as meaning "exhausted." On the other hand, the "Dictionary of American Slang" traces the word's nineteenth-century meaning of "a remarkable or unexcelled person or thing," through its 1942 meaning of "ugly, disheveled," and on to its 1958 designation by Jack Kerouac as "beatific; you got the beat."

With the publication of Thomas Parkinson's "A Casebook on the Beat" (Crowell), you will now have an excellent biopsy of the Beats to put under your own microscope; it ought to help you make up your mind what the Beat movement is all about.

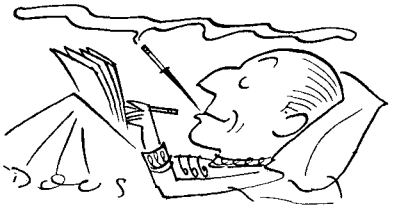
From our talks with Kerouac, Ferlinghetti, Ginsberg, Rexroth, and Lipton—dating as far back as four years ago—our own personal feeling is that they'd all be a whale of a lot better off if each wrote under his own steam, without the benefit of the rah-rah fraternity pin of the Beat. There is a tremendous amount of imagination, energy, spontaneity, guts, and vigor in these gentlemen, but it is often obscured and emasculated by the same Old Team Spirit that they deplore in others. Through their self-consciousness, they have fallen into the very trap of conformity they seek to escape. And the new pledges they have assembled during the past few rushing seasons have, for the most part, succeeded only in masquerading in the noncreative costumes of the upperclassmen, which leaves the whole movement confused and dulled.

As William Lyons Phelps once said: "Great literature is never written by committees."

ON THE FIFTEENTH FLOOR of a Manhattan apartment recently, we had a conversation that was typically Noel Coward. One reason for this was that the gentleman we were talking to was Noel Coward.

Mr. Coward was just getting ready to sail for Europe to polish the book, music, and lyrics for his new musical, "Sail Away." It will open on Broadway next fall under the sponsorship of Roger Stevens and Charles Russell. Mr. Coward was not the least bit unhappy that his first published novel, "Pomp and Circumstance" (Doubleday), was firmly nailed on the best-seller list.

"I find that a novel does give me more scope than a play, more freedom to turn around in," Mr. Coward told us. "From all the plays I've written, I've been used to condensing and compressing. Rattling around loosely in the novel form was enjoyable—and quite a change. I don't think I was too verbose, and my previous dramatic discipline was of course invaluable. I wrote the book in bursts, and for a while I was a little discouraged with the progress. But God came along and gave me a splendid case of phlebitis,



which was wonderful. It kept me in bed, and I could do nothing but write. I write fast, but I write everything in longhand, and then copy it on the typewriter myself. Of course, 'Pomp and Circumstance' isn't really my first novel. I wrote two perfectly ghastly novels before I was eighteen, and am just now recovering."

Mr. Coward looked tanned, springy, and youthful, and remained calm under a cannonade of phone calls, which co-producer Russell handled as we talked.

"The theatre seems to be experiencing a tiresome trend at the moment with the present rash of angry and serious plays. This can get a little boring. I feel that the basic job of the theatre is to entertain. I also feel that light plays are just as important as serious plays. There is plenty of room

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for both, but there certainly should be no room for pure propaganda on the stage."

Mr. Coward still has plenty of affection for one of his most delightful and durable light comedies, "Blithe Spirit."

"I wrote the entire play in five days," he told us. "And enjoyed every minute of it. One slight problem popped up with Madam Arcati, whom I brought into the script at first as a pure device to bring Elvira back to earth. But the first thing I knew, she was running away with the play, and I fell madly in love with her. Consequently, she seems to steal the show every time the play is produced."

Any new plans for fiction writing? "Each new one ought to come more easily," said the indefatigable Mr. Coward.

ANOTHER ENGLISH GENTLEMAN of the theatre is Sir Cedric Hardwicke, whose book "A Victorian in Orbit" (Doubleday) has recently appeared. In response to the question "Have you become an American citizen?" Sir Cedric replied:

"No. I doubt whether England could afford to lose both India and myself in the same generation."

BEFORE WE LEAVE the English, we are moved to quote a passage by Keith Waterhouse in *The New Statesman*, which, whether you agree with it or not, is certainly provocative:

"The reason novels don't come in three volumes any more isn't because we have not time to read them, but because we have no need to. As we become more literate there is a kind of shorthand code forming between author and reader, the same kind of cablese as exists between the film director and his audience. The writer doesn't have to *say* everything anymore, he need only suggest it. As some authors use words like bricks, there are now writers using them like girders, slinging short, lightweight sentences one across the other, to build the shapes they want us to see."

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1411)

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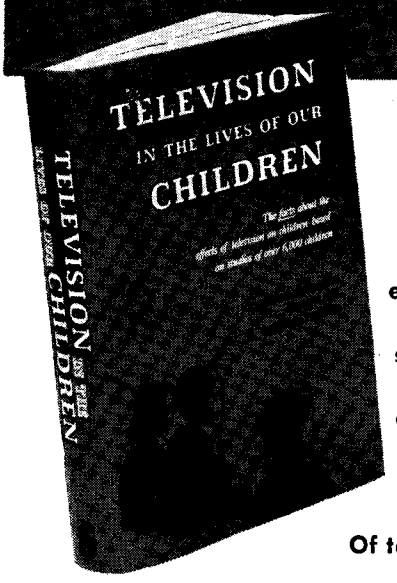
DECISION
(159 Fed. 2nd 848; suggested by L. Gluick)

There is nothing sinister in so arranging one's affairs as to keep taxes just as low as possible. Nobody owes any public duty to pay more than the law demands. Taxes are enforced exactions, not voluntary contributions. To demand more in the name of morals is mere cant.

TELEVISION in the lives of our Children



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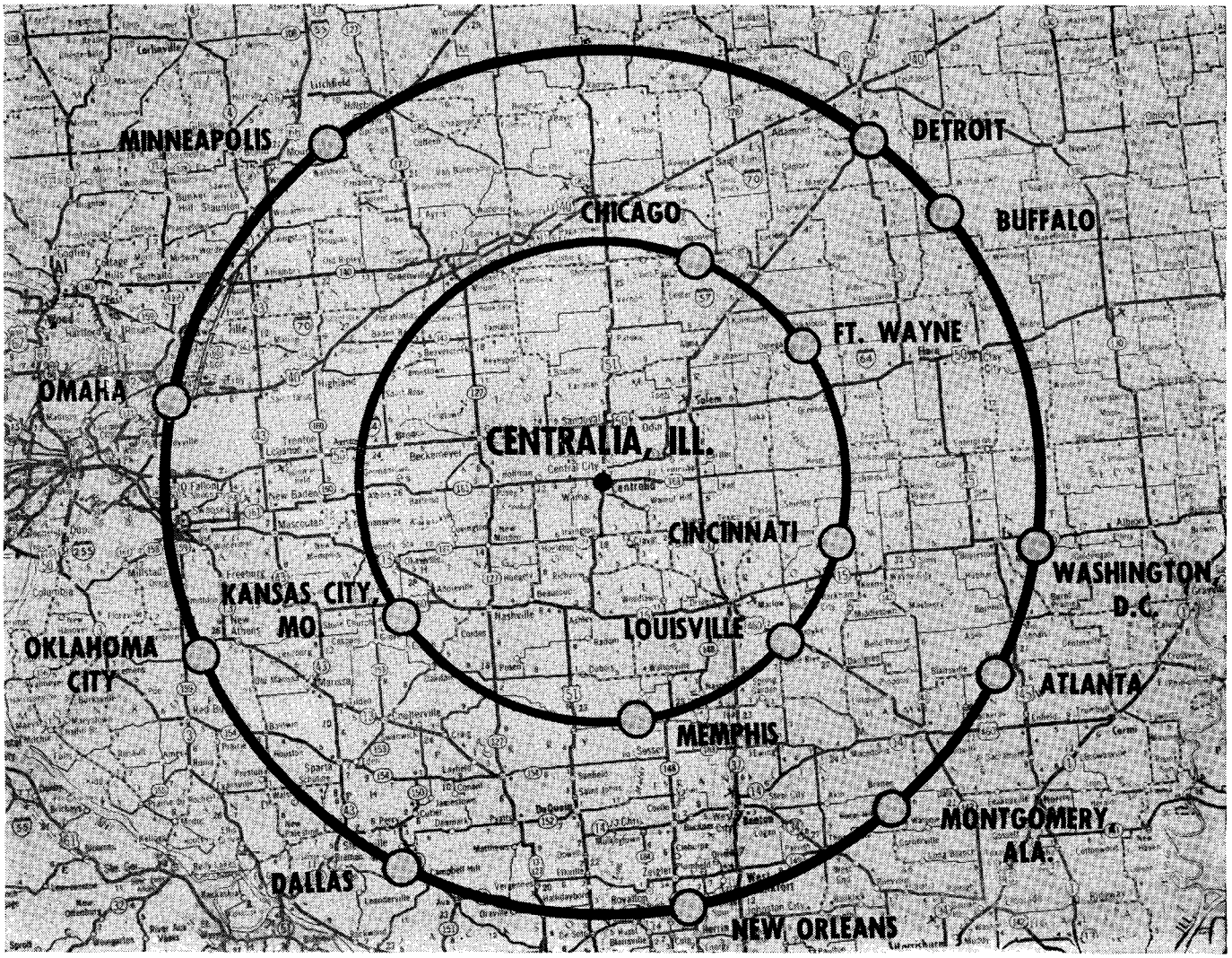
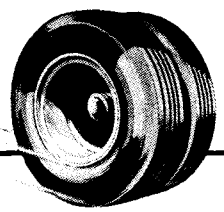


CURIOUS-LOOKING MAP?

Indeed it is—for everyone knows that the cities on each of the circles are not actually equidistant from Centralia. The explanation? It's not a geographic map at all—it's an economic map. Its purpose is to show how the direct, flexible transportation service provided by trucks shrinks the miles between point of origin and destination—how it has the effect of equalizing the distances between widely scattered cities . . . Centralia, Illinois—the population center of the U. S. and a city of approximately 15,000 people—is within 24 hours by truck of each of the cities plotted on the inner circle—and within 48 hours of those on the outer circle! This, multiplied the length and breadth of the land, is the changing face of America—new market horizons made possible by the magic of truck transport.



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Saturday Review
APRIL 15, 1961

Use and Abuse of Earth's Resources:

PLUNDER OR PLENTY?

By SAMUEL H. ORDWAY, Jr., *executive vice president of the Conservation Foundation and the author of "Resources and the American Dream" and "Prosperity Beyond Tomorrow."*

THERE may be more truth than humor in the cartoon of two cave men wearily dragging the carcass of a saber-toothed tiger to the mouth of the home cave, surrounded by a number of drooling cave babies. One provider is saying to the other, "They get further and further away each year, and scarcer and scarcer." Certainly the impact of man upon nature has been recognized from earliest times.

Plato wrote, "There are mountains in Attica which can now keep nothing but bees, but which were clothed, not so very long ago, with fine trees producing timber suitable for roofing the largest buildings, while the country produced boundless pasture for cattle. . . . The annual supply of rainfall was not lost, as it is at present, through being allowed to flow over the denuded surface into the sea."

During the last decade we have been reminded time and again of the ancient ruin of once-fertile lands—in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, in Lebanon, at Carthage, and in Greece. These events may have stirred controversy in their time. But not since the discussions that followed publication of Malthus's "An Essay on the Principle of Population," in 1798, has there been anything like the concentrated airing of the problem of resources and people that we have witnessed in the last decade.

That controversy gradually died down as, for 150 years, Malthus's doctrine seemed to be disproven by the facts. Population growth had not only failed to outrun the means of subsistence, but it did not appear likely that it would do so within foreseeable time. The Industrial Revolution, with mechanized agriculture, made it seem that man, despite nature, could extract and produce all the raw materials, including food, that increasing numbers and levels of living could demand.

It is apparent today, however, that this is not entirely true. Perpetual plenty is not automatic, and there is a real danger that the wellsprings of natural abundance will become alarmingly meager unless informed action is taken to preserve and, where possible, increase our resources. Of this most students of the problem are agreed. Yet in the long run it will not be the professional conservationists who will determine whether the danger can be averted. It will be the ordinary person and the strength of his concern with conservation that will count in shaping the necessary legislation. And concern is apparently something that must be built slowly and laboriously. A glance at the evolution of ideas on conservation over the last century and a half may provide some clues to where we are today and where we still need to go.

In 1863 George Perkins Marsh published "Man and Nature," which portrayed the history of man's destructive influence on natural processes. This work also emphasized the interrelationship of living things and the dependence of life upon environment. It was thus a forerunner of the modern science of ecology. Nevertheless, it did not stir much popular concern.

POPULAR concern was, however, stirred in the United States in the 1930s when we suffered the catastrophe of the dust bowl, which was widely publicized by our newspapers and by Pare Lorentz's magnificent films, "The Plow that Broke the Plains" and "The River." These were followed by publication of John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath." Here was concrete evidence of man's folly.

In 1935 Paul B. Sears's more scientific treatise, "Deserts on the March," and in 1936 Stuart Chase's "Rich Land, Poor Land" presented specific and newsworthy dramatization of that folly. Further stirrings occurred with the publication in 1944 of Edward Graham's "Natural Principles of Land Use" and, within the next few years, of Aldo Leopold's reflections, presented with vast charm, in "Round River" and "Sand County Almanac." Leopold then fired a real challenge to man's indifference in his convincing essay "The Ecological Conscience."

With the selection in 1948 by the

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Book-of-the-Month Club of ornithologist William Vogt's "The Road to Survival" and the very wide distribution, including translation into fourteen foreign languages, of zoologist Fairfield Osborn's "Our Plundered Planet," a mid-century school of neo-Malthusian writing was inaugurated. It was a school in the best sense of the word because it sought to change man's feeling about life, his thinking about values, and his goals. It sought to substitute the will to use resources comprehendingly for the will to consume blindly for profit; it sought to substitute a will to sustain yields for the desire to exploit lands and crops. It sought, in short, to replace the profit motive with the ecological conscience. Its aim was to make wastefulness for private profit a public sin. Both Vogt and Osborn were criticized as "scare" writers, but their books were sufficiently documented with history and fact to merit sustained attention and inspire the vigorous writing and debate on this subject that continues today.

THE theme of "Our Plundered Planet" is that the accumulated velocity with which man is destroying his own life sources threatens, at the end, "man's very survival." The hope offered is that man will learn in time "to cooperate with nature, temper his demands, and use and conserve the natural living resources of the earth in a manner that alone can provide for the continuance of civilization."

In "The Road to Survival," Vogt said: "By excessive breeding and abuse of the land mankind has backed itself into an ecological trap. . . . We must come to understand our past, our history, in terms of the soil and water and forests and grasses that have made it what it is. We must see the years to come in the frame that makes space and time one, that will keep us strong only as, like Antaeus, we draw our strength from the earth. . . . Never before, in history, have so many hundreds of millions teetered at the edge of the precipice."

Perhaps the important aspect of these two books was that they linked the facts of rapidly increasing populations and widespread undernourishment with the man-and-nature theme of Marsh and the ecological conscience of Leopold. They stimulated the concern of people who had not previously considered these problems. They also aroused fear and antagonism in exploiters and tycoons who sensed that their purses, their faith, and their status were being threatened.

Robert C. Cook hammered home the population threat in 1951 with his "Human Fertility," as Sir Charles Darwin did two years later with "The Next Million Years." Cook's work carried the authority of an introduction by Sir Julian Huxley, who said, "With all of our much vaunted modern improvements, more than three-fourths of the two billion human beings in existence are undernourished, while the increase of agricultural production in the last decades has not even kept up with the increase in population."

Sir Charles said: "Keeping on at the same natural rate of increase, the population will have increased a thousandfold in ten centuries, and even if new agricultural methods should permit the production of a thousand times as much food as at present, there would by then still only be just enough food to support the population."

The response of the "Cornucopians" was that there is no need for worry because science and technology will find new resources and produce substitutes fast enough to keep up with ever-increasing demands. Kirtley Mather, who has since recanted, wrote a book entitled "Enough and to Spare"; Paul Mazur published "The Standards We Raise"; and Gene Holman of Standard Oil wrote "The Never Ending Storehouses."

Another writer who has considered the problem is Colin Clark, author of "The Conditions of Economic Progress," who has claimed that prosperity and freedom can only accompany continuing population growth. In a recent statement of his position, in *Fortune* magazine, he writes: "After all, the U.S. now is doubling productivity per man hour every thirty years: at this rate, after three centuries, their descendants should be a thousand times as economically productive as Americans are today. The construction of artificial space satellites on which to live should present to them no difficulty by that date."

The implications of these attempts at rebuttal of the prophets of doom were explored in depth by a geochemist, Harrison Brown, in 1954, in "The Challenge of Man's Future." His exploration, for the first half of the book, made his readers feel confident of the future. Then Brown turned his disciplined scalpel to a new sort of neo-Malthusian surgery—his own brand of science writing salted with irony. Summarizing his analysis, he said: "When we look at the situation solely from the point of view of technological and energetic feasibility, we must conclude that the resources available to man permit him, in principle, to provide adequately for a very large population for a very long period of time. . . . If we were willing to be crowded together closely enough, to eat foods which would bear little resemblance to the foods we eat today, and to be deprived of simple but satisfying luxuries such as fireplaces, gardens, and lawns, a world population of 50 billion persons would not be out of the question. . . . A substantial fraction of humanity today is behaving as if it would like to create such a world. It is behaving as if it were engaged in a contest to test nature's willingness to support humanity and, if it had its way, it would not rest content until the earth is covered completely and to a considerable depth with a writhing mass of human beings, much as a dead cow is covered with a pulsating mass of maggots."

Commenting on this grim picture, Joseph Wood Krutch in "Human Nature and the Human Condition" says: "At the present moment some men not only vaguely accept such a future but are actively and joyously preparing it." Then he cites a statement by C. F. Kettering, of General Motors: "Despite today's farm surpluses, the human race must someday become independent of plant life . . . and that will be accomplished within the next fifty years." Krutch continues: "To Mr. Kettering, in other words, sewage-grown algae represented an unworthy compromise because it accepts as necessary the intervention of a natural process. When science has solved the mystery of photosynthesis it will have freed man from dependence upon any living thing other than himself. And when that day comes no inch of the earth's surface will have to be wasted upon any other form of life, plant or animal. All will be snuffed out and the globe covered with buildings as high as we care to make them."

Accompanying all of these more or less philosophical studies was an expanding flow of more technical publications relating to specific resources and man's role in decreasing their supply. Such titles as "Topsoil and Civilization," "Timber in Your Life," "Wildlife for America," "Muddy Waters," and a dozen others carried the theme of this school of writing to specialized application.

THEREAFTER began a second round: Osborn published "The Limits of the Earth"; Vogt, who had joined the population control bandwagon, wrote "People! Challenge to Survival"; and Edward Higbee, who had thrown a powerful punch with "The American Oasis," followed up with "The Squeeze."

"The Squeeze" is concerned with space as a resource—threatened by urban and suburban sprawl. "The landscape of this nation, which once offered unparalleled natural beauty, economic resources, and sites for proud

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cities, has been polluted through a mismanagement of space that has created extensive and ugly chaos. . . . Unless the American metropolis is ready to take drastic steps, the ability of the landscape to function as a suitable habitat for human beings will be dangerously impaired forever."

In 1953, in "Resources and the American Dream," the present writer suggested that American industry can reach a limit of economic growth as raw materials become scarcer at home and those increasingly imported from overseas are withheld through industrial development in the lands of their origin.

This theme was further developed in 1956 in "Prosperity Beyond Tomorrow," which examined additional factors, including the influence of automation and growing leisure and unneeded luxury production, as well as the role of government in resource consumption here and abroad: "Governments can hardly increase productivity and restrict consumption sufficiently to achieve a balance without the personal awareness and insistence of men who produce, refine, and consume the resources of the earth. . . . The challenge is environmental and inclusive: physical, mental, moral, and religious. It demands an ethic imbued with fear and faith, a new, impassioned ethic for survival in the golden age we are about to have and would not ever lose."

The economist John K. Galbraith enlarged upon the danger of overproduction and sale of unneeded things in "The Affluent Society," which reached the best-seller lists in 1958. He, too, stressed concern for better use of the human resource: "Whether the problem be that of a burgeoning population and of space in which to live with peace and grace, or whether it be the depletion of the materials which nature has stocked in the earth's crust . . . the basic demand on America will be on its resources of ability, intelligence, and education."

Most recently, there has appeared Vance Packard's "The Waste Makers." This is a devastating documentation of industry's production for obsolescence, which, Packard argues, speeds consumption of resources in the name of continuing prosperity.

Packard says that in the 1950s it appeared that mass consumption of products might not keep up with industrial capacity for mass production. "What was needed," he writes, "was strategies that would make Americans in large numbers into voracious, wasteful, compulsive consumers—and strategies that would provide products assuring such wastefulness. . . . Happily for the marketers, such strategies were emerging or were at hand. They had been forged in the fires of the Fifties and were being perfected for use in the Sixties."

In a section on "The Vanishing Resources" Packard writes: "But let us assume it does come to pass that the United States in a century will have a population of more than 600,000,000 people and that the United States is encountering intensified competition from the rest of the world for resources available outside the United States. If that occurs, what would happen to the high, wide, and handsome mode of living Americans are pursuing today? The nation would be sucked virtually dry of resources economically feasible by today's standards within a very few years. Actually, such a possibility is not likely to confront the nation. Something will have to give—either mode of living or population growth or both—long before a mere century has passed."

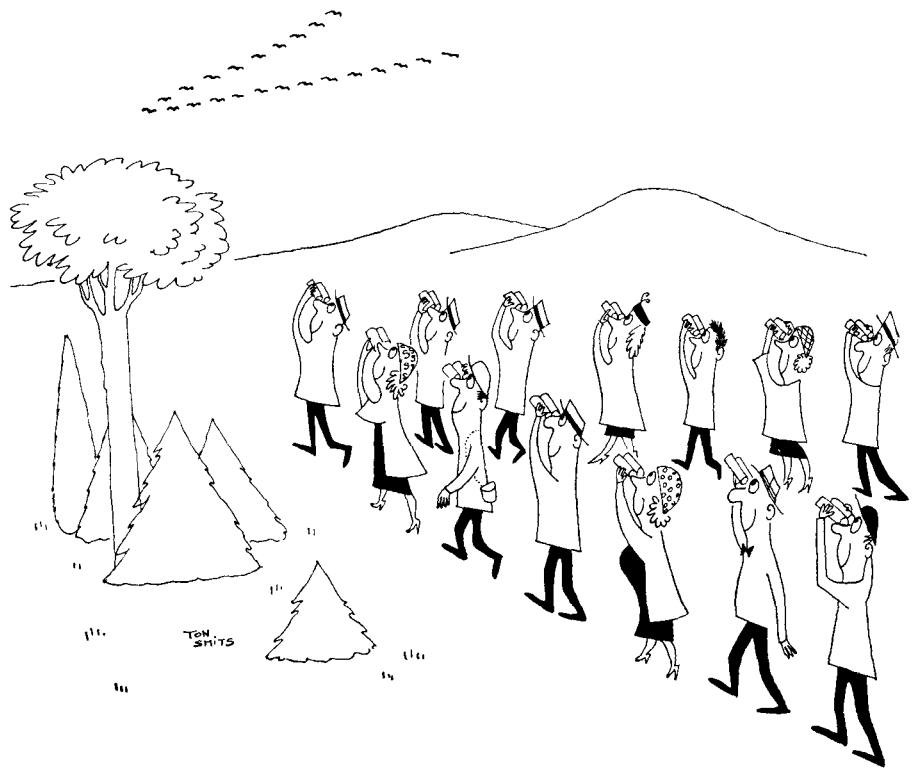
THROUGHOUT the literature of conservation there is no lack of warning of our deteriorating physical and spiritual condition as a civilization. There is no dearth of criticism of our current ways of life, of our apparent goals and the varied means we employ to reach them. But there have been few practical suggestions of things we might do to change conditions, although generalities have been abundant.

The reason all remedies so far proposed seem impractical is that we of the affluent society are afraid of losing the wealth and security our consuming economy is believed to supply. But in the practice of this belief, we are threatening something far more precious than economic security and push-button comfort. We are threatening our freedom to be individuals. We are massing to consume the natural environment, not asserting the individual prerogative to work with nature. We are sacrificing the individual will, always latent, to build up and serve rather than to break down and destroy.

Without a healthy, natural environment no living thing can long survive. We have become a civilization of dependents in a nation with a tradition of independence.

Aldo Leopold summarized our dilemma when he said: "Twenty centuries of progress have brought the average citizen a vote, a national anthem, a Ford, a bank account, and a high opinion of himself, but not the capacity to live in high density without befouling and denuding his environment, nor a conviction that such capacity—not density—is the true test of whether he is civilized."

Our best hope seems to lie in the growing numbers of people who aspire to service endeavors rather than exploitive endeavors—who prefer to practise the arts, the sciences, the professions rather than the extractive producing and consuming activities that have until recently appeared more remunerative. If this is a new sort of "return to nature"—to the enhancement of human nature as well as environmental nature -- our civilization can be the better for it.



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To Bury or to Praise

By Granville Hicks

THE PUBLICATION in 1959 of George Steiner's "Tolstoy or Dostoevsky" made it clear that here was a young critic—he was born in 1929—of unusual resources and superb vigor. The opening paragraph was a joy and a challenge:

> Literary criticism should arise out of a debt of love. In a manner evident and yet mysterious, the poem or the drama or the novel seizes upon our imaginings. We are not the same when we put down the work as we were when we took it up. To borrow an image from another domain: he who has truly apprehended a painting by Cézanne will thereafter see an apple or a chair as he had not seen them before. Great works of art pass through us like storm-winds, flinging open the doors of perception, pressing upon the architecture of our beliefs with their transforming powers. We seek to record their impact, to put our shaken house in its new order. Through some primary instinct of communion we seek to convey to others the quality and force of our experience. We would persuade them to lay themselves open to it. In this attempt at persuasion originate the truest insights criticism can afford.

This is not the way most critics have been talking in recent years, and Steiner, who subtitled his book "An Essay in the Old Criticism," was aware of that. "I say this," he continued, "because much contemporary criticism is of a different cast. Quizzical, captious, immensely aware of its philosophical ancestry and complex instruments, it often comes to bury rather than to praise." As the book clearly showed, Steiner had learned all that the New Critics had to teach him about textual analysis, but he also brought to his work an interest in and knowledge of philosophy, history, and politics. And he brought to it an unabashed enthusiasm for both Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. He compared and contrasted the two men in various subtle ways, but in the process of weighing and balancing he never forgot that he was dealing with greatness.

Steiner's second book, **"The Death of Tragedy"** (Knopf, $5), is not quite so exciting as "Tolstoy or Dostoevsky," probably because it is not so sharply focused, but it has the same sort of excellence. Steiner, whose erudition is dazzling, talks about a large number of writers, and, though he is not one to overlook failures, he responds to greatness wherever he finds it.

He does not try to define tragedy but merely to describe it. It is the essence of tragedy, as he sees it, that it deals with irremediable evils. "Tragic drama tells us that the spheres of reason, order, and justice are terribly limited and that no progress in our science or technical resources will enlarge their relevance. . . . There is no use asking for rational explanation or mercy. Things are as they are, unrelenting and absurd." "It is a terrible, stark insight into human life," he goes on. "Yet in the very excess of his suffering lies man's claim to dignity. . . . Man is ennobled by the vengeful spite or injustice of the gods. . . . Hence there is in the final moments of great tragedy, whether Greek or Shakespearean or neo-classic, a fusion of grief and joy, of lament over the fall of man and rejoicing in the resurrection of his spirit."

Steiner devotes little space to either the Greek or the Elizabethan tragedians: he takes them for granted; they are his point of departure. He writes at some length on the neo-classicists, Milton, Dryden, Corneille, and Racine, and very persuasively. And then he proceeds to the decline of tragedy, which is his theme.

AS HE tells the story, tragedy has been dealt a series of theoretically fatal blows. Christianity itself should have destroyed it, for it preaches a doctrine of redemption that is contrary to the Greek tragic sense. (That is why Dante called his great work a comedy.) Yet in England between 1580 and 1640 and in France between 1630 and 1690 professing Christians wrote great tragedies —a fact for which Steiner seems to have no explanation. After 1700, blow followed blow. Most serious of all, according to Steiner, was the triumph of rationalism and the scientific method. Then the rise of democracy changed the character of the audiences for drama. And finally the romantic revolution, with its stress on man's perfectibility, denied the tragic premise.

Yet the worship of Shakespeare was at its height in the nineteenth century, and most of the romantic poets tried to write tragedies. By and large, according to Steiner, they failed, but he finds interesting things to say about their failures, and he holds that Goethe sometimes wrote in the tragic vein, while he calls Schiller the "richest playwright" between Racine and Ibsen. He also talks about Kleist and Büchner, discusses the virtues of verse and prose in tragedy, and takes a look at Wagner's experiments.

As he comes towards the end of the century, he expresses great admiration for Ibsen's later plays, and finds much to praise in Strindberg and Chekhov. These three writers, he believes, laid a foundation for tragedy in the modern world, but, instead of building on it, the tragedians of the twentieth century have mostly turned back to classic myths, and this, he feels, has been disastrous.

STEINER is careful as he unfolds his theories not to twist facts to fit them; on the contrary, he welcomes exceptions and contradictions, and it is with a pair of exceptions that he ends. "The metaphysics of Christianity and Marxism," he says flatly, "are anti-tragic." Yet he proceeds to discuss a Catholic dramatist, Paul Claudel, and a Marxist, Bertolt Brecht, in whose work he finds tragic elements.

It is in this unfailing preoccupation with the specific work of art that Steiner's superiority lies. His theories may not be novel, but he supports them with a wealth of critical insight. He writes about scores of plays in the course of the book, and he talks about each freshly and eagerly. He is, as he wants to be, persuasive, always encouraging the reader to see for himself. Yet there is no gush, no laying on of superlatives, no lack of discrimination. There is simply a report on the experiences of a man who has read both widely and well. (He is, among other things, a remarkable linguist, using his own translations from French, German, and Italian.)

I hope and believe that Steiner will exert a strong and salutary influence on criticism in the decades to come. At a relatively early age he has acquired an impressive familiarity with the principal European literatures, and on this score there are few who can surpass him. At the same time, erudition is not for him an end in itself; as I have been saying, he has and is happy to cultivate and express great powers of appreciation. And he is not afraid of large issues. He has already gone far, and there seems no doubt that he will go farther.

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BOOK OF THE WEEK

Metropolitan Strait Jacket

"The City in History: Its Origins, Its Transformations, and Its Prospects," by Lewis Mumford *(Harcourt, Brace. 576 pp. $11.50), excoriates Megalopolis as a "death-oriented culture." Geoffrey Bruun, historian and critic, wrote "Europe in Evolution."*

By Geoffrey Bruun

IT IS a fitting coincidence that this massive volume should appear on the 150th anniversary of the "gridiron map" of Manhattan that set the pattern of its present traffic-strangulated streets. For the gridiron city is one of the major abominations that Lewis Mumford associates with capitalist stupidity. Gouverneur Morris, Simeon De Witt, and John Rutherford, the three commissioners who planned this metropolitan strait jacket in 1811, provided plentiful ammunition for Mumford's fulminating broadsides. For they admitted that they had allowed very little space for parks because the land would be too valuable, and that they drew their limit at 155th Street because of "the pernicious spirit of speculation."

Lewis Mumford's criticism of most modern and many ancient cities has been voiced in a score of books and innumerable articles. As the passionate advocate of a "Renewal of Life" he is a controversial figure famous on both sides of the Atlantic. Unfortunately, the central line of his vigorous argument is not always easy to follow because there are three Mumfords who succeed one another on the rostrum or mingle their voices in a confusing counterpoint.

Of these triple personalities the most sober and consistent is Mumford the historian. With scholarly patience he probes ancient ruins, reconstructs the daily life of Ur or Athens, and analyzes with exceptional insight the social effects of mechanical inventions. This is the Mumford who detects the errors of unwary colleagues and confounds them with unexpected statistics—*e.g.*, that the infant mortality rate in New York almost doubled between 1810 and 1870, or that "*two-thirds* of central Los Angeles are occupied by streets, freeways, parking facilities, garages." In this role, the role of magistral historian, he has contributed potently to the current enthusiasm for the history of technology.

But there is a second Mumford, less rational and more passionate, who is inflamed with the ire and foreboding of an Old Testament prophet. When this spirit is upon him he launches fulminations against evildoers and all their works. The magistral mood forgotten, his voice rises to unqualified superlatives. "The law of urban growth, as dictated by the capitalist economy, meant the inexorable wiping out of all the natural features that delight and fortify the human soul in its daily rounds. . . . Industrialism, the main creative force of the nineteenth century, produced the most degraded urban environment the world had yet seen. . . . The poorest Stone Age savage never lived in such a destitute and demoralized community."

At times the thunder of his style echoes with more ominous phrases like organ notes of doom. "An economy that sacrifices human development to mechanical processing" creates "a world ever less responsive to direct human command." Woe unto the generation that has gone whoring after strange "Cybernetic Deities." Woe unto the citizens of Megalopolis, who have embraced "the sterile dreams and sadistic nightmares that obsess the elite" in a "death-oriented culture." Repent ye, for it is later than you think and the end of the world is at hand.

The priest, the prophet, and the poet. The third person of the complex trinity that is Mumford is the artist and architect of words. This Mumford, who began his writing career with "The Story of Utopias," who devoted a volume to Herman Melville, who is both fascinated and repelled by Plato, is a romantic poet in modern dress, a prose Shelley. At its best his eloquence grows so seductive it conceals his lapses of logic. When we read his strictures on "the mind of Plato, beautiful even in its perversity," Plato who "mistook ideal compass points for actual destinations," we forget how inerrantly such bright arrows of wit recoil on Mumford's own head. Yet how can we resist a writer who forges such lovely phrases? What

(*Continued on page* 36)

THE AUTHOR: In an age of specialists, defined in neat categories to be punched on IBM cards, commentators have been hard put to find the proper niche for Lewis Mumford. He has suffered for long from a widespread misapprehension that he is an architect, although only seven of his twenty books deal with architecture or city planning—probably because those seven have had so significant an impact on the English-speaking world. "This is something I have continually to live down," he said the other day, speaking by telephone from his home in Amenia, New York. "I like to remind people that a person who investigates crime is not necessarily a criminal. I couldn't have written my books about cities if I had been an architect. I came on the clue to understanding ancient cities while giving a course in religion at the University of Pennsylvania."

Mr. Mumford, however, has nothing against specialists, and freely acknowledges his own debt to the results of their labors. He feels that there must be a balance between specialists and "generalists"—the word he has chosen as most descriptive of himself and his work. "But the specialist who remains in his own hole and has no relations with the rest of life is a menace."

Born in Flushing, Long Island, Mr. Mumford grew up on the West Side in New York. In 1919 he was made editor of the *Dial*. At this time he began to use the city as "storehouse and power-house," by exploring its streets and buildings and by "vocational participation" in such divergent fields as the garment industry and cement testing. He considered these activities as integral to his education as his evening college courses.

In recent years Lewis Mumford has become a prominent figure in American education, holding a number of visiting professorships: this fall he will go to the University of California at Berkeley as guest professor in the Department of Political Science. It therefore comes as a surprise to many to learn that he holds no academic degree of any kind, although he has ample college credits. "I got what I wanted out of my studies," he says, "and have never felt the need for a degree. I prefer the freedom of not having one."

—RUTH BROWN.

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Books in the News

Brandenburg Gate — symbol of the two Berlins.

By William Henry Chamberlin, *journalist and author of books on the USSR and international affairs.*

THE DIVIDING line between the Communist and non-Communist worlds runs through Germany and slashes the former German capital, Berlin, into two strongly contrasted communities. The consequent situations furnish the subject matter of two new books. In **"Germany Between Two Worlds"** (Harcourt, Brace, $5.75) Gerald Freund presents a very solid, scholarly account of the main elements in the foreign and domestic policy of the German Federal Republic, along with some unconventional and sometimes very debatable suggestions as to how the problem of a divided Germany should be dealt with. Born in Berlin, Mr. Freund has a background of study, teaching, and research in the United States and Great Britain.

The Swedish journalist Jörn Donner has written a very different type of book in his **"Report from Berlin,"** translated by Albin T. Anderson (Indiana University Press, $6.50), a narrative of personal experience, in which impressions predominate over analysis. Mr. Freund deals more with ideas, Mr. Donner with people and street scenes.

The former's historical account of the rise of the German Federal Republic, the evolution in the Western attitude to the point of favoring Germany as a rearmed ally, the nuances of German internal politics, can be recommended almost unreservedly. He has studied available sources conscientiously and organized his material with intelligence and discrimination. As a record of the factual side of German postwar politics, foreign and domestic, this may well be the best book on the subject that has yet appeared in English.

It is when Freund comes to policy recommendations that the reader is given pause and is sometimes tempted to scribble a question mark after certain statements. The author sees the root cause of the German problem as the conflict of interest between Soviet Russia and the Western powers over the future of Europe. He is inclined to brush aside as secondary the ideological conflict between Communism and freedom—on the ground that old-fashioned Marxism has entirely lost its appeal to industrial workers in the increasingly affluent European society. He views the conflict in Europe as a struggle not for men's minds but, rather, between competing blocs of nations and economic systems.

As Mr. Freund interprets the situation, the German reunification policy of the Bonn government and of its Western allies is mired in legalistic unrealism. Main elements in this policy have been refusal to recognize changes in Germany's eastern frontier until a peace treaty is concluded with a united Germany, and German unity through free elections has been achieved. But Poland has occupied and has been vigorously colonizing and developing German territory east of the Oder-Neisse line since the end of the war. Moreover, the Soviet Union has stubbornly defended the satellite regime it has set up in its Zone of Occupation and has given no encouragement to the idea of letting the Germans decide their own fate by free ballot.

Believing that this deadlock and the continued frustration of the German aspiration for reunion is dangerous and explosive, Mr. Freund advocates a policy of disengagement for the Western powers and a move by the Federal Republic toward rapprochement with Poland, Czechoslovakia, and other satellite states. He would like to see an American proposal for reciprocal military withdrawal from Germany, exclusion of Germany from NATO, and the barring of nuclear arms to Germany.

He also recommends that the German Federal Republic renounce all claims to territory east of the Oder-Neisse line, establish diplomatic relations with the Soviet satellites, and offer large-scale credits and favorable trade terms to the satellites as alternatives to Soviet commercial terms. The return of a restricted number of former German inhabitants to Poland and Czechoslovakia might, he believes, be negotiated along these lines. He hopes that after this the influence of Poland and other East European Communist-ruled states would be used in Moscow in favor of permitting gradual reunification of Germany, beginning perhaps in the form of a confederation of the present regimes.

SOME of Mr. Freund's ideas bear a striking resemblance to the measures recommended in a series of lectures at Oxford two years ago by George F. Kennan, State Department Russian expert who was recently appointed Ambassador to Yugoslavia after a period of separation from the diplomatic service. There are serious and cogent objections to these ideas, and these objections have not diminished with passing of time.

For instance, it is hard to equate a Soviet military withdrawal to the eastern frontier of Poland with an American withdrawal from Europe. The threat of Soviet re-entry, so grimly effectuated in Hungary, would hang over Western Europe and would be calculated to give the Soviet Government enormous leverage in diplomatic pressure. It is doubtful whether NATO could survive the double blow of American military withdrawal and the neutralization of Germany. Nor is there much reason to believe that the influence of the Polish local Communist chief, Gomulka, or of the other Soviet Gauleiters in satellite states would cut much ice in Moscow. A renunciation of territory that is historically and ethnically German, even though there is no present visible means of recovering it, would seem to many Germans an unwarranted and one-sided concession.

Admirable in his factual sketch of modern German politics, Mr. Freund more than once seems to give a too favorable interpretation of conditions behind the Iron Curtain. The increased outflow of refugees in 1960 does not match his optimistic prediction that East Germany's per capita production may match that of the Federal Republic in the middle Sixties. He speaks of many East Europeans being "impressed by the higher standard of living they enjoy," which raises the question: higher in terms of comparison with what?

However, his book is eminently worth reading for its close, earnest examination of postwar German political conditions and for its challenging presentation of ideas that strike a responsive note in some German circles, although certainly not in the mind and will of Konrad Adenauer.

Mr. Donner's approach, as a reporter on Berlin, is quite different. Perhaps because he feels, as a Swede, an obligation to be aggressively neutralist,

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perhaps because he wishes to prove that he cannot be taken in by American or West German propaganda, he seems at times to lean over backward in attempting to prove that there is not so much difference in conditions in the two sectors of Berlin. His figure of half a million refugees from the Soviet Zone flowing through West Berlin since 1949 is a considerable understatement. His comment that the stream of refugees from East to West has abated may have been correct when he wrote, but is not accurate for 1960, when the forced collectivization of agriculture and the collapse of the proposed summit meeting touched off an accelerated flight from the Soviet Zone.

While some of the judgments in the book seem debatable and even contradictory, Mr. Donner does succeed in conveying a good impression of some of the people who live in divided Berlin. Many of his interviews and descriptions are of nameless people in bars and cafés and on local trains. There are also sketches of the Social Democratic mayors of West Berlin, Ernst Reuter and Willy Brandt, who have symbolized and led the resistance movement of West Berlin, geographically isolated, but determined to maintain its political connection with the Federal Republic and its cultural contacts with the West.

Mr. Donner has visited the big reception centers for refugees, which produce scores of ready-made plots for short stories; he has looked up the remnant of Social Democrats who continue to carry on in East Berlin, their political activity having been entirely outlawed in the Soviet Zone surrounding the city. He contrasts a little cynically and skeptically the propaganda methods of the two sides. Yet two of his own observations show that the "competitive coexistence" going on does not show favorable results from the Communist standpoint.

The decline in population in the Soviet Zone between 1950 and 1958 was one million—probably a unique record anywhere. And Mr. Donner remarks that "most of the unemployed in West Berlin prefer to accept unemployment benefits, rather than take a job in the Eastern sector."

Stephen Spender contributes an introduction, in which he offers the following explanation of the courage of the Berliners:

"If they show a peculiar fearlessness which excites the almost unbelieving wonderment of the world, that is because they have reached that place on the far side of fear, where, being utterly at the mercy of the conflict of the great powers, they feel there is no use being afraid, and therefore they have nothing to be afraid of."

FICTION

Destination: Death

"Heaven Has No Favorites," by Erich Maria Remarque, *translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Harcourt, Brace. 302 pp. $4.50), has as its doomed protagonists an automobile racer and his tubercular mistress. Ken W. Purdy, author and former magazine editor, has known many real-life auto racers.*

By Ken W. Purdy

A YEAR ago it was bruited that the primary character in Erich Maria Remarque's new novel was based on the Marquis Alfonso de Portago, the Spanish nobleman who died driving in the Mille Miglia automobile race of 1957. If this was in fact Mr. Remarque's intention he has achieved a notable failure. Clerfayt of "Heaven Has No Favorites" resembles Portago only in that he is male and a race-driver—quite a bad race-driver, whereas Portago was a good one. He is a dull, unformed, and aimless person; the twelfth Marquis de Portago was intelligent, purposeful, and passionate.

One looked forward to Mr. Remarque's ninth book if only because not even a reasonably good novel has yet been written grounded on automobile racing, as dramatic a sport as mankind has devised. Unhappily, "Heaven Has No Favorites" does not alter the record except to add one more bad book to the list.

Mr. Remarque's conception of this novel was sound and perhaps even noble. He proposed throwing together a man in an occupation of high hazard and a woman balanced on a knife-edge between death from tuberculosis and recovery. His treatment of it is something else. His heroine chooses to die—the price of recovery, years under the strict regimen of a sanatorium, being higher than she wishes to pay. Her lover precedes her in death, at the wheel, and presumably he too has chosen. Between the first meeting of Clerfayt and Lillian and this dismal dénouement, Mr. Remarque has laid down many pages of junior-philosophical discourse, some demure and rather fetching love-making, pleasant talk about some of the countryside and restaurants of Europe, and a modicum of automobile racing. The ramblings on life, death, and the wonder of it all are distressing; the love-making, perhaps because it is pale and low-key when one has been conditioned to expect harsh colors and explicitness, is often charming; the automobile racing bears little relation to reality.

This latter failure is more than merely bad reportage and it is distinctly more important than it would have been had the author drawn Clerfayt as, say, a tournament golfer. Hazards to life and limb on the golf course, while existent, are actuarially insignificant. Race-drivers, on the other hand, are quite often killed on the circuit, and since it was obviously Mr. Remarque's intention to establish automobile racing as life in microcosm, one might reasonably have expected him to demonstrate precise knowledge not only of techniques but of mores and attitudes. He does not. The jacket biography describes him as a former racing driver, and he may indeed have been, although I do not recall having encountered his name either in the records or the literature. Perhaps he has only forgotten a great deal. The book carries a disclaimer in which Remarque says it has been necessary for him to take minor liberties with some of the procedures and formalities of racing. The necessity is not clear to me, and, in any case, to present a case-hardened race-driver as saying he has left his car, which, or whom, he calls "Giuseppe," parked "on the Place Vendôme sneering at a dozen

Erich Maria Remarque—" . . . the love-making . . . is often charming."

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Bentleys and Rolls-Royces parked around him" is not a liberty; it is an absurdity.

But it is in the matter of preoccupation with death, which is the primary concern of the book, that Remarque's failure is plainest. Clerfayt is neurotic, preoccupied, and passive. To be human, he believes, is to seek one's own destruction: the Freudian "death-wish" cliché inevitably cited whenever laymen talk about auto race-drivers. In point of fact, the race-drivers one knows are nearly always intelligent, healthy technicians who differ from other technicians only in the depth of the passion they feel for the work by which they live. A Clerfayt may moon on about the face of Death in the cockpit; a Portago could say, as he did say to me, "If I die tomorrow, still I have had twenty-eight wonderful years; but I shan't die tomorrow; I'll live to be 105."

Clerfayt, transported, may think of the engine driving his car as "a mystical beast under the hood." The Italian master Piero Taruffi, no less sensitive, knows twice the ecstasy though he thinks of a car's adhesion to a wet two-lane road at 165 miles an hour as a matter best expressed in algebraic formulae. Clerfayt, driving, sees himself "a volcano whose cone funneled down to hell"; the Briton Stirling Moss, one of the greatest *virtuosi* of all time, believes that ultra-fast road-circuit driving is an art form related to ballet.

Errors in technical terminology suggest that the over-all translation from the German may not convey quite everything Mr. Remarque hoped to tell us.

However, my principal objection in this sort of novel is to the hackneyed treatment of race-drivers, pilots, submariners, atomic researchers, and all the machine-masters of our age as brooding mystics or hysterical fatalists.

At the Zoo

By Barbara Overmyer

THE snow-leopard cub
bounces
three-fourths air
and children
note with delight
his little tummy muscles
are pudding, fluff or angel-cake –
a cotton-wad body,
whipped cream with smudges,
the milkweed tuft,
a snowball rolling mushrooms
as the old one
rasps the red flower of beef, then
blood-pounding to her teeth
talks the merry gapers.

The Bleak Houses

"The Heart of London," by Monica Dickens *(Coward-McCann. 413 pp. $4.95), peoples a rather dingy area of the English city with characters reminiscent of those who sprung from the pen of the author's great-grandfather. A British novelist, scholar, and critic, Peter Green is the author of "The Sword of Pleasure," "Kenneth Grahame: A Biography," and, most recently, a volume entitled "Essays in Antiquity."*

By Peter Green

THAT rousing old cliché "a slice of life" springs irresistibly to mind when one tries to describe "The Heart of London"—except that one slice is niggardly in comparison with what Miss Dickens dishes up. From her we get the whole cake, cut and served: rich (not to say gooey) layer-cake, at that, full of rather odd bits and pieces, but on the whole digestible. If there is a touch of staleness about the icing, addicts (and this type of fiction has its addicts by the thousand) will scarcely notice, let alone complain.

Cottingham Park is a rather dingy area of London. The tide of former gentility has retreated from it, leaving a wilderness behind: patched and peeling stucco, dust, soot, litter, ramshackle tenements. Here there swarms a bewilderingly kaleidoscopic population. As these proliferating characters spring up, page after page, we are forcibly reminded that the author is Charles Dickens's great-granddaughter, with a similar fertility of invention. In "The Heart of London," indeed, we may discern an echo of the Fat Boy: here and there Miss Dickens is determined to make our flesh creep. The Gothic horrors touched on include some very seamy sex, a series of indecent anonymous phone calls, and a murderous pervert who has an amiable penchant for slitting cats' throats.

But you can't get away from that layer-cake metaphor. It even suggests itself apropos Miss Dickens's plot, if plot's the appropriate word, which deals with a project to slash a great "Transurban Expressway" right through the area, and the consequent impact of this on the inhabitants' lives. Expressway and cake-knife coalesce as Miss Dickens cuts down through the strata of local society. The result is a gigantic dramatic catalogue. We learn about Edgar, the bright West Indian boy who slips into drug addiction and petty theft; Eileen, a nice whore who comes to a bad end; glamorous Veronica; Zona, the beat; Grace Peel, the dedicated schoolmistress; genteel Mr. Davenport; May, the District Nurse; Mr. Wilson with his "cultured crossword face." There are race riots and adolescent gang warfare, coffee-bar junketing and wistful crippled children (shades of great-grandfather again!) not to mention heartbreak, alcoholism, and plain household drudgery: the criss-cross flotsam of several dozen private lives.

This is an immensely competent and readable novel of its kind—that is, sociological reportage spiced with sentimentality and melodrama, which, when you come to think of it, isn't a bad definition of what old Charles D. specialized in, too. The formula may be overmechanical, but it offers great scope to a digressive imagination, and Miss Dickens quarries away at Cottingham Park like any steam-shovel. Perhaps she is most impressive when most casual, as in a superb throwaway account of a fashionable *coiffeur*: "He rested both manicured hands on the sides of her head, looked in the mirror—but at himself, not at Edwina—and said: 'I just have my lady to comb out,' and was gone." I wish Miss Dickens, bless her warm heart, would ease up on The Great Panorama of Common Life and give us more bitchily accurate satire of this sort.

Monica Dickens—gives us the whole cake.

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Waiting for Satan

"The Talent Scout," by Romain Gary, *translated by John Markham Beach (Harper. 209 pp. $3.75), tells humorously of a Cujon Indian Faust who can't make a sale to the devil. Ben Ray Redman, whose reviews are syndicated by the Saturday Review Book Service, is a veteran contributor to this magazine as well.*

By Ben Ray Redman

ROMAIN GARY is among the Frenchmen who have proved that careers in diplomacy and literature are happily compatible. But whereas many a novelist clings faithfully to the terrain and style associated with his first success, M. Gary's imagination is too lively, his interest in life too far-ranging, for him to be content with variations on a theme. His books are as different, one from another, as are the countries in which he has served France. "A European Education" gave no hint that he might write "The Roots of Heaven"; readers who were moved by "The Company of Men" could hardly have anticipated "Lady L." With "The Talent Scout" (in French more effectively entitled "*Le Mangeur d'Etoiles*") he leads his followers into new territory.

Somewhere to the south of us, a Cujon Indian named José Almayo has made himself dictator of a rugged, primitive country. His ancestors practised a cult based on human sacrifice. He, having come to believe that God has no truck with a world that is thoroughly bad, is convinced that a man can rise to supreme power only by sacrificing his soul to the devil, and that to interest *El Señor* in the possibility of striking a bargain the aspirant must prove his worth by an action abominably evil.

For years Almayo has been intent upon committing "the worst sin." But, despite sodomy, murder, and incest, the devil has refused to put in an appearance. This is disappointing, but the Indian knows he must be patient.

M. Gary begins his tale by introducing us to a group of men and women who are traveling to the dictator's capital at his invitation. They are a high-powered evangelist, a young Cuban distinguished by his ability to match the concupiscent performance of the prince immortalized by Theophrastus, a Danish ventriloquist and his cynical dummy, a French juggler burning with ambition to become master of thirteen balls, a talent agent, a corporation lawyer, and a violinist who plays while standing on his head.

With them is Almayo's mother, and, after they have been abruptly halted by astounding orders from the capital, they are joined by an American girl who has been the dictator's mistress for three years. She is, in fact, mistress in more than one sense. Having stumbled into José's life when he was only a night club owner, she has decided that he is a mixed-up boy and that his backward country must be given American aid. Moreover, she has done something about it; so much, indeed, that she has triggered a conservative revolt against her lover.

How the various characters behave under threat of imminent death, how Almayo seeks to evade his fate and then goes to meet it, how the greatest of illusionists ludicrously fails, how the evangelist learns that he has been doing the devil's work—all this must be left for M. Gary to relate.

He has written a fantasy in which humor is the servant of ideas. It tells us that there is no devil to buy our souls; man is on his existentialist own, but requires illusions to live; the true artist is never completely satisfied.

One may wonder how the girl could have accomplished what she did during Almayo's brief dictatorship. But in the world of fantasy all things are possible.

ECCENTRICS' RETREAT: Since characters in novels, particularly good novels, tend to run wild in defiance of even the most benevolent creator, the novelist has a formula for controlling them: he chooses a setting that is in effect a trap—a hotel, a ship, the cabin of a plane, a poorhouse, a home for feebleminded. The grim story of "The Snake Pit" of some years back was laid in an asylum. "**A Month of Sundays**" (Viking, $3.75) takes place in Serenity House, an establishment with, not inmates, but patrons, who ante up $1,500 a week. People who pay that much may well be insane, but along with the de luxe accommodations they get the right to the milder classification of eccentric.

Romain Gary — "leads his followers into new territory."

Louis Kronenberger has always had a smile to divert attention from his fundamentally serious purpose, but this book, according to his disclaimer, is all smile and no seriousness. In a light-hearted mood he guides a light-headed cast through zany episodes.

But the novel is more eccentricities than eccentrics. Artificiality is piled on artificiality, and there are more silly names than you'd find in any other month of Sundays.

Dr. Spanner is not a doctor, his cousin Mr. Hazeltine is not his cousin, Lord Festilent is not a lord, Miss Santayana-Prunier is Miss Avuncula Rawlings, and Miss La Fosse is not Lolita—though she doesn't miss by much. Mrs. Vizard and Mrs. Bannerman, supposedly of grande-dame status, scrap like fishwives. When there is a noise, someone cries in alarm: "The Soviets!" Avuncula wears veils and eats through them, Miss La Fosse throws things, Mrs. Rawlings spills them. There are puns like freudy-cat and payola-Paoli.

However relaxed this all is, it never eases up to the point of being funny. I'm sure the author got his laughs and hoped we would, but he had none left over. Kronenberger is taking time off from being Kronenberger, and lots of his readers will accept no substitute, especially this one. To be sure, they will find welcome traces of the original—in the ironic treatment of a bogus social arbiter, and more notably in the finale. There a message threatens to break through, despite the preliminary assurance there would be none: everybody who wants to get on the climactic TV program must live in Serenity House, or, in other words, it is eccentrics or worse who appear on your television screen. But the frothy central substance is the unserene people who, as the author's fake Englishman says, are "slumpy in the ding-dong," and they don't ring a bell.

—W. R. Rogers.

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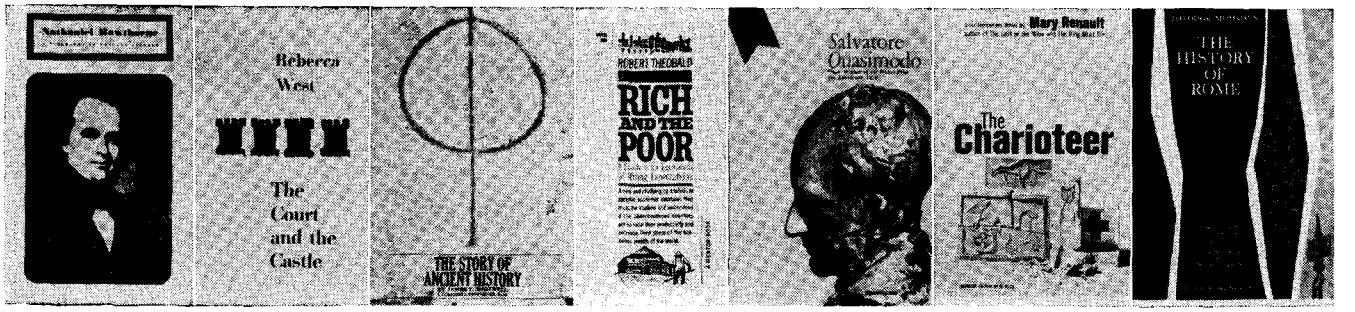

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

WHAT'S NEW: Just about everyone, including sociologists, jazz musicians, political scientists, and young girl novelists, have reported on the Cuban revolution. No reason that Jean-Paul Sartre shouldn't. In "**Sartre on Cuba,**" a Ballantine original paperback (50¢) scheduled for May, the existentialist who visited Cuba as Castro's guest, sees and approves of the "new Cuba" as existentialism in action. . . . At least according to Marie Beynon Ray's "**The Importance of Feeling Inferior**" (Ace, 50¢), you don't have to worry about your inferiority complex. Here's a psychiatric study that tells you how to channel it into action. . . . Soon there will be a deluge of Durrell on the paperback market. This month Pocket Books begins publication of the Alexandria Quartet with "**Justine**" (50¢). The three remaining novels, "**Balthazar,**" "**Mountolive,**" and "**Clea**" will follow in successive months. . . . With spring fever and all those other balmy ailments in the offing, Crest has high hopes for "**Folk Medicine**" (50¢). That's the book written by seventy-nine-year-old Vermont Dr. J. C. Jarvis that surprised just about everyone by zooming onto the best-seller list.

NEW FRONTIERS: With renewed political emphasis on aid to underdeveloped countries, Robert Theobald's study "**The Rich and the Poor**" (Mentor, 50¢) should get a lot wider attention in its new paperback format. Theobald, a young English economist, writes: "The major problem of the rich and the poor countries is basically the same, the need to develop new values more suitable for the age in which we live." Some of his suggestions, elaborated in the text, will call forth heated argument.

—Rollene W. Saal.

FICTION

William Kelley's "**Gemini**" (Crest, 50¢) is a well-written, perceptive story of a young, tenement-bred New Yorker who flees his sordid surroundings for the comfort of asceticism in a monastic order. The conflict wheels about the hero's struggles between his worldly and spiritual desires. The novelist, who never falters in his vigorous storytelling, is at his best when describing life within the sacred walls. A far cheerier book is Elaine Dundy's "**The Dud Avocado**" (Signet, 50¢), which tells about the adventures and misadventures of an indomitable American girl in Paris. The theme of Americans abroad has probably never been handled with quite such a zany air.

Mary Renault is best known for her excellent novels of the ancient world ("The King Must Die" and "The Last of the Wine"). "**The Charioteer**" (Meridian, $1.55) is quite different. It has a contemporary British setting and tells of the problems of homosexual life.

Meridian, which generally has a lively and unusual fiction list, offers Isaac Rosenfeld's only published novel, "**Passage from Home**" ($1.35). In many ways this is another "heartwarming" Jewish-American novel, but the author, who died five years ago, makes his story of a fifteen-year-old boy meaningful and real.

Truman Capote's "**'The Grass Harp' and 'A Tree of Night and Other Stories'**" (Signet, 50¢) combines a brief novel with a collection of short stories. The annual anthology "**Best American Short Stories**" (Ballantine, 75¢), edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett, has recently been published. Not many surprises here. George Garrett, Elizabeth Hardwick, Philip Roth, and Bernard Malamud are represented, as are Mavis Gallant, Howard Nemerov, and Peter Taylor. A few new names, but none of it seems very lively.

LITERARY LIVES

It's not surprising that D. H. Lawrence's letters make as lively reading as they do. His correspondence is filled with himself, his projects, and his ideas; even his merest notes are charged with intensity. In "**Selected Letters of D. H. Lawrence**" (Anchor, $1.45) he confides to Katherine Mansfield, scolds Middleton Murry, thanks Amy Lowell none too graciously for a loan. There are letters to such other well-known personalities as Edward Garnett, E. M. Forster, Aldous Huxley.

No dour New Englander is the "**Nathaniel Hawthorne**" (Yale, $1.45) of Randall Stewart's study. He emerges as a man warm in his friendships, content in a happy marriage, openhanded in his appreciation of other places, other people.

In a brilliant introductory essay to "**The Orwell Reader**" (Harvest, $2.25), Richard Rovere writes: "He [George Orwell] had sense and sensibility, a love of language, a nose for fraud, a hunger for truth, a resolute heart, a robust and inquiring intellect, and whatever it is that makes a man an artist." The anthology presents ample helpings of Orwell's fiction, his reportage, his political essays.

"One of the last daughters of the Enlightenment" is what John Malcolm Brinnin calls Gertrude Stein in his study "**The Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and Her World**" (Evergreen, $2.95). It's a fascinating book, not only in its analysis of Stein's writing, but because Brinnin tries to cut through the Stein legend to find out something about the magnetism that attracted such various people as Hemingway and Apollinaire.

Rebecca West's "**The Court and the Castle**" (Yale, $1.45) is a highly personal book of literary criticism, filled with frequently arbitrary statements not always sufficiently supported by the evidence presented. Nonetheless Miss

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West's discussions of Proust and Dickens, James and Kafka, among others, revolve largely around the conflict in their writings between the themes of political power and spiritual search. It's a vital, provocative book.

HISTORY

Most of the classic, respected books of history have found their way onto the paperback shelf. The newest of these is Theodore Mommsen's "**The History of Rome**" (Meridian, $1.95), which is a compact edition of the multivolume work prepared by Dero A. Saunders and John H. Collins. Mommsen's great work, written in the past century, tells Rome's story from the conquest of Carthage on to the closing days of the Republic.

Donald R. Dudley, a contemporary English historian, has written a concise history of Rome during 1,200 years. "**The Civilization of Rome**" (Mentor, 50¢) pays close attention to architecture, literature, the arts, most of which are well represented in the book's many illustrations.

Long after Rome had fallen, the Empire lived on. James Bryce wrote his study, "**The Holy Roman Empire**" (Schocken Books, $2.45), in 1904, three years before he became British Ambassador to the United States. In his introduction to this book Hans Kohn writes, "No other work . . . brings to the modern student a similar grasp of the power of the ideas which dominated the medieval mind."

A contemporary of Bryce was John Emerich Dalberg-Acton, professor of history at Cambridge, a Catholic, a liberal, an aristocrat. Lord Acton never published a book during his lifetime but his essays have been collected into numerous volumes. "**Lectures on Modern History**" (Meridian, $1.45) deals with a variety of subjects ranging from Calvinism and Henry VIII to the American Revolution. Lord Acton was the man who said, "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely." In "**Renaissance to Revolution**" (Schocken, $1.85), he discusses in a series of essays man's struggles toward freedom against the powers of Church or State.

James T. Shotwell's "**The Story of Ancient History**" (Columbia, $1.95) is the author's interpretation of the origins of history reaching back in time to myth and legend, and ancient Babylonian and Assyrian annals. Early writings—Jewish, Greek, and Roman—are examined, held up to the light of the author's perceptions, and discussed in so easy a manner that the nonacademic reader can't help but be fascinated by man's first efforts to chronicle his past.

POETRY

Before Salvatore Quasimodo won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1959, he was little known in this country. Now he has been the subject of numerous articles and a few books. "**Selected Writings of Salvatore Quasimodo**" (Noonday, $1.95), translated from the Italian by Allen Mandelbaum, presents a wide variety of poems, as well as essays on the nature of poetry and on Dante. Happily, both the English and Italian texts are provided.

Robert Lowell won the Pulitzer Prize in 1947 for "**Lord Weary's Castle**" (Meridian, $1.25). Now that volume of poetry and "The Mills of the Kavanaughs" have been combined into one compact paperback edition.

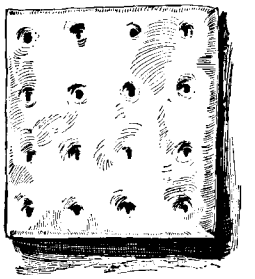
Though William Empson is best known as a critic, a volume of his "**Collected Poems**" (Harvest, $1.15) is currently available. Empson, who is also an Orientalist, has added a few poems translated from the Chinese; his own verse has some of the concise, delicate quality of Far Eastern poetry. A book of Empson's criticism, "**Some Versions of Pastoral**" (New Directions, $1.35), has also been recently published. This one discusses the elements of pastoral writings in such diverse pieces as "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Beggar's Opera."

The Yale Series of Younger Poets has selected Alan Dugan's "**Poems**" (Yale, $1.25) as their most recent offering. There's little young about Mr. Dugan if you expect impassioned lyricism. His poems are often tough, dry to the bone, and frequently startling in originality. One entitled "Orpheus" begins, "Singing, always singing, he was something/ of a prig, like Rilke, and as dangerous to women."

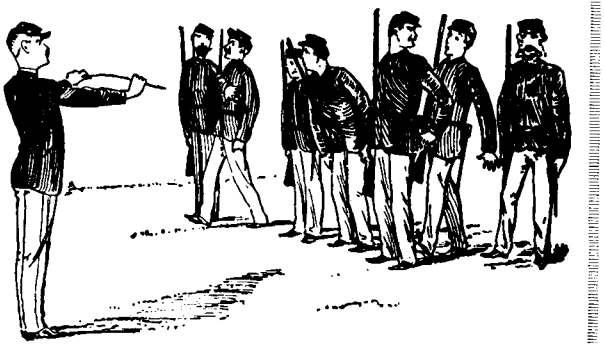
We can't quite join in the hearty birthday wishes for the centennial edition of F. T. Palgrave's "**The Golden Treasury**" (Mentor, 95¢). It's good to have old Palgrave in a handy paperback, but anthologist Oscar Williams has made some pretty puzzling contributions in the new section on contemporary poetry. His wife, the late Gene Derwood, is represented by seven poems, the same number awarded to Robert Frost. Emily Dickinson gets one more, Walt Whitman one less. Richard Wilbur, William Carlos Williams, John Crowe Ransom merit a poem apiece, while other poets like Howard Nemerov, John Betjeman, Howard Moss, Karl Shapiro are omitted entirely. Five of Mr. Williams's own poems are in this select anthology.

COLLECTORS' ITEMS for Civil War buffs are "Hardtack and Coffee," by John D. Billings, and Carlton McCarthy's "Detailed Minutiae of Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia." Both are now available in one paperback volume titled "**Soldier Life in the Union and Confederate Armies**" (Premier, 75¢), edited by Philip Van Doren Stern. Billings was a Northerner, McCarthy a Southerner; both served as artillerymen and in the 1880s wrote their respective accounts of the war as they saw it. With poems and songs, music for trumpet calls, and details of daily life, each book tells simply, often eloquently of the common soldier's life in the War Between the States. While life in the army was generally grim, the drawings indicate that it was not without its amusing moments.

The Camp Barber.



Hardtack.



Drilling the Awkward Squad.

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Books Go Co-operative

By JOHN TEBBEL

EVERY library borrower, or at least those whose taste goes beyond the five-cent fiction rentals, knows what it is to hear the librarian say apologetically, "I'm sorry, but we don't have that book. There wouldn't be much demand for it, I'm afraid."

Behind this reply, and its many variations, is the ever-present budget problem all libraries must face, from the largest to the smallest. What to buy out of the year's grist of nearly 15,000 book titles? What to buy for adult and child readers, for lovers of fiction and nonfiction, for a clientele whose wants are incredibly diversified, when your budget is pitifully small? Most library budgets are hopelessly inadequate. A startlingly high percentage do not exceed $500 annually, which includes the librarian's salary, and not even the New York Public has enough money to meet its needs—this in the world's richest city. The plight of a small community library is proportionately worse.

Confronted with this situation, most libraries either endure the severe limitations of their budgets and do what they can with what they have, or else depend on the bounty of patrons and local governments to supplement their annual funds. In some parts of the country, however, a co-operative movement has begun to grow, under the wing of state governments, whereby, with the financial help of the state, libraries share their book resources on a county-wide or regional basis.

New York State has what is probably the most advanced of these co-operative systems, so well developed that it has become a model for others to follow. Because it is so large a state, with marked contrasts in population density, the organization of the New York co-operative offers a cross-section of how the plan works. At one extreme are the systems of upper New York State, where libraries in two or more counties combine to serve a large, sparsely populated area. At the other are organizations like the newly formed Nassau Library System, in a high-density area, with ample resources and a rapidly growing territory to serve.

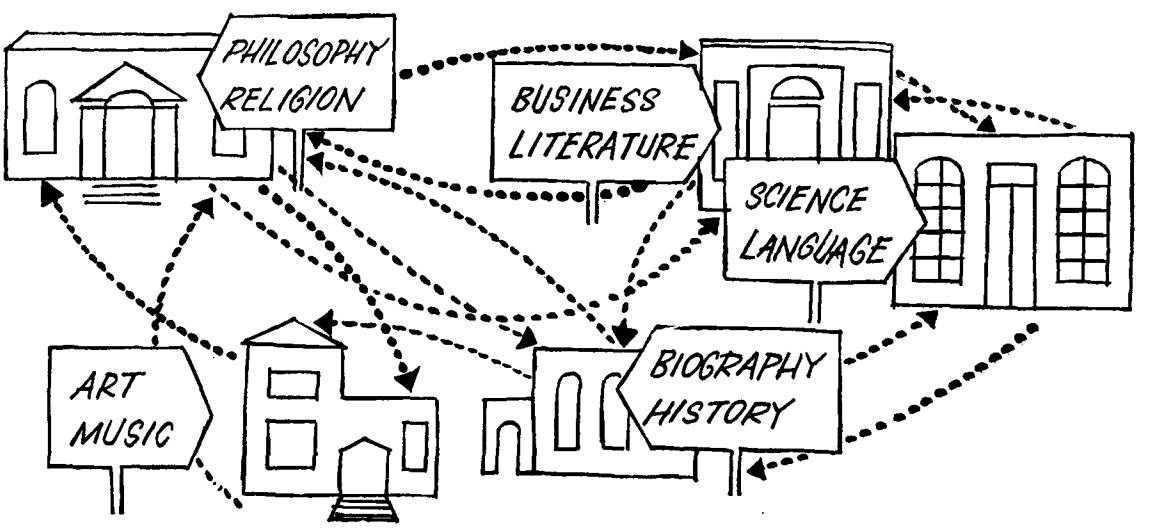
Both these types, and those in between, are in existence by reason of a legislative interest in libraries that began at Albany as early as 1950, with the creation by the legislature of county library systems financed by county governments with matching funds from the state. It was a step in the right direction, but it took an additional act passed in 1958 to establish fully the thriving systems of today.

Under this law annual grants are given to systems in substantial amounts. An earlier difficulty was overcome by making it clear that individual libraries in any area might join or not, as they saw fit. Some library boards are wary of the plan. A large, well-stocked library, surrounded in a county by smaller ones, may feel that the demands on its resources are likely to be too great. A small library may cherish its independence and established ways, and resist joining in a cooperative movement that sometimes seems radical to older members of the board.

Within a system, however, the autonomy of each member library is preserved. The local community maintains responsibility for the financial support of its own library program, facilities, and services, but wider resources and additional services become available through membership in a system. All services are given without cost to members. So obvious are these advantages that nearly 95 per cent of the population of New York State now has access to a system, and enthusiastic librarians foresee the day, not too distant, when all the libraries in the state will belong to a co-op.

TO SET up a co-operative library system, the law requires a central book collection of 100,000 nonfiction volumes as the nucleus, and the system is organized around it. The collection may be in an existing library, or it may be built up in a central collection. Each system develops differently, according to the area it serves, but the universal goal is to pool the resources of a given area for maximum efficiency. The basic state grant is thirty cents for each person served, and there is a further book incentive grant that provides an extra twenty cents up to fifty cents per capita, if a library spends a certain number of dollars.

In Nassau County, for example, the heavily settled Long Island suburb of New York City, the system is credited



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by the state with serving one million persons, a figure that has doubled since 1950. This system, by virtue of its variety and size, offers an inclusive view of the plan in operation.

The Nassau system recognizes that its major task is to broaden reference service, what with the constant expansion of education and knowledge, and the pressure of population growth in a metropolitan area. The need is for reference works of a more specialized nature than individual libraries, adequate to satisfy everyday needs, could afford. Nassau is currently building a central collection of reference materials in its Hempstead headquarters, which will reach its goal of 100,000 volumes by 1965.

The major part of this collection is in the central headquarters building, and the remainder is divided among five libraries in the system designated as subject centers. Basic reference tools are the backbone of the collection, but there is also specialization in science and technology, an indicated weakness in local libraries. On microfilm, headquarters also has a file of the *New York Times* from its founding in 1851 to the present day, as well as bound volumes of important periodicals. The entire headquarters collection is available to the patrons of all members on interlibrary loans.

Headquarters gets about 100 requests every day. It is connected by teletype with the State Library in Albany, which will supply any book to a system that the system itself cannot provide. The books are carried around by truck in canvas bags from headquarters to the other libraries.

Each subject center library was chosen because of its demonstrated strength in a particular area, which headquarters could then build upon. East Meadow has philosophy, psychology, and religion; Freeport houses social science, pure science, and language; history, biography, and education are centered in Hempstead; Levittown has applied science, business, and literature; while Hewlett-Woodmere is the repository of art, music, and foreign languages. The reference coordinator at headquarters also serves as a consultant, and is available to work with the local librarian in helping to strengthen local reference service.

This kind of cooperation is not wholly new, of course. Public libraries in Nassau County have been lending books to each other by mail for a quarter-century, but the system enables this process to operate on an organized and far more comprehensive basis. Local libraries find, too, that the new plan saves tax dollars because books can be bought through the system, and since the system buys in bulk it is able to obtain larger discounts than would be available to an individual library. The system passes on these savings to its members. Further money is saved through economy in bookkeeping and clerical detail as the result of central billing.

Books are not the only resource of the system. Schools and community groups turn to the headquarters film library for documentary, art, and experimental films to show at libraries that sponsor local programs, and to organizations in member communities. The most recent film catalogue, available at each library, lists 110 titles presently in the collection, any of which may be borrowed without charge. This catalogue lists separately films suitable for children, young adults, or adults, although some classics cut across age groups, such as "Nanook of the North," "The Emperor's Nightingale," and "The Red Balloon." Workshops are conducted by the system's audio-visual consultant for the staffs of member libra-

(*Continued on page* 75)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF ACCENT

The English language is confusingly rich in pairs of identically spelled words which can carry two definitions with one definition distinguished from the other only by the stress. (For example: *consummate*, the adjective—supreme, utter, complete—and *consummate*, the verb—to bring to fulfillment. Isabella K. Rhodes of New York City submits definitions of ten such doubletons and asks you to provide the words (each of which is a dissyllable). Answers on page 75.

1. Way in. To delight.
2. Rubbish. To decline.
3. Agreement. To grow smaller.
4. Thing. To oppose.
5. Right now. To bestow.
6. Capacity. Satisfied.
7. Quotation. To pull out.
8. Pleasant when burned. To anger.
9. Best achievement. To commit to writing.
10. Medicated pad. To squeeze.

Books and Libraries

A book may be as great a thing as a battle. —*Disraeli.*

A room without books is a body without a soul. —*Cicero.*

They borrow books they will not buy,
They have no ethics or religions.
I wish some kind of Burbankian guy
Could cross my books with homing pigeons. —*Carolyn Wells.*

A great library contains the diary of the human race. —*George Dawson.*

The proper study of mankind is books. —*Aldous Huxley.*

It is those books which a man possesses but does not read which constitute the most suspicious evidence against him. —*Victor Hugo.*

Books have led some to learning and others to madness when they swallow more than they can digest.
—*Petrarch.*

No place affords a man a more striking conviction of the vanity of human hopes than a public library.
—*Samuel Johnson.*

When others fail him, the wise man looks
To the sure companionship of books.
—*Andrew Lang.*

A man's library is a sort of harem.
—*Emerson.*

Who without books, essays to learn,
Draws water in a leaky urn.
—*Austin Dobson.*

All the known world, excepting savage nations, is governed by books.
—*Voltaire.*

Leisure without a book is death and burial of a man alive. —*Seneca.*

There are books . . . which take rank in our life with parents and lovers and passionate experience. —*Emerson.*

History is something that never happened, written by a man who wasn't there. —*Anonymous.*

My desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book. —*Job XXXI, 35.*

Compiled by John William Rogers for National Library Week.

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Reading and the Free Society

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial, written for National Library Week, is president of the New York Public Library and chairman of the Council on Library Resources. He is also a member of the 1961 Steering Committee for National Library Week.*

TODAY, more than ever before, the survival of our free society depends upon the citizen who is both informed and concerned. The great advances made in recent years in Communist strength and in our own capacity to destroy require an educated citizenry in the Western world. The need for lifetime reading is apparent. Education must not be limited to our youth but must be a continuing process through our entire lives, for it is only through knowledge that we, as a nation, can cope with the dangers that threaten our society.

The desire and ability to read are important aspects of our cultural life. We cannot consider ourselves educated if we do not read; if we are not discriminating in our reading; if we do not know how to use what we do read. We must not permit our society to become a slave to the scientific age, as might well happen without the cultural and spiritual restraint that comes from the development of the human mind through wisdom absorbed from the written word.

A fundamental source of knowledge in the world today is the book found in our libraries. Although progress has been made in America's system of libraries, it still falls short of what is required if we are to maintain the standards that are needed for an informed America. The problem grows in intensity each year as man's knowledge, and his capacity to translate such knowledge to the written word, continue to expand. The inadequacy of our library system will become critical unless we act vigorously to correct this condition. There are, for example, approximately 25,000,000 people in this country with no public library service and about 50,000,000 with inadequate service. In college libraries, 57 per cent of the total number of books are owned by 124 of 1,509 institutions surveyed last year by the U.S. Office of Education. And over 66 per cent of the elementary schools with 150 or more pupils do not have any library at all.

IN every aspect of service—to the public, to children in schools, to colleges and universities—the library of today is failing to render vitally needed services. Only public understanding and support can provide that service.

This is one of the main reasons for National Library Week, April 16-22, and for its theme: "For a richer, fuller life, read!" National Library Week is a citizens' movement—the first of its kind—initiated four years ago by the National Book Committee in cooperation with the American Library Association. Its purpose is to encourage lifetime reading habits and to stimulate the development and use of all libraries, both public and private.

This year emphasis is being given to (1) young adult reading; (2) the importance of good school libraries in quality education; and (3) the participation of business leaders in encouraging reading.

National Library Week has furnished a focal point for those concerned with the country's reading habits. These habits cannot of course be changed in a seven-day period, but the program helps greatly to foster reading activities and to interest citizens in long-range continuing programs the year around. The response has been enthusiastic. More than fifty organizations of various kinds cooperate by sponsoring through their own activities the objectives of National Library Week.

State and community needs for improved and expanded library services are dramatized through state citizens' committees, headed by men and women of national prominence who direct National Library Week at the local level. Many writers and members of the performing arts are contributing their time and talent to stress the importance of libraries to their fellow citizens through cooperating media: newspapers, magazines, radio, and television. The national attitude toward reading is showing signs of improvement. Each year we see increased circulation and registration in libraries; more people concerned about good library service; greater support for library bond issues; and aid through state and private funds. In more than 5,000 communities, National Library Week provides an effective instrument, creating a climate for intellectual growth and personal service in an important cause.

Today we have an overwhelming need to understand the consequences of mankind's expanding knowledge. Without such understanding, there is the danger of destruction through ignorance. In such a difficult and dangerous atmosphere, there must be free access to the cultural resources that enrich and preserve the world. This the libraries provide.

The United States today has global responsibilities that require educated leadership. The world needs a well-read America. We can discharge our duties as citizens by promoting the strength and vitality of the library system in the community in which we live. The results of our efforts may well have a crucial effect on the preservation of our free democratic society. —GILBERT W. CHAPMAN.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CONFRONTATION

IT SEEMS TO ME that N.C., in his editorial "Confrontation" [*SR*, Mar. 25], has hit upon the real problem that bothers all of us in a complex world: how do we retain our personal relationship with those who suffer? This affects us all intimately, and can leave us hopeless in the face of widespread distress. I know of no other solution than the one N.C. proposes—to do what we can for each sufferer as he confronts us, hoping that this will spread beyond him to others at some time and some place. Never have I seen this expressed so clearly and so sympathetically.

GEORGE L. KING, M.D.,
President, Board of Trustees,
Mount Union College.

Alliance, O.

THANK YOU for the illustrated editorial "Confrontation." It is both great writing and profound religion.

(Rev.) WILLIAM B. LUTZ, Minister,
Wisner United Methodist Church.

Akron, Mich.

N.C. HAS SAID something important so well that this preacher will many times be tempted to quote the whole piece.

W. THOMAS APPLEBEE.

Manchester, Ia.

I FEEL THAT N.C. hit the very core of our existence in the editorial "Confrontation." Personally, it meant a great deal; my only hope is that it will be shared by many, many others.

ROBERT HENDERSON.

Silver Spring, Md.

"CONFRONTATION" should fortify us all, whether in Southeast Asia or the U.S.

H. KRUSE.

San Francisco, Calif.

CONGRATULATIONS TO N.C. for successfully delving into the heart of the problems that face the Peace Corps. I concur that it is necessary for Americans to have a confrontation of the situation existing in foreign lands. It would be heartbreaking to see idealism, and hence effective leadership, thwarted by the poverty and hardship which young Americans will run into.

RICHARD O'CONNOR,
Editor, *Kingsman*,
Brooklyn College.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE EDITORIAL "Confrontation" was certainly direct in its appeal to those of us living here in America. I personally gained strength from it. Thanks for continuing to capture the attention and uncover so many areas of need in this amazing world.

(Rev.) HARSH J. BROWN, Pastor,
Fellowship Center of St. Louis.

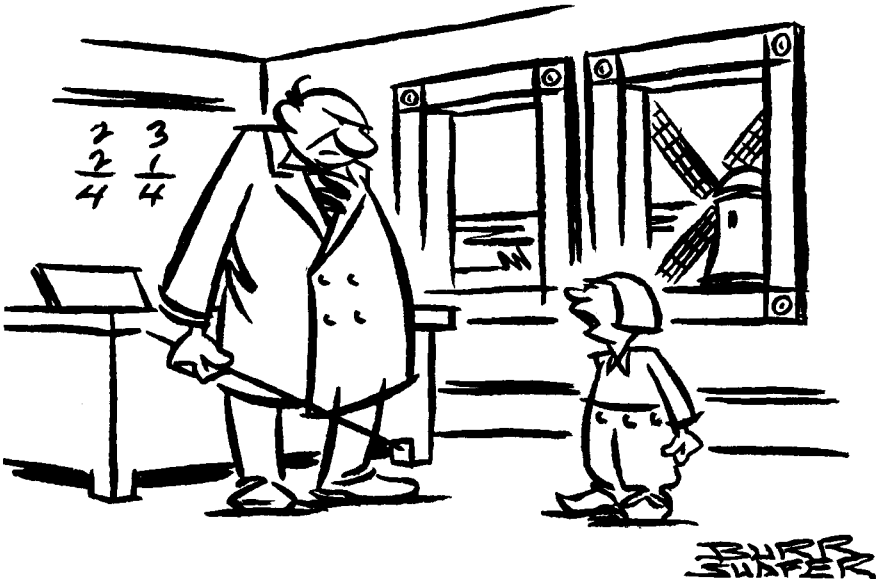
St. Louis, Mo.

N.C.'S EDITORIAL "Confrontation" is a stunning piece of writing. I would hope that Sargent Shriver will encourage everyone entering the Peace Corps to read it. The important people to humanity are not the Khrushchevs and the Castros . . . but the Schweitzers and the Dooleys, and the others like them whose names we will never know.

RAYMOND L. MULLIN.

Ocala, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprints of "Confrontation" will be included among the material to be distributed to members of the Peace Corps. A Peace Corps official described the editorial as "precisely the message we need to communicate to the men and women who will soon be Peace Corps volunteers."*



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Okay, *call* me a fibber, *keep* me after school, *notify* the truant officer, and the next time a dike busts you can stick your own stupid hand in it."

IMPROPER BOSTONIAN?

F. L. LUCAS'S article in *SR*'s April 1 issue seemed to be a very fair and objective analysis of the New English Bible. I certainly hope this will be the impression left in the minds of readers, rather than the comment by Cleveland Amory in his FIRST OF THE MONTH column. It is blind, fundamentalist dogmatism to say, "Messing around with the King James version . . . seems to us a perilous sport at best."

E. MERRIS BRADY.

Marysville, Kan.

FACTS IN FOCUS

LESTER MARKEL is on the right track in his article "Interpretation of Interpretation" [*SR*, Mar. 11]. The current stereotype of straight news reporting was probably invaluable in protecting the press and its readers from pollution by that combination of doctored fact, fancy, and personal opinion called yellow journalism which flourished in this country more than a generation ago.

We don't need this type of protection any more. The public is now armed with sophistication and numerous competing media. Besides, there are no longer enough corruptible journalists about.

The accepted method of writing news has two major liabilities. First, it does not communicate. A reporter restricted to the competing propaganda statements of both sides in a major labor dispute, for instance, is unable to tell his readers half of what he knows about the causes of the dispute. Second, it subjects the news to distortion by the unscrupulous. The charges by the late junior Senator from Wisconsin not only destroyed innocent people but misled the nation. Yet the press was powerless to put these charges in perspective in its news columns. Despite several years of front-page stories, the average citizen was unable to get a complete picture of McCarthy until he saw on the television screen what the reporters had been seeing all along but had no effective way of communicating. The Senator had boxed them in with their own restrictions.

It seems to me the time has come for the American press to start experimenting with ways of reporting the news that will do a better job of communicating and will be less subject to abuse by those who have learned how to manipulate the present stereotype to serve their own ends. The objective should be to provide a method of getting into print a higher percentage than is now possible of the relevant information in the possession of reporters and editors.

OSGOOD NICHOLS.

New York, N. Y.

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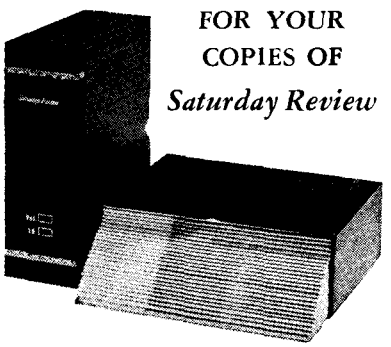

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Short Wave

THE SHORT subject, so far as the major studios are concerned, is practically a thing of the past. Only a handful continue to turn them out; and the independents, like Disney and UPA, have become routine indeed. Stereotyped cartoons, even more stereotyped travelogues, a few adventure shorts—these have become the staple supplemental fare to fill the gap between newsreel and feature where, in this era of three-hour features, such gaps exist. Ever since the introduction of the double feature some thirty years ago, the shorts market has been steadily dwindling. Today, it is virtually nonexistent.

Despite this, despite an awareness that few shorts make money and that most of them fail to break even, there has been a sudden upsurge—a new wave, if you like—of production in this brutally restricted field. Young people are crowding in, hot with ideas, eager to express themselves on celluloid. Many of them have already served their apprenticeship either in the large studios, in television, or in various documentary and nontheatrical units. Most of them have both eyes firmly fixed on the next step, the production of a low-budget feature film. In the meantime, however, shorts provide them with an opportunity to demonstrate just what they can do if left on their own—and at a price that, by dint of some scraping and borrowing from friends, they can afford. Operators of art theatres, on the prowl for the off-beat and the original, are currently exhibiting, along with their imported features, such domestic blisses as:

"Day of the Painter." A hilarious, sprightly, precisely aimed spoof of an abstract expressionist in the throes of creation, its target is the pretensions of modern art, not modern art itself. This fifteen-minute color short is the first effort of an organization modestly titled "Little Movies," headed by Robert Davis (writer and director), Duard Slattery (producer), and Ezra Baker (producer and solo performer in the film). They are already at work on their next picture, a low-budget feature to be titled "Come Thursday."

"A Bowl of Cherries." Handled in the style of the old two-reel silent comedies, this also takes a poke at the action painters—although not nearly so deftly nor so amusingly as its predecessor. The odyssey of a cowboy painter adrift in Greenwich Village, it never seems quite certain whether its hero is a boob or a genius, although the film's makers are willing to have fun at his expense in either case. "Cherries" was written and directed by William Kronick, expertly photographed and edited by Graeme Ferguson—both of whom are now launched, though separately, on feature films.

"Rooftops of New York." Young Ferguson was also on camera for this delightful, imaginative, and handsome color short, a ten-minute peek at the bustling life on New York's "tar beaches"—sunbathing, love-making, cocktail parties, a man pushing a pram. . . . Ingenious editing manages to suggest that all these activities take place simultaneously, in the wink of an eye; and they skip along, in clever juxtapositions, to a bright, scintillating jazz score by Jo eph Liebman, suavely performed by Lionel Hampton. Robert McCarty, Lockwod Rush, and Robert Gaffney comprise the production team.

"The Violinist" and **"The Interview."** Two satiric, sophisticated cartoons by Ernest Pintoff, the young man responsible for several of TV's brighter commercials. "The Violinist" deals with an unattractive gentleman who plays divinely, but whose work deteriorates when he tries to make himself sociably acceptable. "The Interview" is even sharper—a radio interview between a square announcer and a hip horn player, with the gap in their communication widening by the second. The characters, sketched firmly but simply, are reminiscent of Jules Feiffer's pitiable lost souls in a modern world. Mr. Pintoff, a man of many parts, has just written, directed, composed, and is on the point of completing **"The Shoes,"** his first live-action film. Starring comedian Buddy Hackett, it tells of a lonely Bronx bachelor forced to choose between a girl and his dog. The reel I saw had all the wistful charm of Pintoff's cartoons. He describes "The Shoes" as a featurette, thirty-five minutes long; and is currently planning not one, but three full-length features.

When to these are added such independently made shorts of comparatively recent vintage as the Hubleys' "Moonbirds," the Robert Frank-Alfred Leslie "beat"—and off-beat—"Pull My Daisy," Francis Thompson's kaleidoscopic "N.Y., N.Y.," and Shirley Clarke's controversial, still unreleased "Scary Time" (produced for United Nations), the effect of a new movement afoot is inescapable. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Cannibal Crossroads

EVEN though such marvels of science as the new turbo fan engine will give the newest jets enough range for the 5,100-mile jump from Honolulu to Sydney, the Fiji Islands, that romantic nest of atolls that lie along the route, will always be the hub of the South Pacific, brimming with Melanesians, Polynesians, East Indians, and British civil servants in white suits sipping gin and tonics under the spinning ceiling fans.

Fiji is what the deep Pacific ought to be, shaded as it is with the dark memory of its cannibal practices, now extinct, with such mysterious phenomena as firewalking, which still takes place on the isle of Beqa, and turtle calling, performed by women on Kadavu and by men on the isle of Koro, where the U.S. Marines rehearsed for their landing on Guadalcanal in the Solomons.

Despite the ease and the comfort of the jets—Pan American uses its Boeing complete with steward in white dinner jacket, just as on the European run—Fiji is still 3,183 miles south and west of Honolulu, which makes it about as far as New York to Shannon, Ireland. Suva, its capital, is about 1,960 miles from Sydney, a distance that compares with the hop between New York and Mexico City. Once you land at Nadi Airport, you are still 150 miles from Suva, a circumstance that gives Fiji the world title for the longest ride from the airport to town. Originally a wartime strip, the runway was laid on the dry side of the island without regard for its accessibility to the urban centers.

Although Fiji is used as a pleasant and tropical winter resort by New Zealanders and Australians, much in the way Americans find refuge in the Caribbean, the real fascination of these islands—there are over 300 of them—is in the people. The indigenous Fijians are Melanesians, today a soft and gentle people some of whom still wear their hair in giant balls of black fuzz, and almost all of whom, men and women, still affect the *sulu* or skirt. *Sulus* for men are often handsome woolen wrap-arounds, and the police wear white ones with saw-tooth edges. With blue tunics, red belts, and white gloves, they make an impressive uniform guaranteed to transfix the camera-bearing tourist. Ladies wear two *sulus* at a time, one descending to the ankle and the second hanging to the calf.

A crossroads for a myriad of airlines shuttling north and south between Hawaii and Australia and New Zealand,

Fiji Ladies—Their ancestors may have boiled missionaries, but today they are a soft and gentle people, wrapped in skirts, their hair in giant balls of black fuzz.

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eastward to Tahiti, Tonga, and Samoa, and westward to New Caledonia, Fiji has long been a meeting ground for wandering civilizations crisscrossing the Pacific in their double canoes. First came the Micronesians, Pacific wanderers, whose presence here has been proved by petroglyphic carvings. The Polynesians came next, arriving at the same time that other wanderers of their ethnic group landed at New Zealand. They drove out the Micronesians and settled in the eastern Fijis, where some of their descendants remain. The Melanesians routed many of the Polynesians and became the dominant culture in Fiji, at least until the arrival, in 1877, of the first East Indians brought in as indentured labor to work the cane fields. The Indian population has grown enormously until today Indians number nearly 200,000, or about 40,000 more than the Fijian population.

The Indians still hold to their customs, the women floating through the streets of the towns in gauzy saris of pastel hues, and an Indian agent up from New Delhi doing his best, so it is rumored, to maintain the ties with a homeland which most of them have never seen. Europeans represent an infinitesimal percentage of the population, living the pukka sahib life in clubs that are screened off to Indians and to the small group of Chinese, however affluent they may have become.

Long before the arrival of the Indians, these islands were known as the Cannibal Isles of Fiji, and brutal intramural warfare among its inhabitants was a natural successor to invasion. There seems little doubt, too, that the Fijians managed a missionary meal now and then, but, as anthropologists are quick to point out these days, the Fijians were just engaging in practices that were a part of their social culture, being to a man lovely people at heart. Missionaries who survived the stewpot managed to put the Fijian language down on paper for the first time, devising a strange pattern in which a "b" is sounded as if it were an "mb," a "c" as if it were "th," and "d" as if it were "nd." Both "g" and "q" indicate an "ng" or twanging sound. Nadi, the name of the airport, is pronounced "nandi," a rope called "magi-magi" is "mangi-mangi." As much holds for the Samoan capital of Pago-Pago. For a thorough exercise in language one has merely to tune in the Fiji radio, which broadcasts in Fijian, Hindi, and English.

Travelers arriving by air at Nadi cannot help but be surprised at the splendor of the new terminal, which in this tiny British colony so far off the track only magnifies the inadequacies of the facilities available in Honolulu, Los Angeles, or at LaGuardia Airport in

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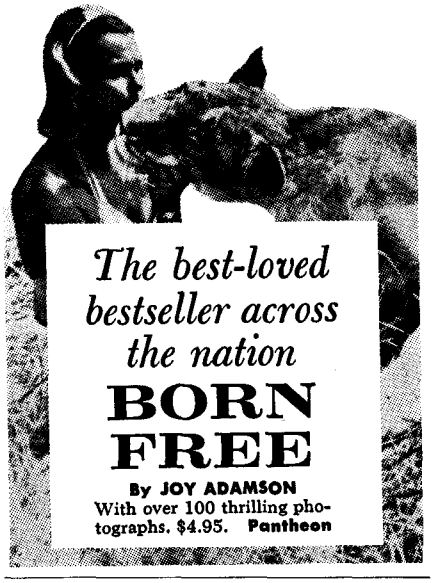

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New York. The building, however, is about all that is streamlined, for the arrival forms are tedious and involved, requiring one to list where one has spent the last dozen nights. Some of the answers filled in by nettled tourists have shocked the local authorities.

Nadi's makeshift hotels, used only by transients, have had a frightful reputation in the Pacific, but that is changing too. There are two new ones at Lautoka, a neat little village seventeen miles from the airport, where a night in an air-conditioned room and breakfast for two comes to about $15. About the same price will prevail at a more ambitious project called the New Mocambo a scant mile from the airport, which is scheduled to open this summer with seventy-five air-conditioned rooms and an open-air swimming pool looking off to the Nausori Highlands, rising some 2,500 feet to nudge the

South Pacific cloudbanks. Future plans called for a racetrack in the valley and a model Fijian village where guests can get an ersatz taste of local life between planes.

In spite of the developments that will make life at Nadi more tolerable, there is no thought of turning this end of the island into a resort. The place to see is still Suva, a five-hour drive over a road mostly unpaved, or an hour's flight in Fiji Airways' fourteen-passenger, four-engine Heron. Bushwhackers and other adventurers can also cross the island on the sugar train that runs each Tuesday and Friday. At other times bullocks pull carts mounted on the tracks.

THE drive around the south shore of Viti Levu, the largest island, from Nadi to Suva rolls past mango trees, monkey pods, breadfruit, fields of cane and bananas, and dozens of thatched-roof villages of the Fijians. At one juncture I stopped to take some pictures of a huge and amiable Fijian lady who, clothes and all, was sitting in a pond cooling off and doing her laundry. Nearby a score of dark and naked little boys frolicked in the water too. They were all delighted to have their pictures taken and when I thanked them for the privilege they sat in the water and applauded with gusto.

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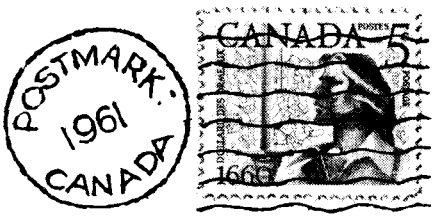
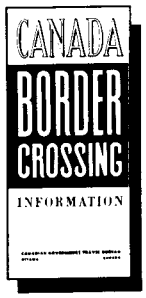


IT WAS A MISERABLE summer in New York State, anyway, that summer of 1816—poor weather through July and August, there were forest fires, and a September frost ruined what hardy vegetation had survived. That was the year the American army began construction of a fort at Rouse's Point, though the War of 1812 was over, and a rather shaky peace existed between our two countries. Ill-fated fort! To their embarrassment, surveyors discovered that it was being built on soil that plainly belonged to the Crown . . . someone had erred in calculating the boundary line. Never mind. Twenty-five years later, the boundary was changed back to suit the error, and once again the fort was in U.S. territory. By that time nobody cared very much, although building was taken up sporadically whenever tempers rose. Tools were finally downed permanently in 1870 and, in 1908, stone from the north wall was used as fill for the Rouse's Point-Alburg Bridge.



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house for travelers plying the road route between Nadi and Suva, has grown into a luxurious beach resort attracting vacationists from all continents. Although there is a modern hotel with standard rooms that look out to the South Pacific, most guests live in *bures*, which are thatched Samoan houses laid out among the palms, the frangipani, and the sea. While it is an approximation to life in a Fijian village, the tourist *bures* have glass windows, glass doors, telephones, and green tiled baths. Life in this upholstered Fijian style costs $26 a day, meals included. Seven hundred feet of curving beach run the shore just a step through the *via-via* bushes. In the dining salon, decked out with tapa cloth and straw, the waiters are *sulu*-clad and barefoot Fijians. A three-piece home-grown combo plays nightly, but on Wednesdays and Saturdays the management imports a troupe of fifty Fijians to run through the chants and dances in the long house. Afterwards, as an old Korolevu hand explained to me, "The feast will commence at the sound of the *lali* following the *makes*." He meant, as everyone of you who understands Fijians will readily realize, that dinner would be served at the sound of the drums after the war dancing was over. Dinner would be pork, beef, yams, and *dalo* (which the Hawaiians call *taro*) cooked in the *lovo* (Hawaiian: *imu*) with *tavioca* for dessert.

While Korolevu is a resort, the famed Grand Pacific Hotel is the very model for a sprawling tropical hotel in a British Crown Colony. Its door is guarded by an enormous Fijian with a great bush of hair, its lobby is decorated with great hibiscus blossoms wired to the gnarled branches of a lemon tree, and its halls are frequently overrun with tourists off a cruise ship up from New Zealand. It beats a drum to raise the flag and to announce meal hours, has a diligent lady manager, and a lovely, broad lawn that runs along the edge of Suva Harbor.

ALL sorts of water craft are available for charter out of Suva, from a motor sailer to a sailing canoe. From Wainibokasi, eighteen miles from Suva, river cruises take out aboard Fiji's only water bus, a vessel with the equally unique name of *Oo-la-la*. But the great sight of Suva is the market, perhaps the best one in the whole South Pacific, teeming with Tongans, Samoans, Solomon Islanders, as well as native Fijians and Indian merchants. Baskets are woven with hands and feet. It is the best place to buy tapa cloth, which comes in great square expanses. There are bunches of banana and cane, the bubble of Chinese and Fijian and Hindi, tavioca roots wrapped in baskets strung together of

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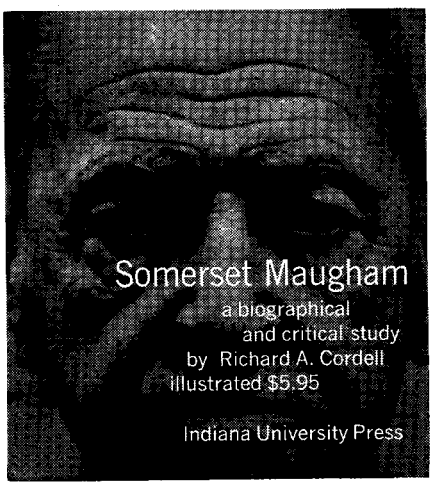

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coconut fronds, huge *taros*, green oranges, straw mats fringed with chicken feathers, straw bags full of oysters, straw bras and grass skirts for tourists, cats' eyes made into earrings and cufflinks. Under the lacy canopy of flamboyant trees, brilliant red and soft green, walk the Fiji ladies in their *sulus* carrying home a string of fish and then Indian ladies like wisps of tinted gossamer in their saris and parasols. Samoans offer marvelous models of boats that would knock any lad's eye out back home. And there are bracelets of boars' tusks and others of sharks' teeth, not to mention four-pronged sticks being merchandized today as cannibal forks, the last remaining vestige of the time when Fiji was the Cannibal Islands and long pig was frequently on the menu. —HORACE SUTTON.

Wise Owl

By Patricia Goedicke

AN old black bird on a strand of silk,
Sidewise my father walks the white ice
Between two fields of snow.
It is night. The air is like thin milk.
Icicles click in the wind like dice,
His steps are crabbed and slow.

But dapper as a magpie with a game leg
My old brave gambler bets his hide
Against the glittering street.
The moon is a bright metallic egg,
The cold snaps at his twisted side,
And the snow flusters his feet.

Beside him the languorous featherbed fields
Dovecall comfort to the old crow:
If he would stop he would stay,
Lose and find himself softly concealed,
Sunk in the mothering mounded snow,
Nested the easiest way.

But no. Not for this wise owl. The road
May dwindle away to an icy thread
But the dream of a new design
Mumbles in his mind as he inches ahead
Better luck next time, the gambler's goad
That keeps him along the lifeline.

So as a sparrow on a telephone wire
He balances down the tightrope track,
The road that must narrow as the night
Must finally constrict the flow of fire,
Harden, pinch the heart, and crack:
Ahead is the home light.

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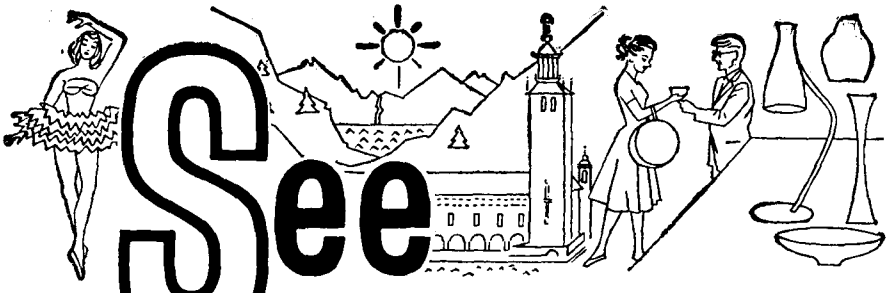

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A Time for Heroes

Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery—"selects as his hero de Gaulle."

"The Path to Leadership," by Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, K.G. *(Putnam. 256 pp. $4.50), charges that the West stands disunited, undedicated, and unprepared for the political challenges of today's world. Eugene Emerson Jennings is the author of "Anatomy of Leaders."*

By Eugene Emerson Jennings

THE WEST is leaderless, according to this book. In contrast, the East is ably led by such stalwart heroes as Khrushchev, Tito, and Mao. Against this invincible determination to communize the whole world stands a group of nations unable to agree on fundamentals and each refusing to make any sacrifice of sovereignty for the common good of all.

It is Field Marshal Montgomery's belief that in most Western countries about 60 per cent of the people do not really care about democracy or Christianity; about 30 per cent call themselves Christians in order to keep up appearances and be considered respectable, and only the last 10 per cent are genuine Christians and believers in democracy.

But these Western countries do care about themselves. Each feels intensely national. If, say, the Russians intended to stop Tom Jones' going to the pub, then Tom Jones would fight the Commies. But he would fight for his own liberty rather than for any abstract principle connected with it—such as "cause." For all practical purposes, the West stands disunited, undedicated, and unprepared for the tasks of world leadership.

With this barrage, Montgomery of Alamein launches his attack upon the blunderings of the West. Never given to mincing words, he places heavy blame upon the faulty, uncourageous leadership of Britain and particularly America. At war's end leadership in Western Europe passed from Britain because the Labour Government devoted its attention to the creation of a welfare state. With Britain looking inward, overseas problems were neglected and the baton was passed on to the United States.

Montgomery believes that she started well. "America gave generously in economic aid and military equipment to friend and foe alike." She pushed war-torn and poverty-stricken nations into prosperity, but she failed to lead them into unity and world peace. America has divided more than she has united the West. The reasons are that America generally believes that she can buy anything with dollars, and that she compulsively strives to be liked. However, she really does not know how to match the quantity of dollars given away by a quality of leadership that is basically needed.

But the greater reason for fumbling, stumbling American leadership is due to the shock her pride suffered when the Japanese attacked at Pearl Harbor. "They are determined," Montgomery writes, "not to be surprised again, and now insist on a state of readiness for war which is not only unnecessary, but also creates nervousness . . . among other nations in the Western Alliance—not to mention such great suspicions among the nations of the Eastern bloc that any progress towards peaceful coexistence or disarmament is not possible."

The net result is that under American leadership the general world situation has become bad. To "Monty," the American people, who in two previous world wars were very reluctant to join the fight, "now look like the nation most likely to lead us all into a third World War."

AS faulty as has been our leadership clearly the United States must be relied upon to lead. The path to leadership is made clear. Montgomery calls for a leader who will first put the West's own house in order. Such a man must be able and willing to give clear and sensible advice to the whole group, a person in whom all the member nations will have absolute confidence. This leader must be a man who lives above illusions that heretofore have shaped the foreign policy of the United States, namely that Russia will agree to a reunited Germany, that the East German government does not exist, that events in Japan in June 1960 were Communist-inspired, that the true government of China is in Formosa, that Mao was the evil influence behind Khrushchev at the Summit Conference in Paris in May 1960, and that either China or Russia wants or expects war.

Such a leader must strengthen NATO politically, and establish that true unity about which it has always talked. After drastically overhauling NATO, Western leadership should turn to reducing the suspicions that tear apart the East and West. Major to this effort is to get all world powers to withdraw to their own territories, say by 1970. "The West should make the central proposal; but the East would have to show sincerity in carrying it out."

"But where is the leader who will handle all these things for us?" Montgomery knew all the national leaders up to the time of Kennedy. The man whom he would select as our leader for this great task is de Gaulle. He alone has the wisdom, the conviction, the tenacity, and the courage to reach a decision. But de Gaulle is buried in the cause of restoring France's lost soul.

Whoever rises to the occasion walks a treacherous path to leadership. The leader Montgomery envisages will need to discipline himself, lead a carefully regulated and orderly life, allow time for quiet thought and reflection, adapt decisions and plans to changing situations, be ruthless, particularly with inefficiency, and be honest and morally proper. All in all, Montgomery calls for a leader who will anticipate and dominate the events that surround him.

IN LOOKING as far back as Moses, thence to Cromwell, Napoleon, Lincoln, Churchill, and Nehru, Montgomery attempts to trace the stirrings and qualities of great men. He believes that greatness is a marriage between the man and the times as was aptly represented by Churchill, who would very possibly have gone down in history as a political failure if it had not been for Hitler's war.

However, Montgomery makes little contribution to leadership theory and practice. Most of what is said about

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his great men of history has already been said, and what has not is largely irrelevant to the contemporary scene. Like Eisenhower, he holds the militarist's suspicion of politicians. However, at the same time Montgomery selects as his hero de Gaulle, who is a militarist dominated by political ambitions. "Monty" shows a remarkable capacity for the direct statement and an equally remarkable incapacity for giving adequate support. For the most part, his writing rambles and jogs, preventing easy access by the reader to his true thoughts.

Nevertheless, Montgomery has stated courageously and wisely the crisis of the Western world. It suffers from a lack of unity of purpose and respect for heroic leadership. And it remains to be seen if the new frontier now taking form can produce the leadership and wisdom necessary to understand the current shape of events.

The Executive Prerogative

"Great Presidential Decisions: State Papers That Changed the Course of History," edited by Richard B. Morris *(Lippincott. 411 pp. $7.50), and* ***"Decisions of Destiny," by Richard L. Tobin*** *(World. 269 pp. $5), offer a panorama of significant Executive determinations. Sidney Warren, history professor at California Western University, is currently working on a study of the President as world leader.*

By Sidney Warren

THE PRESIDENCY, Woodrow Wilson once asserted, lies at the very heart of our national affairs. It can be as great or as small as the man in office is capable of making it. Since this observation was expressed more than fifty years ago, the power and prestige of the Chief Executive as administrative head, as director of legislation, as expounder and molder of public opinion, as party leader, and as spokesman for the nation at international councils have steadily increased in magnitude and scope. World leadership today places an awesome responsibility upon the President, for his actions may have fateful consequences not only for the United States but for peoples in distant lands.

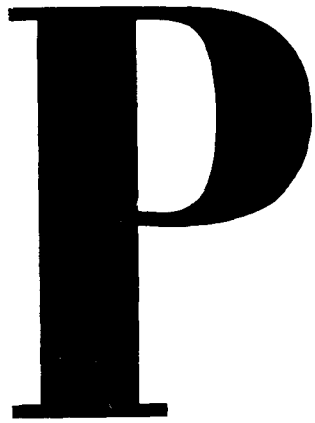
Preoccupation with the urgencies of the present, however, should not obscure the fact that from the time of the Republic's inception Presidents have taken steps that affected the welfare of the nation. Jefferson's decision to purchase the Louisiana Territory, for example, had implications as far-reaching for its day and after as the decision to enter the Korean conflict had for our own time and the future. An account of significant Executive actions and decisions offers a panorama of Presidential leadership, and this is presented in different ways in two books.

Richard B. Morris's "Great Presidential Decisions" is a collection of thirty-four significant decisions by twenty Presidents from Washington to Eisenhower. Not all the Chief Executives whose state papers are included shared the Lincoln view of strong Executive prerogative; not all were brilliant leaders. Each decision was not "necessarily the right one at the right time . . . nor did every President necessarily act from strength." However, these papers "bring us face to face with men, superior or average, who put patriotism ahead of party and made the momentous decisions that changed the course of history."

In some cases the impact was not immediately felt or recognized. Washington's Farewell Address, for example, did not become a keystone of the isolationist arch until many years after; nor did the hemispheric doctrine announced by James Monroe have the significance at the time that it later acquired.

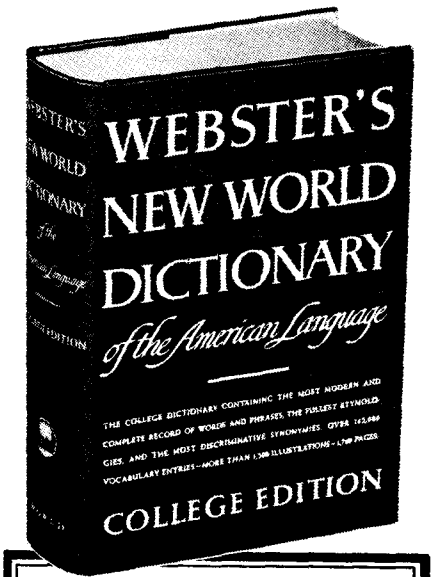
The documents reveal the twofold nature of the major Presidential decisions: those that stem from an affirmative exercise of power, and those that result from an abdication of leadership. In the latter category is included the surrender by James Madison to the pro-war faction in Congress, which involved the nation in an unnecessary conflict with Great Britain. And there is the classic example of Buchanan, whose timidity and sense of strict Constitutional propriety persuaded him to believe that he could not counter Southern secessionist moves; in his indecision he made an important decision. In short, Professor Morris's collection documents the point that Presidential leadership in the American system of government has profound consequences whether the leadership is wise or inept.

Any selection of this kind must necessarily be arbitrary, but on the whole the author has chosen carefully, and the list is as complete as the limitation of space makes possible. One may, however, question the inclusion of some



Among other things, P is a Roman numeral for 400 (G is, too); in *genetics*, it is a symbol for parental generation; in *chemistry*, for phosphorus; in *mechanics*, for power or pressure. To mind one's p's and q's is to be careful of one's words and actions.

If you look in a *modern* dictionary, you will find all this information and more, directly following the P entry. And if you mind your p's and q's, you won't rely on a horse-and-buggy dictionary put together many years ago. In a *modern* dictionary *every entry* is freshly defined — with clarity and directness — for the age in which we live. Such a dictionary is full of many surprising, illuminating, and informative things. If you'd like to see a *modern* dictionary at its best, ask any bookseller to show you "the experts' dictionary."



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decisions and the omission of others. It may be stretching the point somewhat, for instance, to include the message of John Quincy Adams outlining a broad national program for intellectual and economic activity on the grounds that it foreshadowed the New Deal.

Each of the statements is preceded by an admirable introduction, which provides continuity and excellent historical background. The contemporary source materials which Mr. Morris has so ably organized and illuminated should provide the reader with a deeper understanding of the history made by so many of our Presidents.

Also concerned with the acts of some of our Chief Executives, but in a popular, semibiographical narrative treatment, is Richard L. Tobin's "Decisions of Destiny." The title is rather ambiguous, as only a few of the author's ten candidates made what might rightly be called fateful decisions. Rather, Mr. Tobin's thesis appears to be that by the decisions or policies of the Presidents he has selected the office was enlarged and its prestige enhanced.

To illustrate, while Abraham Lincoln made a number of major decisions, Mr. Tobin deals with his suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, which extended the Constitutional limits upon wartime leadership. Andrew Jackson's use of the spoils system as an instrument of democratic rule, Grover Cleveland's use of the veto, and Theodore Roosevelt's campaign against the trusts all served to increase the status of the Executive.

The reviewer was puzzled by the inclusion of two Presidents—George Washington and Chester A. Arthur. In the case of the first, the author relates an episode that is significant only in revealing the character of the Father of his Country: his turning down in the spring of 1782 the suggestion by a well-placed army officer that Washington accept a kingship. This was hardly a practical possibility as the American people were not about to replace one monarch with another. As to Arthur "Who Rises to the Occasion," the most that can be said about him is that despite the apprehensions concerning corruption and mediocrity before he took office, his Administration was honest and intelligent.

Designed to appeal to those readers who enjoy history when dressed in flowing narrative, the book is written in a lively, colorful style. It dramatizes the fact that at the core of the office known as the Presidency there is, and always has been, the individual personality. The men treated here left their unique mark upon the office and, by so doing, upon the nation. The frequent excursions into bits of Americana not too widely known make for entertaining and sometimes informative reading.

Book of the Week

Continued from page 17

critic would not be disarmed when he finds the Olympian gods described as "cosmic delinquents"?

But Lewis Mumford has far more imperative claims on our attention than the charm of a masterful style. He is a lay preacher whose anger at "the spiritual rootlessness and loneliness of the overgrown city" is the wrath of the idealist who sees man cheated of his birthright. He excoriates us for our apathy and fatalism, but he also exalts us with the reminder that throughout history a better life has always been within man's grasp. The primitive, pre-urban village was an improvement on the cave. As first conceived "the city itself became a collective expression of love." And "the monastery, in its ideal form, was Aristotle's society of equals aiming at the best life possible." But lust for power, militarism, material greed folly, and stupidity have repeatedly defaced the "garden city" that lies within human reach.

Nineteen years have passed since James T. Farrell, deriding Mumford's thinking as a "mixture of the grandiose and the trivial," included him in "The League of Frightened Philistines." Today it is less easy to dismiss his obdurate premonitions. Too many of the ailments Mumford detected historically, ailments that first enervated and then destroyed earlier urban civilizations, have become identifiable in contemporary culture. He might, without immodesty, have stressed more deliberately in this latest work how often the years have verified his somber anticipations.

Instead, he has chosen to recapitulate his earlier conclusions, fortifying them more consistently and at greater length "The City in History" runs to a quarter of a million words of text, supplemented by 150 strikingly effective pictures with extended commentaries. The acknowledgments fill ten pages and the bibliography lists more than 800 titles. Although this ambitious study is limited to leading cities of the Western world, it is, within its limits, an illuminating and absorbing criticism of urban development since c.3000 B.C.

Mumford's attitude toward the city has always been ambivalent, compounded of admiration for what it might be and contempt for what it is. From the first, he concedes, the city has been a magnet, a center of power surrounded by fields of force. It quickened human talents, diversified human production. But "war and domination, rather than peace and co-

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—*From the book; courtesy, The Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

Hive or City?—Plate from Ch'ing Ming Scroll.

operation, were ingrained in the original structure of the ancient city." Only by rare good fortune, and for brief intervals, have cities flowered as Athens did in the fifth century B. C. Mumford finds the secret of flowering in the fact that "the Greek citizens . . . succeeded in by-passing so many of the life-defeating routines and materialistic compulsions of civilization." Then forces and values shifted. "From the fourth century on buildings began to displace men."

The lost dream did not die. It glimmered fitfully, beyond reach, over some Roman provincial towns while Rome itself acquired the tyranny of numbers that "makes madness and criminality 'normal.'" In the later Middle Ages and the Renaissance a few fortunate centers caught a reflection of the dream. But in modern times machines and numbers triumphed, until "instead of buildings set in a park, we now have buildings set in a parking lot."

How, one ponders, closing this passionate and provoking book, how will the librarian and bibliographer classify an inquiry so far-ranging it borrows from a dozen disciplines yet meets no standard definition? This is not idle speculation—it is a corollary to Mumford's thesis that civilizations collapse through "the failure to reach an organic solution to the problem of numbers." Under mass pressures the discriminating mind develops hardening of the categories. The independent thinker, the anomalous book, are "misfits" in a world of arbitrary norms. Like Spengler's "Decline of the West" or Kroeber's "Configurations of Culture Growth," Mumford's "The City in History" will not slip readily onto any standard shelf.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 925

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 925 will be found in the next issue.

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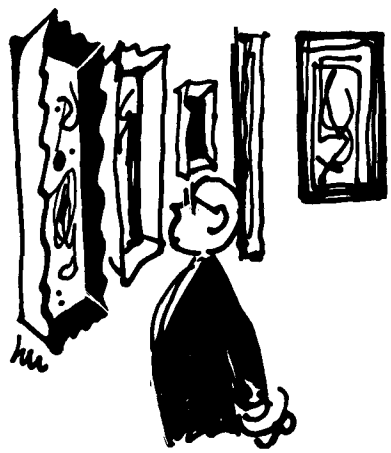
POTPOURRI OF PAINTING

A RECENT trip took me to Chicago in time to see a first-rate Miró show at the Arts Club, an institution remarkable for its ability to appear at once venerable and chic. Having long backed modern art with persistence and perspicacity, this private club has acted as an important liberating force in the Middle West. Though the Miró exhibition was selected exclusively from Chicago collections, qualitatively it could have held its own with any one-man show of his work in this country or Europe. From playful experiments to compositions of savage power, from witty watercolors to brutal collages of rope, nail, and bone, from early seminaturalistic landscapes, still lifes, and portraits to abstractions of stars, moons, and "personages," from bronze sculpture to a tiny ceramic "Pebble,' Miró's development was fully but fortunately not repetitiously shown, proving that sometimes an astute small survey can do an artist more credit than less selective all-out coverage.

One can only congratulate Chicago collectors on their discrimination, especially Mr. and Mrs. Morton Neumann, whose fine Miró collection gave both focus and variety to the exhibition. And one must also bow to the Arts Club for having assembled a notable show literally from its own front lawn. (The Guggenheim Museum might well follow suit with its projected Kandinsky exhibition. The best of this artist's paintings from New York and vicinity, added to those of the Guggenheim's astounding group, could result in a formidable survey, and without the expensive glamour of further works from abroad.) But to return to Chicago: This season the Arts Club seems to have outstripped even its own enviable record. Earlier, an exhibition of masterpieces from the Smith College Museum of Art provided the Middle West with another unique opportunity, for this small collection, surely one of America's choicest, traveled only to the Arts Club.

While in Chicago I also visited the famous studio of Ivan Le Lorraine Albright, a haunted spot if ever I saw one. To describe adequately this dusty, cluttered, circuitous, oblique, meaningful, obsessed room is impossible. Here, only one unfinished picture (provisionally called "The Window") was in evidence, a strange canvas the artist has been working on since 1941. For it, there are no preliminary sketches, but instead, and as always, only real props. It is these hand-picked, eerie, yet familiar objects that turn Albright's studio into what at first glance seems like the hideaway of some obscure sorcerer. Mounted on mobile platforms and adjustable stands, the myriad objects that he eventually crystallizes into one fused composition are readily moved about—lowered, raised, tilted, projected at any and every angle. Wherever one looks, one finds tangible models for the painting—a desiccated bird's nest; real fungus growing on a brick; torn curtains and a dead tree; pots, urns, broken window panes, an eroded slab of stone, cobwebs—a room, indeed, where customary cleaning-up could prove disastrous. Twenty years of dust is precisely what Albright needs to point up his extraordinary, almost jewellike interpretations of decay and dissolution in the midst of life, the latter suggested by an unexpected human hand. All these objects—askew, tipped, bent, falling, spiraling—produce an intense anxiety as they lead one into a mazelike picture appropriately growing out of a mazelike studio.

From Chicago I went to Dallas. Once there, I was introduced to two relatively new institutions, both privately endowed and both led by vigorous young directors—the Dallas Museum of Contemporary Arts and the Dallas Theater Center, the latter impressively housed in the only public theatre designed by Frank Lloyd Wright.



The museum, not unlike the Arts Club of Chicago, was organized by a group of enterprising citizens who felt that their city needed a more liberal art institution than the established one, which at the time barred even Picasso's works as undesirably radical. Starting modestly in a small store run by volunteers, the museum in less than five years has its own building, the nucleus of a collection, and an imaginative director, Douglas McAgy, who has spearheaded an interesting exhibition program. Not satisfied with merely borrowing "canned" shows, the museum often originates its own, notably a large review of avant-garde Italian sculpture and more recently the first comprehensive American survey of the work of René Magritte, distinguished Belgian surrealist. Serious catalogues usually accompany these exhibitions, which are sympathetically installed, especially the Magritte show. Here zany surrealist display methods ingeniously acted as a setting for surrealist paintings and objects. Now one hopes that the Dallas Museum of Contemporary Arts will develop an equally bold acquisition program. This, of course, takes money, but, not to seem presumptuous, where in America could the prospects be rosier?

AT THE theatre I was fortunate to see "The Chairs," a play by Ionesco, brilliantly produced by the Center's young repertory group. A single set depending only on fragile metal constructions proved how much theatre design owes to modern art. Drawings by Miró, Calder, Steinberg, and Shahn immediately came to mind. On a stage dominated by a wacky yet superbly portrayed senile couple, young actors and young designers under the excellent leadership of the Dallas Theater Center's director, Paul Baker, held their audience taut with excitement. Broadway might well take a look at Dallas.

My last stop was Tucson, where a magic day spent deep in the Arizona desert left me wondering how any artist could find courage to pit his ingenuity against so awesome and metaphysical a landscape. Here, madly contoured mountains and ancient totemic *sujaros* stab the sky, making the most revolutionary modern sculpture seem tepid by comparison.

—KATHARINE KUH.

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Salvador Dali's Santiago El Grande, Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton, N. B., Canada. ▶

Why the Scallop Shells in Dali's famous painting?

● Look closely at this monumental painting of St. James, at the Beaverbrook Gallery in Fredericton. On the chest of the Apostle's charger you see a scallop shell. In fact, the symbolic heavens surrounding the Saint are studded with shells.

In embellishing his painting with scallop shells, Salvador Dali let history and tradition guide his brush. For St. James is often depicted wearing the scallop shell. And this same emblem, the scallop, became the badge of pilgrims journeying to the Apostle's shrine in Compostela, Spain.

As a symbol of the pilgrimage or voyage or quest, the shell can be traced back to earliest times. It was identified with Venus, born of the sea. It was the badge of Crusaders to the Holy Land—symbol of their quest.

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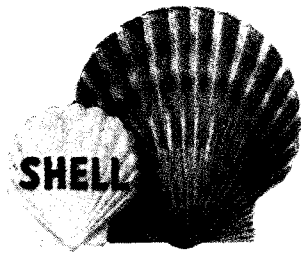

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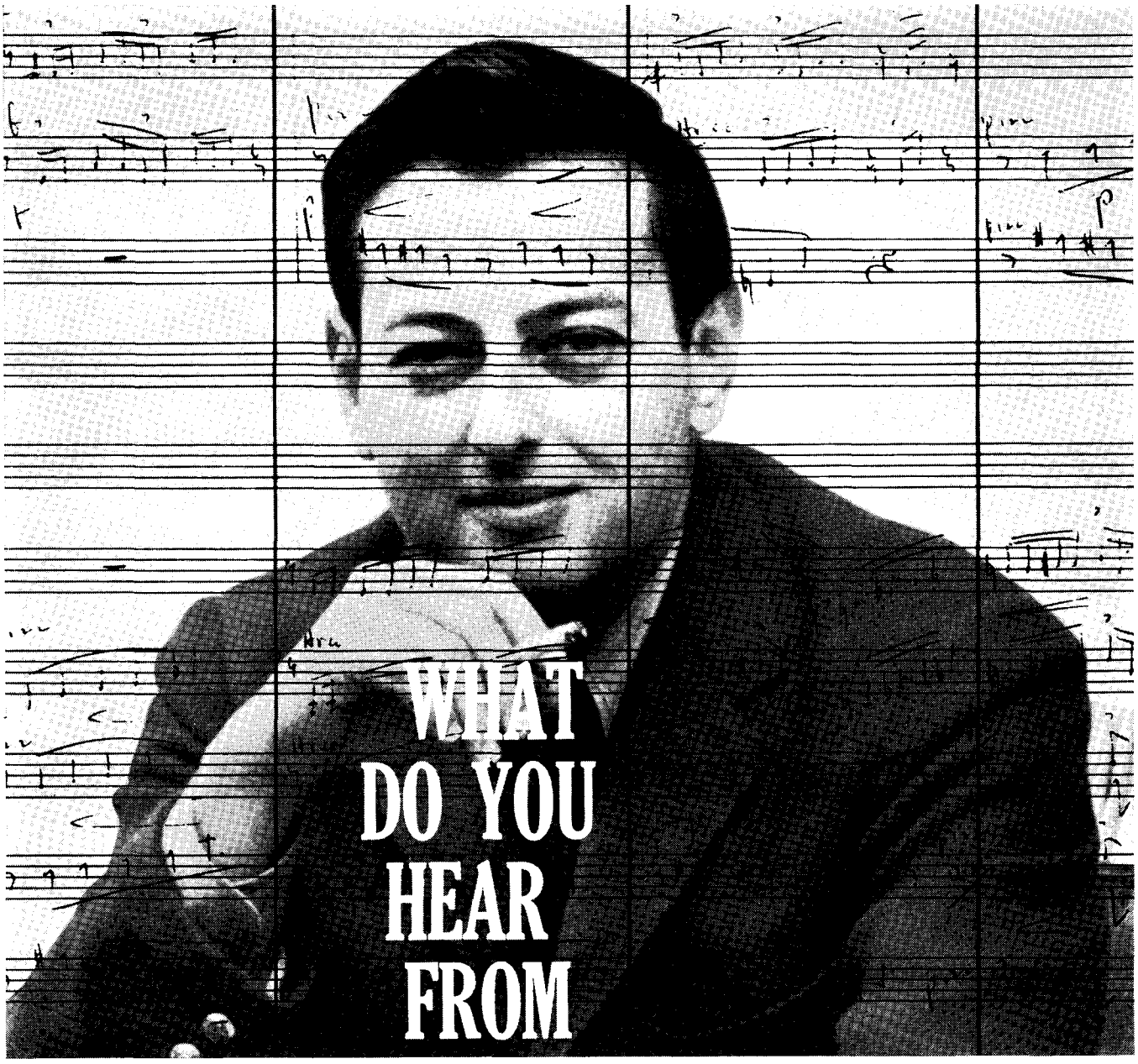

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Mahler's Third Symphony—"New" Bartok

THOSE who contend that the best of Gustav Mahler's music is in his songs (separately, or in the cycles with orchestra) and, with the exception of a slow movement here and there, they are vastly superior to his symphonic writing, will find strong support for both positions in the D minor Symphony (No. 3), which New Yorkers heard for only the third time in thirty-five years during Easter week. As on the earlier occasions, the orchestra was the Philharmonic, but this time the conductor was Leonard Bernstein, in succession to the late Dimitri Mitropoulos, whose 1956 performances were the first since Mengelberg's in 1922.

For what we have here are two very beautiful songs preceded by three tedious symphonic movements and followed by half a great "langsam." Needless to say, it is the beginning of the slow movement, superbly atmospheric and warmly conciliatory of the mingled emotions preceding, that reaches greatness. It begins to disintegrate as Mahler's parallel to Schubert's "heavenly lengths" add to interminable repetitions, a piling not merely of Pelion on Ossa but peroration on peroration. It finally degenerates into a kind of sickly mysticism complete with timpani poundings that might have echoed from the Metropolitan downtown, where "Parsifal" was being performed at the same time.

But the songs—these are another matter altogether. Both in the setting for solo mezzo voice of Nietzsche's "O Mensch! Gib Acht" and an extract from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" (whose folk poems never failed to bring out the best in Mahler), there is acute feeling for the word, for the tone against the word, and for the two together. For the setting of "Es sungen drei Engel," Mahler alternates a chorus of women's voices with a group of boy sopranos, and the effect is delightful.

To accommodate the work's length to the convenience of a non-festival audience, Bernstein provided an intermission between the three symphonic movements and the first of the songs (Mitropoulos and Mengelberg preferred to separate the thirty-two-minute first movement from the following five). This procedure enabled him to end each part with a mammoth fortissimo, which was stimulating to the applause-producing centers of some listeners, provocative in others of a grateful tranquility in which to mull the contradictions of this puzzlement called Gustav Mahler.

For, if one cannot quite take him, one cannot really leave him alone, either. It is no use for his idolators to tell us that the banalities (which they cannot deny) are calculated, the juxtaposition of the ennobling and the trite a purposeful compositional device, the repetitions divinely ordained (the program notes of Edward Downes contained a lengthy quotation from the composer himself—hardly an unprejudiced witness—testifying to the tortures, "like Christ in Gethsemane," which accompanied its creation). As often as we hear these things said, or read them in program notes (and the compulsion to lapse into Mahler's elongated style in discussing his symphonies is almost physical), just as often does the performance of the music fail, for me, to assert an esthetic logic or even an emotional stimulus, to justify its wayward musical syntax and grammar.

But, when a text is at issue, Mahler's style is lucid, clear, forthright. It is as sensibly disciplined as his great contemporary Hugo Wolf's; we find common grounds for agreement on what is musical order—in the full sense, poetry. In which case, then, is the listening attention at fault? When we agree with Mahler, or when we disagree? The one who produces a convincing answer to this riddle will have done the part of mankind which pays attention to music a real service.

Martha Lipton sang the Nietzsche verses with poise, authority, and excellent sound, and a female group from the Schola Cantorum joined with the Boy's Choir of the Little Church Around the Corner for the "Three Angels," to provide suitably celestial sound. As for Bernstein's direction, it was curiously akin to the mingled merits of the work itself—appealingly eloquent in the songs, as full of excesses, measure for measure, as the other four movements. Too often the obvious was brought to the forefront at the cost of some touches of subtlety (especially at the end of the first movement) which show the composer's purpose in a better light than Bernstein revealed. However, he merits admiration for the effort that went into producing this work, originally a project of the late Mitropoulos and perpetuated as a memorial to him.

With the cast of the Good Friday "Parsifal" substantially the same as the one heard some days earlier, it didn't require an unbounded enthusiasm for Mahler to forego the downtown matinee for the uptown. Among such worthy exhibitions as "Turandot" and "Wozzeck," "Elektra" and "Nabucco" of its late-season weeks, the Metropolitan's "Parsifal" is perhaps less suggestive of its innate worth than it has been locally for a score of years. This has nothing to do with its current conductor, Karl Böhm, whose affection for the music is as strong as his treatment is thoroughgoing. Save for the Gurnemanz of Jerome Hines, the cast is bereft of representative performers, suggesting that a period of inactivity is in order for this work.

ISAAC STERN made his recent appearance with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra something more than a restatement of praise for his violinistic art by favoring two works new to virtually all his listeners. One was the old kind of novelty, the twenty-second of the twenty-nine concertos of Giovanni Viotti, which embodies the whole art of Italian violin playing prior to Paganini. To be sure, its scoring hardly supports the kind of sound at the disposal of this orchestra, but it is instructive to hear the solo part played with Stern's fluidity, elegance, and surpassing ease. He also introduced a half-new early work of Bartók: a "concerto" that utilizes, as first movement, much of the violin piece long known as "Portrait No. 1" and follows it with a fast movement which Bartók preferred not to have published in his lifetime. What it amounts to, among other things, is another evidence of Bartók's deep roots in a rich soil, the prime "first growth" from which the later, strongly formed concerto (of 1937-38) emerged. It was, altogether, a night of high-tension string playing for the Philadelphia visitors, beginning with Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony and concluding with Debussy's "La Mer."—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

MOISEYEV AT WORK

By RALPH PARKER

"At fifty-four, Moiseyev continues to participate in the rehearsals of all the company's dances."

Moscow.

TWO SQUARES in Moscow, one named after Sverdlov, a revolutionary president, the other after Mayakovsky, a revolutionary poet, have become the antipodes of the performing arts in Russia today. Sverdlov Square with its lilac shrubs, its fountains, its tulip beds originated by bulbs sent from Holland as a gift to Ulanova, is dominated by the Bolshoi and Maly theatres with their classical stucco façades and self-consciously conservative traditions. Mayakovsky Square, where Soviet youth meets to argue about art, life, and love, is bleak and treeless but its gleaming asphalt is bordered by the three liveliest foyers of contemporary Soviet stage art to be found in the Russian capital—the Contemporary Theatre, Obraztsov's Puppet Theatre, and the Tchaikovsky Concert Hall, home of the Moiseyev Dancers.

In late March the ground floor of the service entrance to the Tchaikovsky Hall was congested with packing cases stenciled with the address of the New York office of Sol Hurok. Through an obscure "window on the West"—a small, ice-free Baltic port with a tongue-twisting name—the motley costumes of the dancers—Russian, Ukrainian, Moldavian, Kalmuk, Caucasian, Estonian—were being shipped to New York.

An old-fashioned bird cage of an elevator, jealously guarded by a be-shawled *babushka* who laid aside her knitting to insert a large, flat key, took us to the floor where Igor Aleksandrovich Moiseyev has his office. As we rose we caught a glimpse into the rehearsal room, "my kitchen" as Moiseyev calls it, and of a notice board announcing a meeting of the trade union committee to attend a lecture on the international situation. Was that not Lev Golovanov, the lanky figure leaning limp and relaxed against the wall?

"We had an entirely new program ready to present in the United States," said Igor Moiseyev, emerging from the recess where he keeps his rehearsal costume (at fifty-four, Moiseyev continues to participate actively in the rehearsals of all the company's dances). "However, Sol Hurok has insisted that we include at public request old favorites like 'Partisans,' 'Gopak,' and 'The Gypsies,' and there are times when t artist has to retreat before the sho man. As it is, ten of the fourte numbers we are to present at the M ropolitan Opera House on April 18 w be new to New York."

Judging by the reception given the program at the farewell perfor ance in Moscow, the old favorites reta their appeal. "Partisans," as evocati of the romanticism of unconventio war as a faded photograph of Stonew Jackson's men on the march, the l colic fury of the Gopak, and the p sionate outbursts of the Bessarabi Gypsies have won assured places the classical repertoire of a compa that will be celebrating its twent fifth anniversary next year.

Igor Moiseyev and his principal a sistant, his wife Tamara Alexeyev Zeifert, devise most of their new danc "on the floor," that is, in the rehears room a few paces from an office th contains many emblems from the co pany's travels—an obelisk in Silesi coal, an incongruous-looking mod tank presented by Czech admirers. B the preliminary work, the gathering

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the raw material of the dance that comes before the process of "artistic synthesis," is mainly done outside Moscow. Ever since, at the age of twelve, Moiseyev entered Vera Mosolova's dance school to proceed shortly after to the Bolshoi Theatre school, he has spent his summer vacations traveling, and today the months of August and September find him less often in his Crimean villa than roaming Moldavia and his native Ukraine, regions which have always, it seems, provided him with most choreographic inspiration. His latest creation, the dance sketch "Makano the Mischief Maker," which will be receiving its world premiere in New York, was the result of Moiseyev's many visits to Kishinev in Moldavia.

Moiseyev, it is well to remember, had all the traditional training as a ballet dancer and choreographer. He and his contemporary Asaf Messerer, the famous Bolshoi dancer, were the only two applicants to be accepted at the Bolshoi school in 1918. Two of the three ballets he produced on the stage of the Bolshoi before he broke away to form his own company, "Football" and "Three Fat Men," are still regarded with respect by historians of the ballet. And since his last visit to the United States Moiseyev has cooperated with Aram Khachaturian to present "Spartacus" on the Bolshoi stage. It has not retained its place in the repertory, in the main because Moiseyev has never been in Moscow long enough since the premiere to correct faults that derive, perhaps, more from the libretto and the music than from the choreography. But many a young Bolshoi Theatre dancer looks back nostalgically to a ballet that struck out boldly along new choreographic paths.

Not that Moiseyev sets much store on youthful beauty as the principal component of a dance spectacle—or on virtuosity, for that matter. "A dance company can appeal by the beauty of its dancers—for a time. But beauty fades and pure virtuosity palls. We are a company twenty-five years old. What matters is the dance, the dance, the dance," he said, unconsciously echoing the words Galina Ulanova used recently when coaching her pupil Ekaterina Maximova in the role of Giselle.

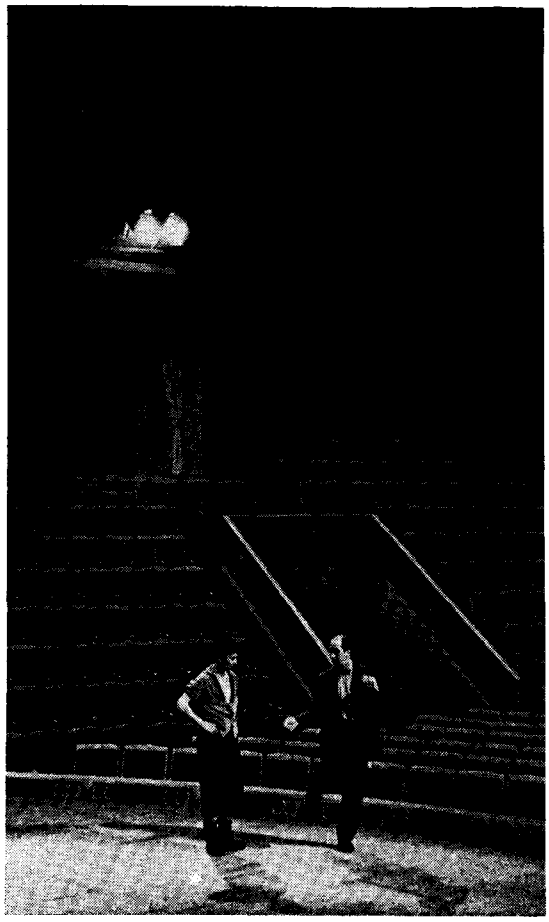
Choreographically, the two most ambitious new numbers in the Moiseyev 1961 program are probably "Snow Maiden" and "Venzelya" ("Monograms"). There was some high-level discussion in Moscow about the former. Was it proper, some asked, that a Soviet company of contemporary dancers should open its program with a number so saturated with the spirit of Russian fairy tale? However, the view prevailed that this dance, with its haunting music, its tenderness, its unaffected transformation of the familiar winter scene with its snow-decked firs, its whirling blizzards, its frozen silences, into the language of the dance was hardly likely to deceive the American public into thinking that the Soviet Union had abandoned its official materialistic outlook on the world.

In "Monograms" Moiseyev and the company provide one more example of their amazing ability "to bring the folk dance to the theatre and the theatre to folk dance," as one admirer of the company has defined its achievement. A Wenzel—the word is Polish though the dance is Russian—is a pattern formed by interweaving the initial letters of a name, that is, a monogram; and this is a pattern-making dance of great ingenuity, comparable with the movements of the old "Ukrainian Suite" of which only the Gopak remains in the new program.

SOME may prefer Moiseyev as choreographer in an altogether different style, when, as in the Kalmuk trio or the dance of the three Azerbaijanian shepherds, he synthesizes the most characteristic features in the manner of life of a people or trade. The Kalmuks are—or were till recently—a nomadic people of horsemen, animistic in their faith, and it is not mere showmanship that makes Moiseyev transform his three lithe dancers into horses, eagles, or fighting cocks. Similiarly, the Caucasian shepherds are not training to become future Olympic champions; they are bounding over the gullies and rocks that separate them from their flocks or using their long staves to elevate themselves to positions from which they can sight marauding wolves.

The history of the number which the company is presenting as "A Friendly Skit" (they might have called it "Now We'll Play It Your Way") is longer and more complicated than that of any other of the new numbers in the program. Almost two years have passed since an astonished audience at a dress rehearsal was brought to its feet in acclamation by this skit on Western boogie-woogie. The company was then about to leave for Budapest; there the dance was an uproarious success. A high official of the USSR Ministry of Culture vetoed it, however, for public performance in Russia. The excesses shown on the stage might prove infectious, he argued. His minister, Nikholai Mikhailov, upheld his subordinate's decision. But Mikhailov was replaced by Ekaterina Furtseva, and she took Moiseyev's word for it that the skit would neither subvert Soviet youth nor offend the American public. When, just before sending its costumes to New York, the company gave the number its first public performance in the USSR, the Minister of Culture watched it from a box just over the places where her principal assistants sat. They watched her intently, and they saw that she laughed as heartily at the antics of Moiseyev's beatniks as anyone in the audience, which included a large contingent from the touring University of Michigan Band.

This brings me to a final comment on Igor Moiseyev. He possesses a combative sense of courage. The path of an innovator in the arts is not an easy one anywhere, least of all in a society where the state has on occasion interfered brusquely in the process of artistic creation. Moiseyev has in the past challenged many long-established canons. He threw down the gauntlet on the vast stage of the Bolshoi Theatre in the Thirties, and left to take his own path. He risked offending the supporters of "pure" folklore. He established his own school of dancing when he lost confidence in the Bolshoi ballet school. He spoke the truth about the American people when he gave his impressions to a Moscow public of his visit to the United States in 1958. At fifty-four, he remains one of the most vigorous, quickening influences in Soviet artistic life.



Moiseyev demonstrates a step to Lev Golovanov on the stage of Tchaikovsky Hall, Moscow.

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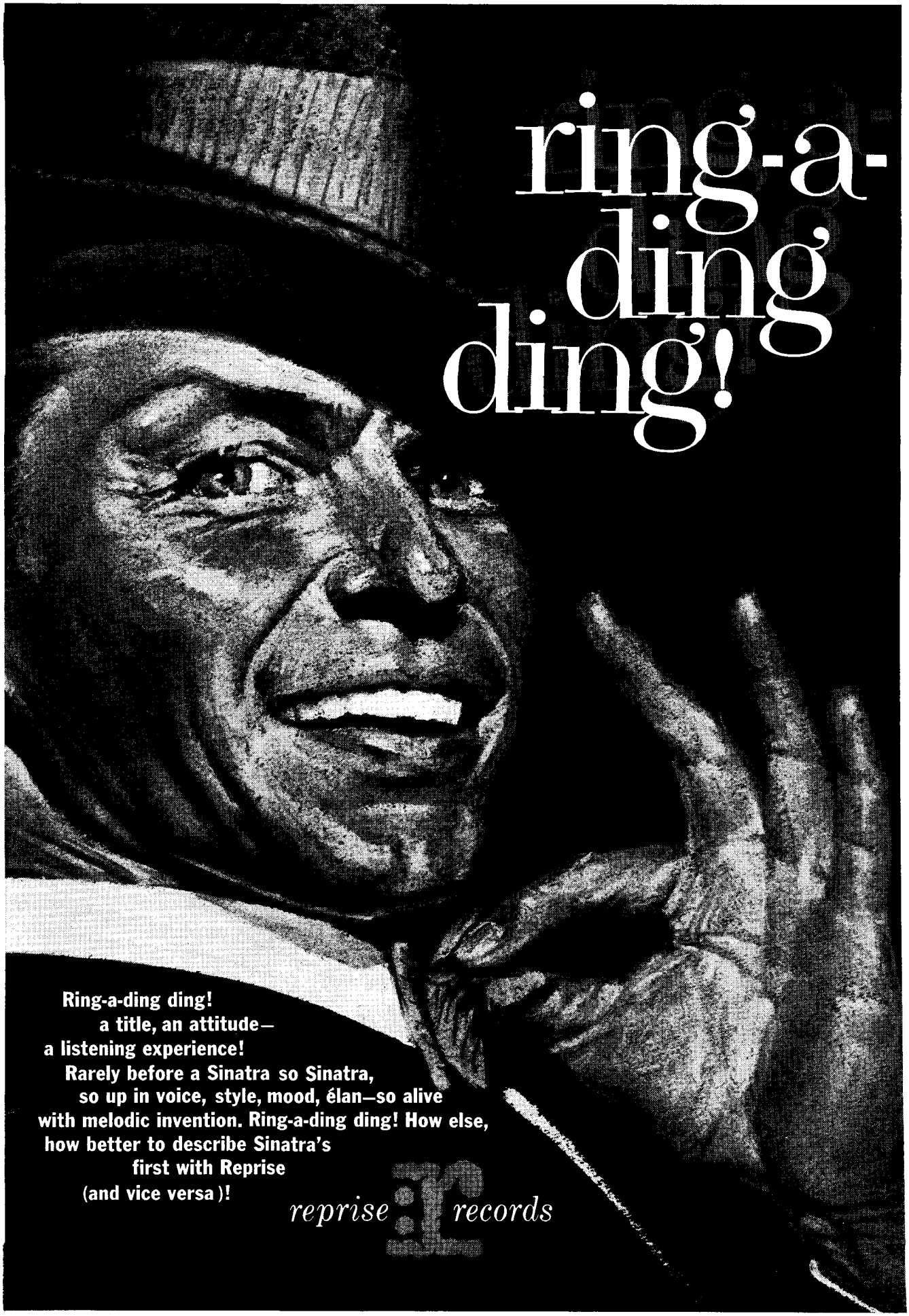
ring-a-ding ding!
Ring-a-ding ding!
a title, an attitude—
a listening experience!
Rarely before a Sinatra so Sinatra,
so up in voice, style, mood, élan—so alive
with melodic invention. Ring-a-ding ding! How else,
how better to describe Sinatra's
first with Reprise
(and vice versa)!
reprise records

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On First Hearing Lanza in Recital

IT IS no common thing for a listener (critical or otherwise) to hear a singer "live" for the first time only after he has died. But then, Mario Lanza was no common singer, and his whole career, public and nonpublic, was studded with the kind of unconventional happenings that terminate with the appearance of his first "recital" only when he has ceased to be a living voice. It is a kind of justice, too, that it should originate in London's Royal Albert Hall, where, traditionally, the loudest, if not the greatest, performers have entertained the thousands it will accommodate (RCA Victor LM 2454, $4.98).

To be sure, Lanza made numerous concert tours, here and abroad, but these did not take him to New York where the carping critic might lurk. Thus, those who had not heard him as a young singer in the wartime AAF's "Winged Victory," or as part of a trio with George London and Frances Yeend, knew him only as a performer from sound track, radio, or studio-made records, where any number of electronic wiles could be—and were—practised.

To meet him, then, in recital in the presence of an audience and with no elaborate electronic set-up to enhance the results, is a little journey into adventure and speculation. What kind of musical man was this anyway? How far had he come in use of the voice he first raised in emulation of the Caruso records he played in his father's Philadelphia home? The answer is not too long in coming, and almost every item on the two sides contributes something to it. The "Lamento di Federico" from Cilèa's "L'Arlesiana" shows a darker, more vibrant sound than the brassy, sometimes overblown one heard from this track or that. It is not a youthful or even a fresh voice, for all that Lanza died at thirty-eight and this concert occurred more than a year before. But it is arrow-straight in its ear appeal and never less than vocally purposeful.

Lanza's purpose rarely had much to do with subtlety or refinement. In appealing to the common denominator in every audience (his were more special than most and thus more commonly denominated) he stinted nothing of himself or of vulgarity (essentially the same thing). Lanza was almost as fond of the vocal sob (as one can hear in Stradella's "Pietà, Signore") as Gigli; his inclination to blast, or belt (depending on which generation's terminology you favor) is ever present. Frequently it is singing of the sort that makes one regret that ears lack lids, like eyes, so one could fasten them tight to wait out the blow.

But there is no mistaking the considerable mastery Lanza had attained in a difficult skill for any singer to master: the art of the vignette, the ability to color and vitalize, personalize and dramatize a simple song so that it became an experience complete in itself. There is an intimation of it in Scarlatti's "Già, il sole del Gange," and a full statement of the facts in Giannini's "Tell Me, O Blue, Blue Sky" and Tosti's " 'A vucchella," in each of which the text is "recited" as clearly as the music is sung. He is on his way to another one in Charles's "The House on the Hill" until he fluffs so badly on its climax note that the pianist must hurriedly improvise a new modulation to the cadence.

It is not surprising in the Scarlatti (an art song in Italian), more so in the others (all in English). Put that way, it has the flavor of a purposeful paradox, for with all his Italian heritage (the family name was Cocozza), he was American-born and educated. But as it is all too often evident, American singers habitually learn to sing more understandably in other tongues than they do in their own. Clearly Lanza would have none of that. He had observed for himself, or taken the wise counsel of someone who had, that audiences enjoy best what they understand most. And since audience enjoyment was the public business to which Lanza devoted his ten years of prominence, he made himself adept at it.

As to the private business of those years, it might best be described as self-destruction. "The night of the first concert at Albert Hall, Mario's old agitation was plain to see on the surface. But he demonstrated enough will power and discipline to refrain from drinking." So Constantine Callinicos has written (in "The Mario Lanza Story") of the occasion, January 16, 1958, which produced this record. He should know: he was there at the piano on the platform, sharing the cheers and the agitation of the muffed note.

As to Lanza's singing of "E lucevan le stelle" ("Tosca"), or the "Lamento di Federico," Whittier said it all when he wrote:

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

—I.K.

reprise records

SINATRA DOING
SINATRA THINGS TO
12 GREAT STANDARDS

RING-A-DING DING
LET'S FALL IN LOVE
BE CAREFUL, IT'S MY HEART
A FOGGY DAY
A FINE ROMANCE
IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT
THE COFFEE SONG
WHEN I TAKE MY SUGAR TO TEA
LET'S FACE THE MUSIC AND DANCE
YOU'D BE SO EASY TO LOVE
YOU AND THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC
I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM

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Schumann Fully Served by Szell

EXHILARATING is the word for the new album of Schumann orchestral music issued by Epic (Stereo BSC 110, $23.98, also available in monaural) and played by the Cleveland Orchestra under the direction of George Szell—exhilarating in both content and performance. All four symphonies are included, as well as the "Manfred" Overture and the A minor Piano Concerto, with Leon Fleisher as soloist. Motivated by the 150th anniversary, just passed, of the composer's birth, this recording is successful not only in its immediate objective—presenting the music in a faithful rendering—but goes beyond that in reopening the whole case of Robert Schumann as a symphonic composer. Szell and his orchestra have pleaded the matter with such eloquence that one can only regret the absence of the "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," whose inclusion could have made for an entire reappraisal in one album of Schumann's orchestral output. As things stand, gratitude is in order for a first-class accounting of the works contained.

From the beginning, critical homage has been paid to the songs and piano literature of this composer; but only grudging recognition has marked the course of the symphonies. Lacking the Promethean quality of a Beethoven, the "message" impact of a Tchaikovsky, the Prince Albert tailoring of a Brahms, these remarkable scores have come in for much learned head-shaking. Schumann's recasting of the symphonic mold in his personal idiom outraged some formalists for whom, like Bunthorne, "art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine," while, by inversion, it chilled the post-romantics, who found his work overly withdrawn.

Severe indictments have been laid down in the history books against Schumann's skill as an orchestrator. While these strictures have some basis in fact, their application has been so misleading as to equate the composer, in the mind of some, with an incomplete genius like Mussorgsky, none of whose writing for orchestra survives today in its original form. If judged alongside the deftest technicians of his time, Schumann is no Berlioz or Mendelssohn in his handling of instrumental texture; but what he has to say—in terms of symphonic vault and span—often dwarfs the immaculate Felix and at times, for tonal grandeur (as in the sumptuous Cathedral movement of the "Rhenish" Symphony and the transition from scherzo to finale in the Fourth), rivals some of the most glowing pages of Berlioz. The defects are there, of course, for all to see in the printed score: excessive doublings of wind and strings, incomplete realization of brass potentialities. As Szell himself points out in a penetrating article contained in the album booklet, certain retouchings (these at a minimum and done with discretion) are desirable if the symphonies are to "sound" their best. This, however, is a minor consideration. It has become standard procedure, in performing Beethoven today, to edit certain of his horn passages and double the wind parts. Does this diminish the great composer's standing as a symphonist? One would not imagine so.

In an era when so much of our limited repertoire has been drastically overplayed, the four symphonies of Schumann fall upon the ear with welcome freshness. These are admirably proportioned works, full of beguiling melodies, large-scale development, and —above all—a poetic fire and nobility that mark romanticism at its most convincing. This is the school of the Schubert "big" C major, the Berlioz "Harold," the Chopin piano concertos, the glorious mainstream of nineteenth-century symphonic music before it split into pro- and anti-Wagner currents.

Every one of the four Schumann symphonies has its distinctive personality: the sunlight and warmth of the first, the winning vigor and lyricism of the second, the majesty of the third ("Rhenish"), and introspective beauty of the last. These qualities are conveyed in full by the Szell performances. As for the Cleveland Orchestra, the group's finest qualities are here maintained: clarity, virtuosity, an amazing range of dynamics from the finest-spun pianissimo to full-bodied forte.

"Manfred" is given a reading that evokes, in the listener's memory, the passionate performances of this score by Toscanini. In the piano concerto, Mr. Fleisher performs with poetry and virility; Mr. Szell's accompaniment, knowingly integrated, invites high praise.

The recorded sound in this Epic album does not always reach the multi-faceted level of the playing, but it is unfailingly adequate and well balanced.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

Leon Fleisher (left) compares notes with George Szell (right).

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Josquin, Jannequin, and Monteverdi

By MICHAEL STEINBERG

A RECENT letter to *SR* speaks sensitively of the need for "a return to a lasting promotion of the great masters." The case in point was that of Haydn, but it also applies well to the masters before 1600. How disserved we are by a system that makes it so much easier for us to hear the music of Glière and Lalo than that of Josquin and Lassus. But the occasional encounter with the sound of the music of, for example, Josquin des Prés (*c.* 1450-1521) leaves one stunned, so urgent is the message of the arching melodies, those flowing and alive rhythms, and the fastidious, delicate harmony.

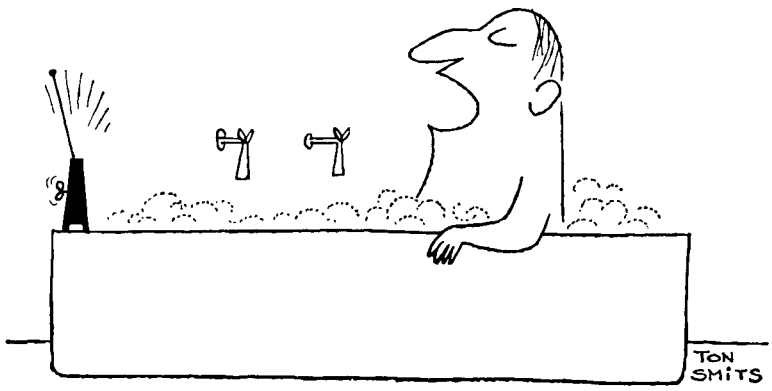
The Renaissance Chorus of New York under Harold Brown has now recorded Josquin's Mass "Una musque de Buscaya" (Baroque 9002), a glorious work first published in 1503, then again in 1948 as part of the complete Josquin edition. It is indeed quite possible, as Mr. Brown suggests in his excellent notes, that this is the first hearing this music has had in at least two centuries. Experts in Renaissance performance practice might want to quarrel with some of the conductor's decisions concerning the *musica ficta* (the optional added sharps, flats, and naturals that are brought in at certain points); nowadays the idea of performing this literature *a cappella* is no longer accepted uncritically as once it was. And to one accustomed to hearing Renaissance music performed in the lean style of, say, Noah Greenberg, Brown's treatment may even seem downright sentimental.

The record, however, has virtues, and an importance and beauty, that far outweigh any of the quibbles it invites. Mr. Brown's feeling for the melodic curves is extraordinarily acute, and it is rare to hear older music so sensitively phrased. The voices are those of amateurs, but the conductor's understanding of both the advantages and the limitations of their sound is such that the sonorities he evokes are ones of delicacy and loveliness. The effect is further enhanced because for once we are allowed to hear the music in its proper architectural setting: St. Paul's Chapel at Columbia University makes an excellent substitute for the vaulted buildings whose acoustics were certainly a part of the composer's calculations. This valuable record is not readily available in all stores; it can be had most conveniently by writing to Renaissance Chorus, 28-06 34th Avenue, Long Island City 6, New York. The price is $4 postpaid.

Secular music of the Renaissance is represented by an attractive new record by the Deller Consort (Bach Guild BGS-5031, $5.95). This anthology is entitled "Madrigal Masterpieces," and it contains mostly well-known favorites —Jannequin's "Bataille de Marignan," Lassus's "Matona mia cara," Monteverdi's "Ecco mormorar l'onde," and Morley's "Now Is the Month of Maying." There are also some marvelous Monteverdi madrigals from his Fourth Book of 1603, and the arts of composition and performance meet at a most elevated level in two serious English pieces, "When David Heard that Absalom Was Slain," by Thomas Tomkins, and "Lullaby, My Sweet Little Baby," from Byrd's "Psalmes, Sonets and Songs of Sadness and Pietie." The Consort sings beautifully—sample the Lassus "Mon coeur se recommende à vous" and just see if you can resist this record—and only the seething passion of Monteverdi's love music seems a little alien to what the singers do best.

Archive has added to its Gregorian catalogue with a record containing the music for the Mass on the Feast of the Assumption (ARC 73152, $6.98). This is of unusual interest because the compilation is only a decade old, for, although the Assumption is one of the oldest of Christian feasts, the proclamation in 1950 of the dogma of the Virgin's bodily assumption brought about the publication of a whole new Proper for this mass. Altogether, the Assumption Mass is one of the most remarkable in the recorded Gregorian repertory and "ecstatic" is by no means too strong a word to describe the soaring of the Gradual and Alleluia melodies. The level of Archive's literary editing is higher than formerly, but once again someone has added to the gaiety of nations by identifying the singers as the "Nunts-Choir" of the Benedictine Abbey at Varensell, Germany. One cannot commend too highly the Archive practice of recording entire services, including the bells, spoken prayers, and silences, that space out the music and alone give it its proportions and plasticity. The singing is very beautiful, as is the reading of the spoken portions by the "*celebrans*," Josef Ernesti. Incidentally, the Sanctus IX sung here is the one quoted by Respighi for the "Catacombs" section of "The Pines of Rome."

A new record of Bach Cantatas (Bach Guild BG 603, $4.98) is disappointing. The works in question are the Cantata No. 33, "Allein zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ," and Cantata No. 105, "Herr, gehe nicht ins Gericht," both interesting works with especially grand opening choruses. The Danish State Radio Chamber Orchestra and Madrigal Choir and some very ordinary soloists are conducted by Mogens Wöldike, and the results are dreadfully devoid of animation. No. 33 is available only on this record, but No. 105 is rather better done on Archive by Fritz Lehmann (coupled with the very great No. 39, "Brich dem Hungrigen dein Brot"), though again with soloists who are not really good enough.



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FORGOTTEN

Leota Sundust is one of our forgotten American Indians. She is of the Apache Tribe. Her father died last year of TB. Leota's mother, who does not speak English, works as a cleaning woman. Her meager earnings provide for little more than food and a squalid room for Leota and her two brothers. The children's clothing is worn and patched. Leota's mother yearns for her children to get an education that will prepare them to earn a decent living. She wants them to enjoy a richer, happier life than her own.

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Through Save the Children Federation, *you, your group, your school* can give person-to-person help to a needy boy or girl of the Papago, Pima, Pueblo, Apache, Navajo or Colorado River Tribes. Your monthly contribution of $10.00 will enable an Indian child, who attends a public school off the reservation, to have the suitable clothing, personal books, school supplies and cash allowance for school activities needed to give him the opportunity to join the mainstream of American life. It will boost the morale of the whole family—will give an Indian youngster an even break. You will receive the photograph and history of the child you help and the child will correspond with you. Please open your heart to an American Indian child and give him assistance, friendship and inspiration.

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$60 semi-annually ☐ $120 annually ☐
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Shakespeare at Length and Abridged

By JOHN CIARDI

THIS seems to be the season for Shakespeare, Standard Oil of New Jersey having launched its "Age of Kings" on TV with excellent, if not always intelligible, performances, and both Caedmon and Spoken Arts issuing the first releases of a list that will in time include all of Shakespeare's plays. Two complete Shakespeares on record and issued concurrently is perhaps more good news than most budgets can afford, but there is a difference, and an interesting one.

The Caedmon releases are "Macbeth," starring Anthony Quayle, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, and Stanley Holloway (SRS 231, four sides, stereo or monaural, $11.90); "The Taming of the Shrew," starring Trevor Howard, Margaret Leighton, and Miles Malleson (SRS 211, four sides, stereo or monaural, $11.90); and "Othello," starring Frank Silvera, Cyril Cusack, Celia Johnson, and Anna Massey (SRS 225, six sides, stereo or monaural, $17.85). They are full-scale performances, each album nicely boxed and containing the full acting script.

The performances—and there is little point in analyzing the variations of individual preference, though I must lay one particular wreath at Anthony Quayle's feet for a grimly sensitive Macbeth—are what any sane man would expect when a great company is assembled. Which is to say, as good as it gets this side of those moments when a psychological explosion takes over the stage and makes the kind of evening a life hungers for.

But if it is excellent theatre, I must remain a bit doubtful of its entire adaptation to the microphone. Granted an excellent accompanying text, I still hate to miss lines, and I do throughout these recordings at all too regular intervals. In a given exchange one actor's voice will come through loud and clear and another's will be not only faint, but at times inaudible. I am left to guess—and it can be no more than a guess—that these players were trained for the stage rather than for the mike and that their stage inclinations sometimes take them too far off mike. These are minor flaws, to be sure, but all the more distressing in works otherwise so well done.

The Spoken Arts releases, all of which are Dublin Gate Theatre productions featuring Michael Mac Liammoir and Hilton Edwards, are "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," and "King Lear" (Spoken Arts, 781, 782, 783, 784, $5.95 each). Each of them is an abridgement of the play for production in the fifty minutes, plus or minus, of a two-side recording, designed as "introductions" to Shakespeare. As the cover copy has it, "The object of these adaptations is to introduce the heart of the plays to those who may never have come into contact with them."

Let me confess that I was half-indignant at the project so described. But though I came to scoff, I stayed to change my mind. This may not be Shakespeare as the purest impulse wants it, but it is excellent work by an excellent company laboring under hard limitations. If there are, in fact, audiences who do not know the plays and who may be won to them by such abridgement (and certainly many schools that cannot afford full-scale recordings can at least expose their clients to the *sound* and *motion* of Shakespeare through these lower-cost abridgements), these are the recordings that can do it.

Which is to say only that one must pay a price for abridgement. In "Hamlet," for example, it is obviously impossible to eliminate the "Now I am alone" soliloquy. Yet the earlier scene with the actors is so abridged that when Hamlet gets to "Is it not monstrous that these players here, etc." nothing in the preceding action provides a referent for his lines.

And again I must register my urgent wish that Spoken Arts would make a script available with its releases. Especially in such abridged versions, it is a nuisance to go riffling pages of one's own Shakespeare, leaping across the cuts and trying to locate where the voice has gone without losing track of it; though it must be added that the cuts, once marked in the unabridged play, are interesting to ponder.

In point of what might be called microphone-sense these Spoken Arts releases clearly pull ahead of Caedmon's. Perhaps the benign hand of the BBC and Radio Eireann is to be felt here, for the players and the direction are securely at home at the mike; and if it is at first a bit distracting to have a narrator's voice cut into the performance in order to bridge some of the action, one need only compare how powerfully the music is used to convey the physical action of Macbeth's duel with Macduff in this Spoken Arts version with the rather inert effect upon the ear of the same duel in the Caedmon version. One can then see at once how sensitively Director Hilton Edwards has responded to his medium. The necessary trick of course is to make the ear do for both ear and eye, and Edwards is a master of that art.

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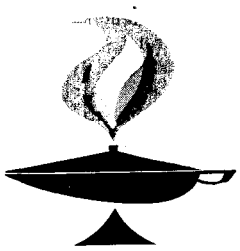
EDUCATION IN AMERICA



Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editor: JOHN J. SCANLON

SR/EDUCATION
APRIL 15, 1961

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The Meaning of Excellence

THE NEW stress on rigor and higher standards was badly needed in many schools, but in some it is causing confusion about the meaning of educational excellence. It is not a sign of excellence that school pressures are creating neurotic anxieties in parents and students about grades, test scores, and getting into the "right" colleges. Excellence is not achieved merely by piling on more work or by shifting the emphasis from poetry and history to science and mathematics. Excellence is achieved only when the student is led to think more deeply and about more important things.

The achievement of excellence may not require a longer school day or more years of schooling but it will require better use of the time available. It will require better teaching, an improved curriculum, better grouping of children for purposes of instruction, advancement of each child through the school on the basis of his individual maturity and achievement, and better use of the new technology now available, as well as more and better use of books. Even more important, it will require the establishment of clear goals and priorities among them.

The proper goals are not grades, honors, diplomas or degrees; these are but symbols, useful for purposes of motivating the student. The academic disciplines, bodies of knowledge, and skill in the three Rs are essential parts of all sound education, but these are means toward ends and should not be confused with goals. The ultimate goal of education for free men in a free society is wisdom—the ability to make wise, independent decisions based upon accurate facts, clear reasoning, and understanding.

The educated individual is one who can choose between good and evil, truth and falsehood, the beautiful and the ugly, the worth while and the trivial. He can choose a good book, a good painting, or a good piece of music; his education will have prepared him to make the many decisions necessary in planning a good life and in conducting it properly.

In a free society, all individuals, with the sole exception of infants and those in custodial institutions, must make these decisions for themselves; if they are unable to do so—if their lives must be planned for them—they are no longer free, however benevolent the controls may be. It follows that, in a nation of free men, universal education is a necessity. It follows, too, that education must be more than mere training, more than adjustment to the world as it is. The educated individual must be prepared to take part in remaking his world by making sound decisions in the home, on the job, and in the voting booth.

These are high aims and will not often be fully achieved. But these should be our goals, for this is the meaning of excellence. —P. W.

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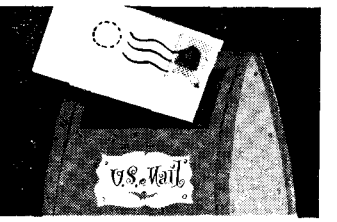
Letters to the Editor



FEDERAL AID

I HAVE READ many of your excellent articles on education, but I have not, until Senator Barry Goldwater's article [*SR*, Mar. 18] read anything so well explained.

There are many communities with excellent schools. How have these come about? Without exception, they are there because the parents, the people of the town, wanted better schools. Alas, today it is custom, almost standard operating procedure, to turn to Washington for help. We seem to feel that there liveth the Great White Father . . . and he giveth to all.

W. R. CUTHBERT.
Guilford, Conn.

ALTHOUGH I AM indeed very grateful for the amount of space you gave to my views in your issue of March 18, I should like to make reference to the box that appeared on page 45 and enter my demurrer to Mr. Lippmann's "demur."

Mr. Lippmann's argument that federal aid to education is older than the Constitution by reason of the Land Ordinance of 1785 has been used repeatedly over the years and is totally invalid. Let me set the record straight for everyone interested in education.

In the days immediately following the Revolutionary War, the Federal Government, or the Continental Government as it was known at the time, owned no land. In 1780, the Congress appealed to the states to donate their Western lands to the United States of America, and seven states complied. They donated some of their Western lands and ceded them to the national government.

At first the national government tried to sell the land to get funds to help pay off the cost of the war. But there were no takers, so the Federal Government decided to give the land away. In the process, one billion acres of land in the federal domain was disposed of, and of the one billion acres about 70,000,000 went to schools while the remainder went for various other purposes.

The idea of central government support to education was never a consideration in the disposition of this land. The whole proposal was a scheme to induce settlers to move to the almost uninhabited areas west of the Appalachian Mountains. They were given land which, only a few years before, had belonged to the states. Had there been any idea of federal support for education at that time, the intention certainly would have been written into the Constitution when it was drafted in 1787. And there is no mention of education in the Constitution.

But I feel the clincher on the question of whether government support of education was a factor in deciding the land question is the fact that at the time virtually all American children (at least 98 per cent) lived east of the Appalachian Mountains. All of the lands and all of the grants were given where no American children were living at the time. Consequently, if the purpose of the grants was to support education the government must have been thinking entirely in terms of adult education.

The plain fact is that the Land Ordinance had nothing to do with federal aid to education, Walter Lippmann notwithstanding.

BARRY GOLDWATER,
United States Senator from Arizona.
Washington, D.C.

IN REPLY TO Senator Goldwater's "*SR* Is Wrong About Federal Aid":

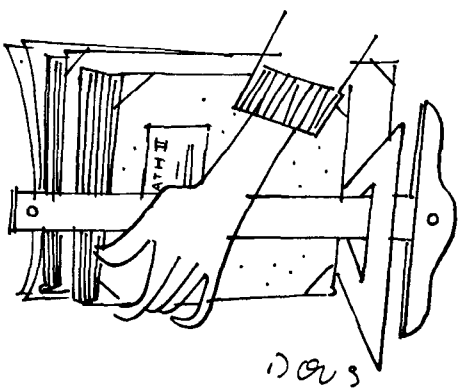
1. The evidence establishes a continuing need for more public school classrooms during the foreseeable future due to (a) increased population, (b) consolidation of school districts into larger units requiring bigger schools, (c) replacement of obsolete buildings.

State and local resources are inadequate to build all the needed schools. The fact that we have recently built more schools than ever before is quite irrelevant. We are concerned with the future, not the past.

2. The evidence establishes—and Senator Goldwater practically admits—that teachers' salaries have lagged so far behind those in other occupations that recruitment and retention of qualified teachers has become a serious problem which States and localities have been unable fully to overcome.

3. The evidence establishes that most States and many school districts, to the extent they can meet growing education needs, can do so only by imposing further property and sales taxes which bear most heavily on those least able to pay.

4. It seems silly to contend that regressive State and local taxes are "moral" while progressive Federal taxes are wicked.



5. Few, if any, competent lawyers l
lieve that Federal aid to education is u
constitutional.

6. Senator Goldwater's plan to g
Federal income tax credits to those w
pay local school taxes would (a) create
huge Federal deficit, (b) penalize th
who own or rent small homes, (c) cre
a new tax loophole for the wealthy, (
fail to insure adequate funds to meet ec
cational requirements.

7. Education is a national proble
People, not *States*, pay taxes. The resp
sibility for providing the tax reven
necessary for a first-class school syst
should fall on those who can afford
carry the load, not on those who cann

It follows that *SR* is *right*, not *wro*
about Federal aid.

JOSEPH S. CLARK,
United States Senator fron
Pennsylvania.
Washington, D. C.

YOUR ATTEMPT to be unbiased in prese
ing both sides of the issue arising o
the federal aid to education bill is c
mendable. However, I object to y
inconsistency in the realization of
noble attempt, namely your printing
Walter Lippmann's remarks in the mids
Senator Goldwater's article [*SR*, Mar.
in an apparent endeavor to discredit
Senator's position. If you consider
juxtaposition of these two viewpoints
contributing to your lack of prejud
why, then, was there no comparable
senting opinion inserted during the co
of Senator Clark's article in your Febr
education supplement?

For the sake of an honest and e
presentation of the contradictory phil
phies of the two Senators, let Lippm
demur elsewhere.

MRS. DAVID S. POSTO
Laquey, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Lippmann's demu
appeared in his regular newspaper col
just before Senator Clark's article wen
the printer, so we could scarcely ignor
Had anyone demurred in print just be
Senator Clark's article appeared, we w
have followed the same procedure.*

THE ANSWER TO Mr. Lippmann's st
ment that "it is sheer deception to dec
that what has always been done is
constitutional'" is that there must
neither fear of reconsidering the wis
of any previously followed course of ac
nor failure to consider the action in l
of changing conditions. For example,
instances which come to mind as be
courses of action followed for a time
later held to be unconstitutional are
National Industrial Recovery Act
segregation. I do not feel that the
these were actually practiced for any
riod of time is necessarily a sound ar
ment in favor of their continuance.

It is hoped that additional articles
senting the pro and con arguments on
crucial topic will appear in *SR*.

ROBERT R. KNAPI
San Diego, Calif.

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IT SEEMS TO ME that the Goldwater plan deserves the serious consideration of all the members of Congress and of the President.

EDGAR F. SMITH.

Los Angeles, Calif.

IT SEEMS RATHER amazing that Senator Goldwater is able to rule on the Constitutionality of federal aid to education in one paragraph, and offers nothing other than his own intuitive powers at interpreting this document to support his view. Mr. Lippmann's comments on the same page seem to more than adequately answer the Senator's view.

DANIEL L. DOCKS.

Detroit, Mich.

SENATOR GOLDWATER and others who object to using the Federal Government to promote the general welfare make much of states' rights and the unfairness of taking money from a wealthy state, say New York, to educate children in a poor state, say Alabama.

A few years ago when I lived in New York, both New York City and the big upstate cities were wrestling with a mounting welfare problem due to the influx of unskilled and unemployable people, mostly from the South. Then I moved to Alabama and became acquainted firsthand with proration of school funds when state income was inadequate to meet the education budget, since I was on the faculty of a state school.

Now, to my mind there is a connection between New York welfare costs and inadequate schools in Alabama. We are one nation. There are no barriers to interstate migrations. How a locality educates or fails to educate its children is no longer nobody's business but its own simply because many of those children will spend their adult lives somewhere else.

I am in favor of retaining local flavor—and control—in the schools. But it seems to me that it is in the interest of all the states to insist on a national minimum standard in all schools and to use federal money to establish it.

CHARLOTTE R. WARD.

North Wilmington, Mass.

THE NEW GRAMMAR

I HAVE JUST READ the article on Fries the grammarian [*SR*, March 18] and predict with sour confidence that it will elicit at least one thousand letters from at least one thousand muttonheads. All of these letters will tell you in overheated language that Mr. Fries is undermining the very foundations of the Republic; some will flatly assert that he has been a longtime recipient of Moscow gold. All should be filed in the office wastebasket.

If I might venture one general criticism of the article, it would be that the author, although she is aware of and refers to the frequent misconstruction of the position of contemporary grammarians, does not bring into sharp enough focus the fact that acceptance of the doctrine of usage in no way necessarily implies a "libertarian" attitude. Linguistically sophisticated grammarians know perfectly well that different usages may have very different social effects. In fact, they often analyze in detail what might be called the social status of particular locutions. They definitely do not say that any and every linguistic form, merely because it is in use somewhere by somebody, is therefore a part of Standard English.

ALLAN F. HUBBELL,
Professor of English,
New York University.

New York, N. Y.

I JUST SEEN the piece on Charles Carpenter Fries in the March 18 issue of *SR*. Him and *me sure ought to get together*—I got some theories that will fit in with his real good.

Like, his theories and ideas has got to be applicated in other fields too. For a start, think what a grand time everybody shall have when their laws are wrote by the criminals themselfs in stead of "authoritarians"! For example, murderers, and thiefs knows more about killing and stealing than lawyers does, so they should be the ones to make the laws. And so on.

JUDITH C. HANLEN.

Greensburg, Pa.

PERHAPS THE *structural linguists may* someday simplify their discoveries. However, in their intoxication with the truisms of phonemes, intensifiers, headwords, noun clusters, fricatives, the schwa, structural patterns 1-7, utterance units, sequence signals, the 154 separate function words, class-to-class contrasts, test frames, position groups, 3-2-4 intonation sequences, the five "subject" definitions and last but not least, sentence formutias, the new grammarians have abandoned Jane and John, student writers.

Most professionals seem to write well without such a knowledge of technical terms. We suspect that many a successful author was not too familiar with such concepts as the retained object, the appositive fragment, the dangling modifier, the intensive pronoun, the predicate complement, the adverbial objective, the transitional conjunction, the finite verb, the reciprocal pronoun, the squinting modifier, and other such abstruse items of today's grammar.

ISODORE LEVINE.

Long Island City, N.Y.

ROOM AT THE BOTTOM

I WISH TO shout a resounding bravo to Cecile Shapiro for her enlightening article about student teaching, "Room at the Bottom" [*SR*, Mar. 18]. Her remarks about the "thinly spread education courses" are not only enlightening but also very meaningful. Oftentimes cooperating teachers have no idea what they are to do with their student teachers; they search through their materials, trying to find something for their student teachers to do during their visitations. Also, the reluctance of cooperating teachers to turn their classes over to the practice teacher is partially the result of inadequate communication between the practice teacher and the cooperating teacher.

ROBERT M. ESCH.

Dallas, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Cooperating teacher" is educational jargon for the regular classroom teacher who is supposed to supervise the work of the student teacher.*

THE IGNORANT SILENCE

IN YEARS TO COME I see the world as a collection of ellipsoidal-headed individuals who regard music as a special and somewhat embarrassing branch of the science of sound. The artist will be rated and valued on his ability to illumine and develop a technical drawing. Sculptors will become assistant tool and die makers (third class). The best writer will be the man who can write the clearest and simplest textbook for the development of the future scientist.

JOHN GRAHAM, Editor,
Bluegrass Music News.

Paris, Ky.

"I'm worried. When I'm ready for college, will college be ready for me?"

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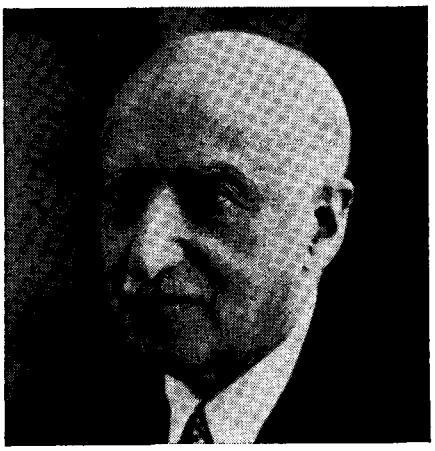
A FRENCHMAN APPRAISES U. S. SCHOOLS

André Maurois views American education from the vantage point of a European scholar, novelist, and member of the Académie Française who was educated in France but has had long familiarity with the American people and their schools.



By ANDRÉ MAUROIS

ANY Frenchman who studies the structure of American education is at first much surprised. He beholds innumerable universities and colleges that seem prosperous and well attended; he is told that 30 per cent of the youth get the benefit of a college education and that the proportion will soon reach 50 per cent. Yet when he asks "What is the curriculum?" the answer is: "It all depends on the university you speak of. Which colleges do you mean?" He then realizes that many of those institutions are private, being administered either by a board of trustees or by a church, while others are controlled by the various states of the Union. He is informed that there is no uniform program; that in many places a student himself chooses, from a vast catalogue, the subjects he wishes to study, as he would make his own menu in a cafeteria; and also that a doctor's degree does not have the same value when conferred by a comparatively unknown university as it has when bestowed by Harvard or some other institution held in high repute.

How is that possible, the visiting Frenchman asks. Does not the Ministry of Education in Washington determine the programs of exams for the whole country?

When he is then told that Washington has nothing to do with education except for statistics and that the subsidies of the Federal Government are given through the states, his astonishment increases. He has been accustomed in his own country to a complete centralization. First the French Revolution, and later Napoleon, built the University of France, primary, secondary, and superior education, into one solid body, controlled by the Minister for National Education. Napoleon's ideal would have been to see all young Frenchmen of the same age doing at the same time all over the country the same Latin lesson or the same problem of geometry. The rigidity of the system does not in 1961 come quite up to Napoleon's dream, but the unity of programs remains complete. Whether a young man studies in Paris or in Caen, the Grenoble or in Aix, he must study the same subjects and his diploma will have the same value as any other diploma. Every year a General Competition takes place between all French *lycées* (high schools). The best pupils of each *lycée* write on the same day on the same themes a French composition, a Latin version, an essay on philosophy, etc. The prizes are solemnly handed over, at the Sorbonne, by the President of the French Republic. On that day Napoleon's dream comes true and it often happens that small provincial towns outrank Paris.

Is French unity better than American variety? The advantage of the French system is to force upon all a basic culture without which it would be for a Frenchman impossible to get a bachelor's degree and to have access to higher education. Yet I realize the French plan would never work in the United States. You cannot impose on Mississippi a type of university that suits Massachusetts. Between populations, traditions, needs, the differences are too wide. America is a continent. Moreover, one cannot compare the American system, whose object is to give the same education to all children, with the French system, which, after each cycle, requires a successful examination before allowing the pupil to proceed. As to superior education, in France it is intended for a small intellectual eli French universities are similar American graduate schools. The fi two years of an American univers would be in France the last two ye of a secondary school.

A second deep-seated difference l tween the two countries is this: America, where education is meant be essentially democratic, all sch children, whatever their I.Q.s, are tre ed about the same way. I heard Ame can teachers say, "Let us beware being ostensibly partial to brilli minds; slow-witted pupils might th acquire an inferiority complex." Th unconfessed desire is that the bott boy should feel equal to the head b In some extreme cases a dunce n be told to stay in the same grade a second year, but an American ec cator doesn't take such a decisi without reluctance. The child mi feel humiliated. The less gifted ch is given easier work suitable to his terests and abilities.

IN FRANCE, high school years are permanent ordeal by examinati Every week there is a test, either French composition, or history, mathematics, and each boy is told position on the list. The bottom or will not get on to the next grade. T French baccalaureate is a difficult amination which at the end of secon ary education eliminates 40 to 70 p cent of the candidates. Once a Frenc man has got his bachelor's degr there begins the time of entrance aminations for the specialized scho which give access to all high positio in France. The *Ecole Polytechniq* and the *Ecole Centrale* remind one MIT or Cal Tech. Big business France is run mostly by former st dents of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, called X, and they surround themselv with other X. From the *Ecole Norma Superieure* come the best professors a lecturers in humanities and science that school has an immense prestig The *Ecole d'Administration* trains f ture ambassadors, administrators, trea ury experts. To sum up, the first twe

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ty-five years in the life of a Frenchman who has both ambition and talent resemble an obstacle course whose successive hurdles are competitive examinations. The good point about this plan is that most men in high positions possess real culture; the danger is that the student who shines in competition will not necessarily become an efficient man of action.

Whenever I explain the French organization to American educators, they reply: "We do it in a different way but we also select the best. In point of fact it is not easy to enter any of our really first-class universities. There is a long waiting list and it takes a brilliant school record to get in. Only *you* seem to throw back the mediocrities to outer darkness. *We* think that brilliant universities are needed for brilliant students and mediocre universities for mediocre students. In America bad students will be accepted by bad universities, where they will feel more comfortable and usurp nobody's place."

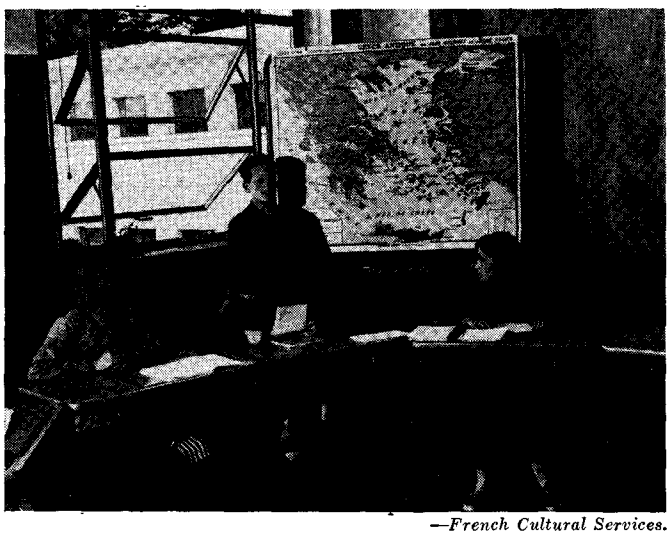
Let us add that one of the aspects of American education makes a great impression on a Frenchman; it is the social side of college life. A French university is not a small and self-sufficient society. It is a group of buildings where students attend lectures or work in a laboratory. The student body is not self-governing. There are few social activities. Our students have more time for their studies; they are perhaps less prepared for "togetherness." While I was in America, I happened to take part in a debate with high school boys and girls fifteen or sixteen years old. I was deeply impressed by their ease and poise, their respect for the rules of public discussion, and the interest they took in current affairs.

Here we come to a third difference. Most French educators would say that current affairs are out of place at school. My own master, the philosopher Alain, used to say, "Education should be resolutely in arrears." He meant that the task of school and university is to transmit to the young generation the culture patiently accumulated by centuries. If in school one does not study Homer and Plato, Shakespeare and Molière, Dickens and Tolstoy, there is a good chance he will never read them at all. If one neglects history in favor of current affairs, first he will never know history, and second he will not understand current affairs. The part of schools is not to expedite current affairs but to initiate students in timeless affairs.

THE British professor Whitehead remarked that "there can be no successful democratic society till general education conveys a philosophic outlook." In France the last year of a secondary education is mostly devoted to philosophy and for many students, assuming the professor of philosophy proves worthy of his subject, that is the most important year of all. I remember with gratitude how I then found in Alain much more than a professor; I mean a master. I am afraid in America philosophy is more or less left to specialists, whereas it should teach all men the art of thinking and the art of living. Technical power without moral power is dangerous. According to his philosophy—or his faith—man can use or misuse the new forces modern science places at his disposal. In times as difficult as ours men should be made worthy of their increased strength. A modern country needs: a) skilled workers able to apply the new techniques; b) research workers able to improve them; c) philosophers able to teach how to ally efficiency and wisdom. America produces, better perhaps than we do, the first two types. Maybe she doesn't attach enough social importance to the third type.

A HEATED debate has been taking place in France for some time between the champions of technical studies and those of classical studies. Before the French Revolution education was entirely in the hands of the Church. Jesuit colleges in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries formed all great French writers; Greek and Latin were then the basis of education. The results proved good. Not only Corneille but also Voltaire was educated by the Jesuits. Today the need for scientists and technicians has become so urgent that more time must be given to scientific studies. Is it possible, in a curriculum so heavily loaded with mathematics, to find time for ancient languages? Many doubt it, but surely some sort of literary culture is still necessary. In order to lead men, whether it be in industry or in public services, one must understand them, their feelings, and

(*Continued on page* 74)



—*French Cultural Services.*

—*CBS Television News*

A French school (above) vis-a-vis an American school (right)—the children are much alike, but the program and standards are not.

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KENNEDY'S DILEMMA:

Federal Aid for Parochial Schools

The struggle over federal aid to education is becoming increasingly bitter, and in recent weeks the religious aspects of the fight have taken an unprecedented twist. In this article, Edward T. Folliard, veteran White House reporter for the Washington Post, analyzes the situation. Mr. Folliard won the Pulitzer prize for national reporting in 1947 and the Raymond Clapper award in 1959. One of Washington's most respected newsmen, he also writes on national affairs for America, the influential Jesuit weekly magazine.

By EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

THE KENNEDY Administration's aid-to-schools program is in serious trouble. Already it is caught in a blazing religious controversy; the legislative terrain ahead looks perilous. No matter how the battle ends, there is sure to be an aftermath of bitterness.

The situation is dramatic and ironic —to many, sad. Here is the first Catholic President in this country's history beset by leaders of his own church, while he is defended by many Protestant leaders who opposed him because of his religion in the 1960 political campaign.

A warning shot was fired back in January by Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York, weeks before President Kennedy asked Congress for $2.3 billion to build public schools and raise teachers' salaries. Cardinal Spellman said it was "unthinkable" that Congress would help public schools and deny help to parochial schools.

Mr. Kennedy, in sending his program to Capitol Hill, deliberately excluded church-owned elementary and secondary schools. Subsequently, at a news conference, he told reporters: "The Constitution clearly prohibits aid to the parochial school. There isn't doubt about that. . . . There isn't any room for debate on that subject. . . . Therefore, there would be no possibility of our reconsidering it."

Two days later, after a meeting here in Washington, leading prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, including the five cardinals, made their position clear. They called on the Federal Government, not for outright grants, but for long-term, low-interest loans for parochial schools. They said such loans would be "strictly within the framework of the Constitution."

The President, at his next news conference on March 8, gave it as his judgment that the Catholic prelates were wrong—that across-the-board loans for parochial schools would be in violation of the Constitution. He acknowledged, however, that the matter had never been tested in the courts, and suggested that loans be embodied in legislation apart from his own program. He said that the important thing was for Congress to move ahead on aid for public schools.

Why, it might be asked, have Catholic leaders precipitated this situation, which finds President Kennedy in an awkward disagreement with his own Church?

Why has the hierarchy waited until now to ask that any Federal program to help public schools also include parochial schools?

The answer you get to the first question at the National Catholic Welfare Conference, headquarters of the hierarchy in Washington, is that Mr. Kennedy's election on November 8 had nothing to do with the matter—that Catholic leaders would now be asking for long-term, low-interest loans if Richard M. Nixon were President and had submitted the same kind of aid-to-schools program.

As for the second question—why have they waited until now?—the answer at NCWC headquarters is that the question itself is wrong. Monsignor Frederick G. Hochwalt, NCWC director of education, points out that in 1960 Senator Wayne Morse, Oregon Democrat, introduced an amendment to an education bill to authorize long-term, low-interest loans for private and parochial schools. Catholic Church leaders, he says, approved the Morse amendment.

Mr. Kennedy was then a United States Senator from Massachusetts, still far away from the Democratic nomination for President. He was paired against the Morse amendment and helped to defeat it when it came up for a vote. He is therefore being consistent in opposing loans now.

Monsignor Hochwalt's reminder that Catholic Church leaders backed the Morse plan for loans last year does not altogether answer the question: Why their all-out drive this year? This is conceded by the monsignor. An urbane, soft-voiced man, he explained recently that it was clear last year that the campaign for federal help for schools was not going to get anywhere.

This time, he said, it was equally clear that an aid-to-education bill had a good chance to get through Congress and be signed by the President.

"We just got on the bandwagon," he said.

Monsignor Hochwalt said that, just as in the public school system, there is a great shortage of classrooms in the parochial school system. Adding to the Church's problem, he said, is the fact that there are not enough nuns to staff the parochial schools with their 5,000,000 students, and that an increasingly large number of lay teachers have to be employed.

Although many Catholic newspapers and magazines, on a signal from the hierarchy, have set up a clamor for federal loans for parochial schools,

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Catholics are far from being united behind their bishops on the issue. This is acknowledged by Monsignor Hochwalt.

"As on many questions," he said, "there is a division of Catholic conviction in this area."

The division can be seen in Congress, which has 99 Catholics—12 of 100 Senators and 87 of 433 Representatives. Some of these have announced that they are on President Kennedy's side in the controversy. Monsignor Hochwalt has told them that this is a matter in which each Catholic legislator should be guided by his conscience, and has called attention to what the bishops said in their March 3 statement:

"The question of whether or not there ought to be Federal aid is a judgment to be based on objective economic facts connected with the schools of the country, and consequently Catholics are free to take a position in accordance with the facts."

When the showdown comes, the Catholic lawmakers—and also Protestant and Jewish lawmakers with sizable Catholic constituencies—can be expected to be guided by cold-blooded political considerations.

LETTERS, postcards, and telegrams have been pouring in on Capitol Hill, and also at the White House and at NCWC headquarters. The number of Catholics backing President Kennedy's stand would probably surprise the bishops. These Catholics may agree that it is unfair to saddle them with a double burden—taxes for public schools and tuition for parochial schools—but they think the hierarchy has made a mistake in embarassing the first Catholic President and launching a battle that it may very well lose.

Suppose that Congress did pass a bill that provided not only for grants to public schools but also for loans to parochial schools, and suppose further that the President signed it—signed it in spite of his expressed conviction that loans would be unconstitutional and his campaign promise that he would not "be responsive in any way to ecclesiastical pressures." What would be the reaction of those who opposed him on religious grounds last year? Would they not claim vindication and say: "What did we tell you? Didn't we warn you that he would knuckle under to the hierarchy?"

This is all hypothetical, of course, but it is in the minds of some of the Catholics who are now backing Mr. Kennedy and who are unhappy over the controversy that has been raging in Washington.

It is not likely that the President will ever be confronted with a bill that contains loans for parochial schools. His lieutenants in Congress say that a loan provision is certain to be defeated if it ever comes to a vote.

Yes, but what effect will the controversy have on the Administration's program for helping public schools? That is the big question now, and nobody is certain of the answer. It has to be remembered that in the last Congress an aid-to-education bill was passed by the House by a margin of 206 to 189, only to die anyway in a parliamentary snarl. Thus, since sentiment could hardly have changed greatly in a year, it can be seen that a modest shift of votes would defeat the Administration's program this time.

The Catholic bishops, in their statement of March 3, said that if Congress passes a federal aid program which excludes children in private schools, these children will be the victims of discriminatory legislation. "There will be no alternative but to oppose such discrimination," they added.

This poses a dilemma for Catholic Democrats in Congress and for non-Catholic Democrats who represent sizable numbers of voters of that faith. They will have to decide whether to back President Kennedy or to pacify those people back home who go along with the bishops on the "discrimination" argument.

Always in the background of the controversy is the First Amendment to the Constitution, which commands that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Thomas Jefferson said that this was intended to erect a wall of separation between church and state.

President Kennedy, in saying that he though that loans to church schools would be unconstitutional, cited the Everson case. Justice Hugo L. Black, who spoke for the majority of the Supreme Court in that case, said:

"Neither [a state nor the Federal Government] can pass laws which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion over another. . . .

"No tax in any amount, large or small, can be levied to support any religious activities or institutions, whatever they may be called, or whatever form they may adopt to teach or practice a religion."

Why do the Catholic prelates say that loans to church schools would be "strictly within the framework of the Constitution"?

Monsignor Hockwalt points to the 1952 Zorach case, and notes that Justice William O. Douglas, speaking for the Court, said: "The First Amendment . . . does not say that in every and all respects there shall be separation of church and state."

HE also points to this further statement by Justice Douglas: "When the state encourages religious instruction or cooperates with religious authorities by adjusting the schedule of public events to sectarian needs, it follows the best of our traditions. For it then respects the religious nature of our people and accommodates the public service to their spiritual needs."

The situation is not a happy one, and President Kennedy has himself expressed the hope that the stand of the Catholic hierarchy will not provoke discord among the various religious groups. But no matter how grim things get in Washington, somebody is sure to come up with a joke.

The latest one goes like this:

"Have you heard that President Kennedy is planning to hire Casey Stengel?"

"What for?"

"To manage the Cardinals."

What Government Lawyers Say

It has been suggested that even if grants to sectarian elementary and secondary schools are unconstitutional, long-term low-interest loans would not be. While we believe that loans constitute a less substantial assistance to religion than outright grants, we are persuaded by the decisions of the Supreme Court that this proposal is no less a form of support than grants and is equally prohibited by the Constitution. . . .

Low-interest, across-the-board construction loans do provide measurable economic benefit to religious institutions. Moreover, there is a total failure in this proposal to distinguish between those aspects of a school which are involved with the religious teaching and those which may not be. This combination of factors when applied to elementary and secondary schools places the proposal beyond the limits of permissible assistance.

—— Excerpt from a memorandum prepared by the legal staff of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in cooperation with attorneys of the Department of Justice.

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REJECTION TIME IS HERE AGAIN

One of the ironies of the current upsurge in college enrollments is that some colleges are so swamped with applications that they have to turn away many able students they would like to admit if they had room for them, while other colleges have vacancies that are unknown to searching students. In this article, Eugene S. Wilson, dean of admission at Amherst College and president of the Association of College Admissions Counselors, offers some sane advice to students who have been rejected—and to their parents.

By EUGENE S. WILSON

THIS spring, over 1,000,000 college-bound high school seniors are already dreaming about life on the campus. Behind them lie twelve years of intellectual endeavor, hours of agonizing test sessions, and extra-curricular preparation for the giant step into manhood or womanhood.

Already many of these students know which institution awaits them, for they have been assured of admission by early letters of acceptance or by academic performance at a level that will get them into their state university.

But thousands of other high school seniors do not yet know where they will go to college, or even whether they will be able to go at all.

Each day these boys and girls go off to school with apprehensive hearts, and hurry home to see what news the mail has brought. Troubled mothers, when they spot the awful envelopes marked "Admission Office" don't know whether to get out the steam iron and take a peek, hide them, or pretend that they haven't arrived.

Even the fathers join the anxiety act and often ask alumni friends to make a phone call to the "right person" and see how "things" are going.

This fear of refusal, this dread of rejection, is unwarranted. I realize that this is easy to say, and that to the boy or girl recently rejected it's not very reassuring.

HOWEVER, let's try to make sense out of the annual scramble for college admission by taking the case of a lad we shall call Bruce, who has been rejected in the same mail by the three institutions to which he applied. Bruce is a nice boy who has worked faithfully in his studies. He is no dull, unimaginative grind, however, for he is on the tennis team, captain of the math team, and he plays a tuba in the band. He ranks fifth in his class of 291. He applied to Harprince, Dartvale, and Willherst. His counselor quite properly approved these applications, because Bruce was well qualified for admission to any of the three, but the counselor also urged him to make one other application to a less competitive institution. Bruce was persuaded by friends, however, that his 600 and 700 scores on the College Board tests and his high rank in class guaranteed him at least one acceptance, so he applied only to three.

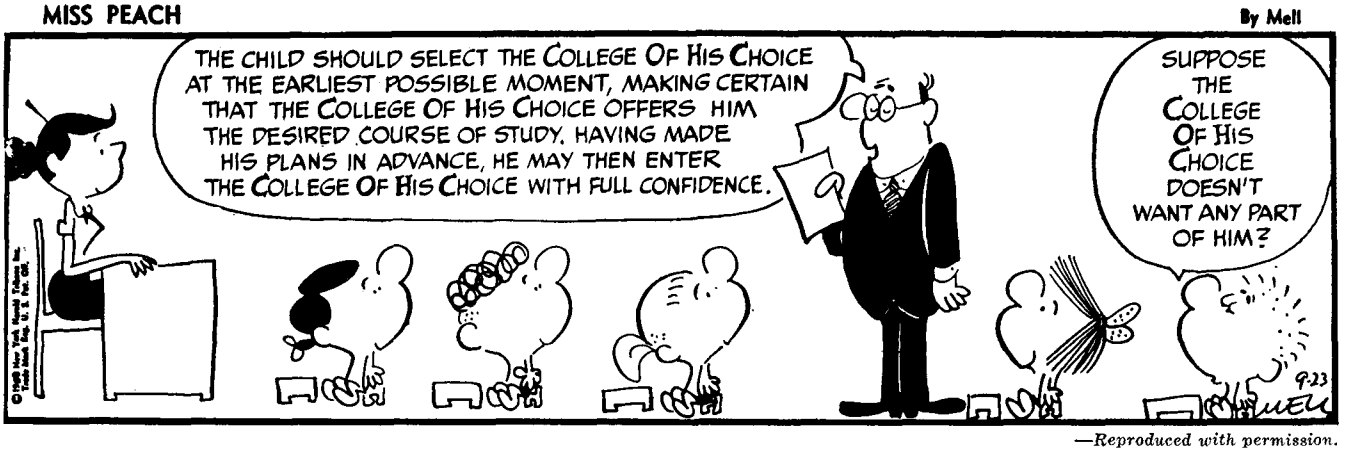
What Bruce and his family did not realize is that most of the applicants to the institutions he chose have equally good credentials; that these institutions take only one out of two—or in some cases only one out of four—candidates; that many of the candidates who were rejected by these institutions were just as strong academically and just as qualified for the institution as those selected.

Bruce may even discover that a student in his own class who ranked thirty-eighth or maybe forty-eighth, was accepted. Why? Because the Admission Committee wanted some experience or achievement or quality he had. Maybe it was the promise of talent as a poet, a painter, a musician, an athlete (yes, even at Harprince), or experience in an unusual job, or extra-curricular achievement in some occupation or research project.

Or maybe Bruce didn't get in because the Committee wanted to reach out for the son of an alumnus or a farm boy from Big Gulch, Idaho. To Bruces everywhere, and his sisters who may have been rejected by Radmawr, Vassyoke, or Barnsmith—and their parents—let me offer these thoughts:

Human assessment at age eighteen is such an unkown art (it is far from being a science) that the Admission Committee which rejected you may have made a real mistake. This thought won't win you acceptance by the college of your choice, but it may encourage you to start searching for acceptance at another college, with somewhat more confidence.

Wonderful as your chosen college may be, it has no unusual or guaranteed method of turning a boy into a man, a bright girl into a wise and


MISS PEACH
By Mell
THE CHILD SHOULD SELECT THE COLLEGE OF HIS CHOICE AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT, MAKING CERTAIN THAT THE COLLEGE OF HIS CHOICE OFFERS HIM THE DESIRED COURSE OF STUDY. HAVING MADE HIS PLANS IN ADVANCE, HE MAY THEN ENTER THE COLLEGE OF HIS CHOICE WITH FULL CONFIDENCE.
SUPPOSE THE COLLEGE OF HIS CHOICE DOESN'T WANT ANY PART OF HIM?
9-23

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mature woman. It probably does have some prestige, but a quick glance at your dictionary will show you that the word "prestige" comes from a Latin word meaning illusion or delusion. Take your choice.

No college or university has the power to make you great or successful. If this were so, then all government departments and all businesses would be headed by Harvard men.

Your future will depend on the powers and talents that lie within you and on the industry and resolution you expend in the use of your talents, not on where you go to college. All any college or university can offer you—and all offer the same—is a convenient opportunity to exercise your talents in the presence of an orderly library, regulated laboratories, and teachers of varying competence.

At this point you may be thinking that, sound as these thoughts are, you still have no college to attend. Take these steps in this order:

- Write a letter tonight to the College Admission Center, North Shore Hotel, Evanston, Illinois, and ask for an application blank. This is the first exchange center established in this country to enable unplaced students (male or female) to place their credentials before accredited colleges and universities that seek additional students. Last year more than 2,400 students registered at this center, where their records were inspected by 149 different colleges and universities. Six hundred and twenty of these students ranked in the top half of their classes and 257 in the top quarter.

At the end of the summer, a follow-up survey of registrants showed that fewer than 1 per cent had failed to receive an approach from any college; 32 per cent of the registrants were approached by twenty colleges each; and eight students were approached by more than seventy-five colleges.

There are two other clearinghouses that make records of capable students available to colleges looking for students. One is the College Admissions Assistance Center, 535 East 80th Street, New York City, which handled about 2,500 applications from prospective freshmen last fall. (Nearly all the applicants received bids from one or more colleges, and some from seventy-five or eighty.) The other is the new Catholic College Admissions and Information Center at Assumption College, 500 Salisbury Street, Worcester, Massachusetts. Although the new Catholic center is primarily designed for Catholic students, it also will help non-Catholic students interested in a Catholic college.

- After you have filed your applica-

Go West, Young Man

A College President's Word of Advice to Prospective Students on the Eastern Seaboard

"NOW IS the time for Easterners to climb the Alleghenies and get a good look at the vastness of America's educational resources," said President Fred Pinkham of Ripon College, Wisconsin, when he accepted the chairmanship of a "New Horizons in College Selection" conference recently.

Noting that many Eastern parents are becoming increasingly anxious about the difficulties students have in getting into local colleges, Dr. Pinkham said, "A great many excellent colleges in the Midwest, South, and Far West welcome out-of-state students. Few of them are wanting in applicants but they are either expanding or seeking wider geographical representation among their student bodies. It comes as a surprise to many in the East that most of these fine institutions offer the same high quality of education as the better Eastern colleges."

In the East, says Pinkham, "Students queue up before the knuckle-worn doors of a handful of colleges early in the fall, then, worried but undaunted, they wait it out until that fateful day in late spring when the 'sudden death' notice of rejection sets many of them on a rudderless quest among other oversubscribed institutions."

In contrast to the "sudden death" policy of Eastern institutions, Dr. Pinkham cited the "rolling" admissions system of most colleges in the Midwest. "Rolling," he explained, means accepting students as the year rolls along largely on the basis of high school achievement rather than on a comparison of applicants' college entrance scores, which cannot be made until the spring when all applications are in hand. Those who apply for admission to Midwestern colleges generally get a definite acceptance or rejection within four to six weeks, any time in the school year. "This makes things a lot less nerve-wracking for everyone and gives rejected applicants more time to look elsewhere. The absence of highly competitive admission procedures is typical of the small Midwestern college where students have the chance to develop at their own rate, rather than under the stress of trying to outdo each other."

—Amherst College.

"Don't envy the classmate who heads for a prestige college; the knowledge that is available to him is not far from where you stand at this moment."

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Some *Really* Small Colleges

WHEN MAGAZINES or newspapers give attention to colleges, most of it goes to large institutions or to medium-sized ones noted for either high entrance standards or football prowess. This has the effect of making the big ones bigger and keeping small ones small, because publicity attracts both students and financial aid.

In an effort to reverse the process, we present the following list of colleges with fewer than 300 students. A few (Scripps, Finch, St. Johns, Harvey Mudd) already have a national reputation; others are highly regarded locally; some may deserve their obscurity. But all are accredited, four-year institutions, granting the liberal arts degree. Most of them would like to have more students and all but two or three badly need more money.

College	*Location*	*Full-time Enrollment Men*	*Women*	*Religious Affiliation*
Alliance	Cambridge Springs, Pa.	242	29	
Arkansas	Batesville, Ark.	103	75	Presbyterian
Assumption	Worcester, Mass.	230	0	RC
Athens	Athens, Ala.	181	93	Methodist
Atlanta Univ.	Atlanta, Ga.	148	120	
Barber-Scotia	Concord, N. C.	15	225	Presbyterian
Belhaven	Jackson, Miss.	69	171	Presbyterian
Blue Mountain	Blue Mountain, Miss.	16	251	So. Baptist
Cascade	Portland, Ore.	123	103	
Chaminade	Honolulu, Hawaii	126	96	RC
College of St. Joseph on the Rio Grande	Albuquerque, N. M.	180	97	RC
Dropsie	Philadelphia, Pa.	147	13	Jewish
Finch	New York, N. Y.	0	300	
Gallaudet	Washington, D. C.	144	130	
George Fox	Newberg, Ore.	92	74	Soc. of Friends
Goddard	Plainfield, Vt.	79	71	
Golden Gate	San Francisco, Calif.	193	23	
Harvey Mudd	Claremont, Calif.	195	9	
Judson	Marion, Ala.	0	276	So. Baptist
King	Bristol, Tenn.	166	105	Presbyterian
Milwaukee-Downer	Milwaukee, Wis.	0	175	
Oakwood	Huntsville, Ala.	117	135	Seventh Day Adv.
Rivier	Nashua, N. H.	5	228	
Rocky Mountain	Billings, Mont.	193	76	Cong.-Meth.
St. Francis	Fort Wayne, Ind.	20	241	RC
St. John's	Annapolis, Md.	180	96	
San Luis Rey	San Luis Rey, Calif.	67	0	RC
Scripps	Claremont, Calif.	0	281	
Shimer	Mount Carroll, Ill.	170	95	
Siena	Memphis, Tenn.	1	214	
Trinity	Burlington, Vt.	0	253	RC
Upland	Upland, Calif.	55	40	Breth. in Christ
Ursuline	Louisville, Ky.	0	272	RC
William Penn	Oskaloosa, Ia.	209	79	Soc. of Friends
Yankton	Yankton, S. D.	182	99	

tion with one or more of these centers, don't sit down in front of the TV and wait for some itinerant admission representative to ring your doorbell and open conversations. Check these other educational opportunities:

1. Nearby community or junior colleges to which you can commute.

2. Summer and winter opportunities at your state university. Some state universities which limit enrollments in September can accommodate freshmen in summer or winter quarters.

3. Extension courses offered in your community by your state university.

You can often take courses at night and carry a part-time job in the day. Then, a year from this fall, apply to a different group of colleges or universities. If you do well in your extension courses you will have some new evidence to offer admission committees.

• If no institution accepts you, inquire at your local library or State Department of Education about correspondence courses. If there are books anywhere in your town, you don't have to go to a college to learn. A college can give you a degree, but it can't give you an education; this you will have to get all by yourself, wherever you are. Learning, in the final analysis, is a solo flight.

• If all of these avenues of learning are closed to you, then maybe you had better ask yourself about your qualifications for an interest in higher education. Maybe you should turn to a technical or vocational education.

Don't get the idea that the skilled trades are not socially useful and important. As John Gardner, president of the Carnegie Corporation said recently: "We must have respect for both our plumbers and our philosophers, or neither our pipes nor our theories will hold water."

Relax, Bruce, and take time out to study your aptitudes and interests. Don't envy the classmate who heads for a prestige college; the knowledge that is available to him is not far from where you stand at this moment. Shakespeare speaks to all students everywhere in one language and he isn't any easier to comprehend in Cambridge than in Crossroads Junction.

All the world's greatest deeds and thoughts are recorded in books for all to read. Nobody taught Lincoln how to write his Gettysburg Address, nobody taught Robert Frost the art of writing poetry, and nobody taught Darwin the theory of evolution. Your educational opportunities are as near as your nearest library. Reach out and begin to learn on your own.

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For Further Information

There are many books on how to get boys and girls into college. The following list is selective rather than exhaustive.

HOW TO GET INTO COLLEGE. By Frank H. Bowles, president of the College Entrance Examination Board, Revised Edition, 1960. Dutton, $2.95. (Also in paperback, $1.15.)

COLLEGE AHEAD! By Eugene S. Wilson, dean of admission, Amherst College, and Charles S. Bucher, professor of education, New York University. Revised Edition, 1961. Harcourt, Brace, $4.50.

THE STUDENT GUIDE TO 100 SMALL COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES. By Owen Harned. 1960. Semco Color Press, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Price not listed.

GUIDE TO COLLEGES. By Gene R. Hawes, Editor, College Entrance Examination Board. 1959. The New American Library, 75 cents (paperback).

HOW TO BE ACCEPTED BY THE COLLEGE OF YOUR CHOICE. By Benjamin Fine, former education editor of the *New York Times*. 1957. Channel Press, $2.95.

LOVEJOY'S COLLEGE GUIDE. By Clarence E. Lovejoy. Simon and Schuster, $2.50.

COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP GUIDE. By Clarence E. Lovejoy and Theodore S. Jones. 1957. Simon and Schuster, $3.95.

COLLEGE BOUND. By Samuel C. Brownstein. 1958. Barron's Educational Series, Great Neck, New York, $1.98 (paperback).

BARRON'S GUIDE TO THE TWO-YEAR COLLEGES. By Seymour Eskow. 1960. Barron's Educational Series, Great Neck, New York, $2.98 (paperback).

YOU CAN WIN A SCHOLARSHIP. By Samuel C. Brownstein, Mitchel Weiner, and Stanley H. Kaplan. 1958. Barron's Educational Series, Great Neck, New York, $2.98 (paperback).

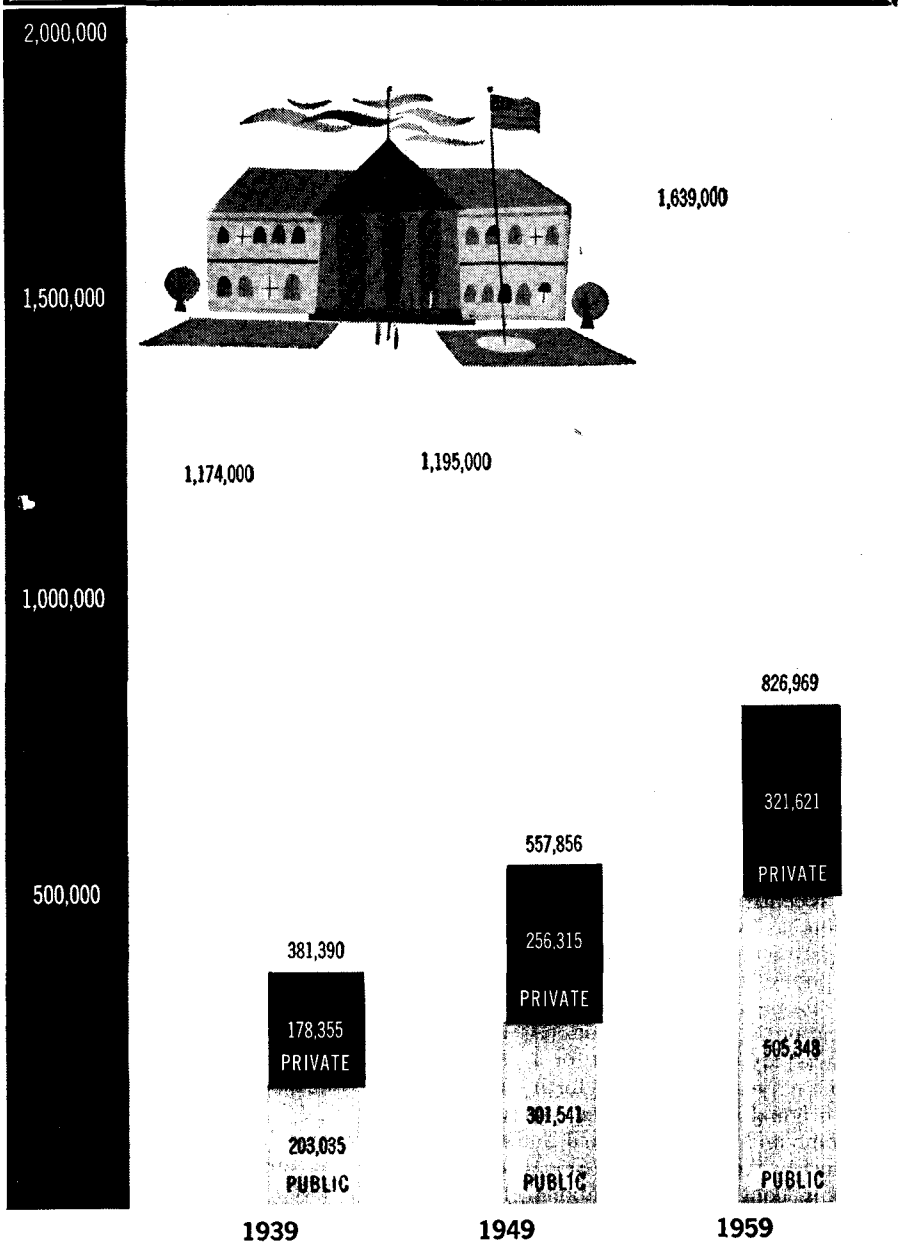
HOW TO PREPARE FOR COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS. By Samuel C. Brownstein and Mitchel Weiner. 1955. Barron's Educational Series, Great Neck, New York, $1.98 (paperback).

ACCREDITED HIGHER INSTITUTIONS. By Theresa Birch Wilkins, U.S. Office of Education, Department of Health, Education and Welfare. 1960. Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C. Price not listed.

FACTS AND FIGURES

Half of our high school graduates now enter college

This chart illustrates three important trends that have been developing in American education over the past two decades. First, the number of high school graduates has increased dramatically. Second, the proportion of high school graduates entering college is rising rapidly. Third, freshman enrollment is growing faster at public colleges and universities than at private institutions of higher education.



Source: U.S. Office of Education data

Graph: Pageant Studio

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Admiral Rickover: Gadfly

By JAMES D. KOERNER

PROFESSIONAL educators may not have shared the general enthusiasm accorded the recent action of the Secretary of the Navy—taken at the personal instigation, it is said, of President Kennedy—in retaining Admiral Rickover on active duty beyond the Navy's normal retirement age. For in recent years Vice Admiral Hyman George Rickover, by virtue of his speeches and writings on education, has clearly dislodged Arthur Bestor as the most unloved figure in the eyes of America's educational administrators. They doubtless would like nothing better than to retire him to an obscure island served twice a year by a packet boat.

Even those inured to educational quarrels are often surprised by the venom with which professional educators are apt to deal with Rickover, whose role in education is now so charged with controversy and *ad-hominen* argument as to preclude anything like a dispassionate appraisal of him by schoolmen. Take, for example, the public labeling of Rickover, by a Columbia University Teachers College professor, as "a jackass." To many Americans, as well as to visitors from abroad, where Rickover is widely known and highly regarded, there is something more than incongruous in such "professional" behavior.

All this is regrettable. Rickover's ideas, though hardly infallible, are interesting and substantial. They are also influential. While he may be anathema to many professionals, his book, "Education and Freedom," which has recently gone into a paperback edition, as well as his other writings, have attracted a large following among the public, the press, and teachers.

If to be a mover and a shaper of education is to bring a first-class mind to the study of this subject for a period of many years, to bring forth viable and original ideas for public discussion, to command a large national audience, to testify before Congressional committees considering educational legislation, to create a large and unique educational operation of one's own (which Rickover has done in the schools of the Naval Reactor Program, now enrolling nearly 2,000 students), and to recognize the exigencies of our national welfare and their total dependence upon education—and to speak without compromise to this point, knowing that misinterpretations, distortions, and personal calumnies will follow—if to do these things is to be a mover of American education, Rickover qualifies, whether or not one approves of him.

—*U.S. Navy*

Admiral Hyman G. Rickover — "anathema to many professionals."

WHEN asked about his reaction to the professionals' criticisms, Rickover, replies, "I never try to answer these people or set the record straight. It's useless, and I haven't time."

It is plain enough that Rickover's manner of writing and speaking invites much of the hostility he encounters. His prose is forthright, blunt, exaggerated on occasion, even inflammatory. It reflects the nature of Rickover and of the job he thinks must be done in education. It may also reflect the fact that he has lived a long time with what one of his closest friends calls "a pack of snarling wolves" harassing his every move.

Rickover's hands would seem to be rather full already (ten to twelve hours a day, seven days a week) with his main job of directing the Naval Reactor Program, the joint enterprise of the Navy and the Atomic Energy Commission that has been so magnificently successful. Why, then, did he embroil himself in the educational controversy? To Rickover the answer is obvious: It is his duty, as it is that of every American in a position of leadership, to bring the facts of our critical situation to public attention; and that leads inexorably to education.

Central to everything Rickover feels about contemporary education is a passionate conviction that the West is only dimly aware, even after fifteen Cold War years, of the mortal challenge that confronts it from Communism. The response of the free world must, in Rickover's view, be a total one. Thus he sees most problems, especially education, in relation to this ultimate one. Yet the response he sees us offering is chiefly one of apathy. The body politic seems to him fatally corpulent, awash in its own lard, consumer-conscious, pleasure-bent, sharing few worthy purposes, oblivious alike to its own sloth and to approaching disaster.

From this paramount theme, Rickover moves on to others, but always to return to the same concern: education. With an intensity that would warm the heart of Teddy Roosevelt or Gifford Pinchot, he points to the outrageous waste of our nonrenewable natural resources, and to the fact that when they are gone in only a few more years, a jaded consumer public will have to look to its scientists, perhaps with no luck, for substitutes; it will have to look, that is, to education. He points to the dangerously long lead times characteristic of American technology and to the highly unfavorable way in which they compare, and will compare, with Russia's; the only answer for the United States is education. He points to a myriad of ignoramuses that festoon our bureaucracies, that disguise stupidity with pomposity, and that hamstring vital enterprises in numberless ways because they are men without vision or appropriate training, because they are men who do not know, and do not know that they do not know; again, what other answer than education? He points to the conspicuous lack of leadership in high places, to the general fear of the innovator, the outsider, the nonconformist, to the absence of creative energy and original thought in major areas of our national life; the answer is education.

But not just any education. The education Rickover is talking about is as tough-minded and astringent as he himself is. Believing that men now use only a fraction of their intellectual capacities, he wants them trained to make far greater demands upon themselves. His is an education that would subordinate all other functions to the central one of developing the student's mind. It would do this, not by working comfortably within the student's presumed limitations and thus assur-

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ing him of success—a pedagogical principle that seems to Rickover as absurd as it is universal—but by a curriculum of basic subjects that goes well beyond the student's grasp, that he can never wholly master, that keeps him stretching and stretching, but that has a built-in system of incentives and rewards for partial success.

HE would permit nothing to stand in the way of this kind of education for everybody, except the mentally defective, for it is only by this means that we can hope to raise the level of our national life in every area; and this is the job Rickover believes we must do if we are to survive as a free people. "The business of the school," he says, "can no longer be with social adjustment, emotional security, entertainment, or even with character. Such matters, if they are teachable, belong to the home, the church, or the family doctor. The school has the child only

by being alive? Some problems, in this imperfect world, are still unsolved. The problem of ignorant or irresponsible parents, most of whom, by the way, have now been through our public schools themselves, may be one of them."

Rickover's own education began in Chicago, to which his father, a tailor, had immigrated early in the century. He graduated from the public schools with a decent, though far from ideal, educational foundation, and went to the Naval Academy in 1918 because it afforded him an education he could not otherwise have had. He did two years of graduate engineering work in 1927-28, earning a master's degree from Columbia. Between then and the Second World War, he served in various assignments as engineering officer and qualified submariner. During the war he rode herd—rather roughly, so they say—on civilian contractors of naval electronic equipment. In 1946 he spent a year in graduate work in nuclear physics and reactor engineering at Oak Ridge. He was instrumental in setting up the Oak Ridge School of Reactor Technology and in organizing the first course in nuclear engineering at MIT.

Rickover's interest in educational reform dates from about 1947, when he began the long search for technical personnel to join the Reactor Program. It was a frustrating search, not because he failed to find people with a thorough knowledge of the new fields in which he was working, which was only to be expected, but because of the far more serious failure to find men whose

tion and how it got where it is, Rickover puts the primary responsibility for its deficiencies where the professional educator is also wont to put it, squarely on the American public. Pre-

occupied with their creature comforts —so much at conflict with the vein of asceticism that runs through Rickover's makeup—being blessed with an incredibly rich continent to ravish and exploit, and finding that, unlike people in the Old World, they could make money and acquire prestige and power without much formal education, Americans naturally developed a culture based on these values. Where the professional educator failed, and continues to fail, is in offering the public nothing better, in having no more wisdom than the ordinary layman and exhibiting no intellectual leadership, in actively sharing and even encouraging the slovenliness of the public mind. The inevitable result, Rickover feels, is a pervasive educational hedonism that we wallow in today.

In constructing specific proposals for reform, Rickover often gets ideas from his study of European education. He believes we have no choice but to take cognizance of what other advanced nations, particularly Russia, are able to achieve in the basic fields (such as Russia's ability to get half its students through the ten-year school), and either match or surpass it. This is as obvious to Rickover as it is odious to professional educators, who, in his opinion, have deliberately enshrouded

Summerhill Comes to the U.S.

As a direct outgrowth of the interest stirred in educational circles by publication four months ago of "Summerhill: A Radical Approach to Child Rearing," by A. S. Neill, the Summerhill Society was formed this week in New York City. The purpose of the group is to establish a school in the United States based on the principles set forth in this highly controversial book.

The officers include: Harold H. Hart, president of Hart Publishing Co., publisher of Mr. Neill's book, as president; Benjamin Fine, Ph.D., education editor of the North American Newspaper Alliance and former education editor of the *New York Times*, as vice president; and Morris Gall, Ph.D., professor of education of the College of the City of New York, as secretary.

A statement of policy issued by the Summerhill Society includes the following principles:

The school shall be free of regulatory pressure and constructive discipline.

Neither pressure nor persuasion shall be employed to induce attendance at any specific class.

Examinations shall be given only to those students requesting practice in taking prerequisite examinations.

No marks shall be given; nor shall pupils be graded; nor shall report cards be rendered to parents about the scholastic achievement of their children.

The school, insofar as possible, shall be run by the entire Summerhill School Community, consisting of all children and adults at the school, each of whom shall have an equal voice and a single vote. This government shall make the rules of discipline.

The Summerhill School will follow the principle of "freedom without license," implying equal rights of teachers and children with no one infringing on the rights of any other.

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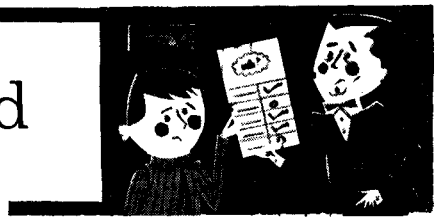
the whole subject of European education in a fog of meaningless verbiage. "Again," he says heatedly, "they quibble and fulminate over trifles while refusing to face the main facts about where we stand in the international market place of brains."

On other important questions, Rickover feels, for example, that the greatest barrier to improvement now, aside from the professionals themselves, is the lack of national scholastic standards which he would like to see established even if only for voluntary use, in a few the basic subjects and for two or three clearly defined levels of high school diplomas. With respect to the recommendations of James Bryant Conant he feels that, although Conant has possibly done some good for the superior student, he is dead wrong on the comprehensive high school; for Rickover is convinced that its leveling influence socially, which Conant makes much of, is only superficial, while its leveling influence academically deep and inescapable. On the question of humanistic education in relation to technical, his position is not as one-sided as is widely assumed. He would place great stress on English, history, and foreign languages, and even, if possible, on classical studies, though he knows this would be hard to sell. "I have had much experience," he says, "with the narrow specialist that we often produce through our present system of education and am hardly interested in aggravating the situation. Besides, these are not two different kinds of education. The need is not for more of one or less of the other, at least not at the public school level, since together they make up the educational foundation needed by everyone in the present age; the need is for raising the level of **every** basic subject all along the line."

EVERYTHING that Rickover feels we must do in education depends ultimately on the teacher. He knows that the level of teacher candidates, of teacher education, and of teacher performance in the classroom would have to go up almost vertically to bring into view the goals he is talking about. Knowing that such improvements are a matter of many years' work, he would make a start in this direction now by pegging the financial incentives of teaching so high, for demonstrated ability, that the ablest people could not afford **not** to teach. If this turned out to mean paying them more than truck drivers, rock-'n'-roll singers, or bank presidents, so be it; he would take the money from almost anywhere, especially from the nonacademic expenditures of school

(*Continued on page* 74)

Report Card



HOW TO BEAT THE SYSTEM. At an elementary school in Wilmington, Delaware, first-graders are required to bring their failing papers home, have them signed by their parents, and return them to their teacher. One little girl who had dutifully followed this procedure several times finally hit upon a bright idea. The next one she returned to the teacher was signed "Mommy and Daddy." (*Contributed by Mrs. Albert A. Koehler, Wilmington, Delaware.*)

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE. A housewife living atop Iron Mountain in Warren County, New Jersey, was informed that the region was too remote for the school bus to pick up her two children. She solved the problem by buying a bus and submitting the successful bid for a four-year contract, at $215 per month, to transport thirty-four children, including her own, to and from the Washington, New Jersey, schools.

"A LOAF OF BREAD . . ." On the theory that the education of a gentleman is not complete without some knowledge of oenology, Robert Jay Misch has embarked on a lecture tour of several Eastern colleges. During one of the worst blizzards on record, he drew a capacity audience at Yale in January; he scored a similar success at Harvard in February, and is moving on to Princeton and the University of Virginia before the end of the spring semester. Audience participation is a feature of the Misch lectures—which may help to account for their popularity, because oenology is officially described as "the art of selecting and appreciating fine wines."

40-24-38. George D. Hendricks, associate professor of English at North Texas State College, keeps a file of informative sentences collected from freshmen papers. In a recent issue of the *Phi Delta Kappan* he reported: "One robust young fellow looked up the word *caliber* and found it to mean 'the diameter of a round body.' Then he used the word in a question which naturally popped into his mind, 'What is Marilyn Monroe's

ingenuity. A senior at Mississippi State recently collected $4 from his fraternity brothers by running twenty miles in five hours, the last ten miles in his bare feet. Students at a Midwestern University flew a kite 600 feet in the air and claimed the collegiate altitude record. A student at Stanford University won a university-wide Yo-Yo contest billed as the forerunner of a nationwide college competition. Students at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, recently pushed a hospital bed 1,000 miles and claimed a new world's record. Pledges from ten sororities and ten fraternities at Cornell recently staged a spaghetti-eating contest, barehanded. And a group of students at Virginia Tech recently laid claim to the national collegiate record for bottom-bunk stuffing, which is the art of cramming the maximum number of male pajama-clad students into the bottom bunk of a double-deck bed. Sixty-five of them made it, but some observers felt that the effort should not go into the record books because the bunk collapsed —JOHN SCANLON.

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Education and Ethics

By ROBERT E. LARSEN, *professor of philosophy, San José (Calif.) State College.*

I AM A man with a full set of prejudices. And they are probably as offensive a set of prejudices as anyone has. I am a philosopher, fully initiated into that stuffiest of academic clans. We philosophers rest very smugly in the knowledge that we are not as narrow as the scientists, as dainty as the professors of literature, nor as stupid as the professional educators. We look down our noses at historians and chemists, and we have only the greatest of disdain for home economists and coaches. Let there be no misunderstanding—we are intellectual snobs. But my sharing in this snobbishness is partly responsible for my writing this. I feel that this snobbishness is at least partly justified; I feel it rests on a kind of pursuit of and attitude toward knowledge that is valuable and important. Furthermore, while I feel that philosophy is most certainly an aristocratic enterprise which not everyone ought to or can get in on, I also feel that, in another sense, it is very democratic. For those who can and will submit to its demands, philosophy can educate in a fashion that no other discipline can. Philosophy is not narrow; it deals with knowledge in the most general sense, and therefore it has something to say about knowledge in all times and places, if only men will pay attention to what it says. Let me, then, after confessing my prejudices, and expressing my faith, make a few philosophical observations on education.

One problem that has exercised writers and thinkers for centuries is the problem of human freedom: are men free in any significant sense or are they merely pieces in some cosmic game, moved by players or forces over which they have no control (and perhaps little knowledge)? Everyone who has done very much serious reading has encountered this problem. Sophocles, Dante, Milton, and Voltaire all offered opinions about it. Luther and Erasmus debated it during the Reformation. Laplace gave the cult of science his demon; some people feel modern physics has called the demon's capabilities into question. Psychologists generally claim to be determinists; moralists usually subscribe to free will.

A second look at the men I just mentioned reveals that not one is a technical philosopher. This is significant, for it indicates that the problem is of concern to men generally, not just to philosophers. But philosophers, too, have concerned themselves with the problem. What have the philosophers said about it? As is the case with most philosophical problems, they have said just about everything conceivable about it. But, within all the variety of their answers, two things emerge as characteristic of the philosophical set of answers: (1) almost all philosophers (even the stoics and Spinoza) assert some kind of human freedom, and (2) almost all philosophers are agreed that freedom is important because without it morality is impossible.

WHY the emphasis on the abstract agreement of philosophers that freedom is the case, and that without it morality is impossible? First of all, I feel it is important to recognize what the best minds in the most comprehensive of all the fields of knowledge have agreed to, since it would be playing the fool to run counter to their judgment without extremely good reasons. Secondly, I feel that education—at least public education—is, more than anything else, a moral business. And morality is everybody's business. We do not work ourselves up, as a society, over whether atoms can be split or not (the factual question, the scientific question). We do exercise ourselves over the moral question of whether atomic energy ought to be used to destroy human lives. Our final defense of nuclear weapons is that we must have them to deter the Russians, whose political and social orientation, we feel, is less moral than our own. We might admit, if pressed, that the cultivation of good moral character is a requirement for all; before we teach our children to read, we teach them not to lie. Morality we regard as everybody's business, as Socrates long ago pointed out. And our system of public education is an unprecedented venture in trying to make men morally responsible. That is why we feel so very strongly about it.

If what I have been saying is true, certain conclusions can be drawn. First of all, stuffy people (such as I confessedly am) must relegate our concern that our children be taught only foreign languages or trigonometry to a secondary place. Our concern for such skills or disinterested knowledge must be viewed as secondary to the more critical moral question. We must first direct our attention to this moral question, toward seeing that freedom is not sacrified in public education for the sake of better preparing professors' children to become the professors of the next generation. Our private interests as intellectuals must be sacrificed to the general interest, to the interest all Americans (and all men, in the last analysis) have in education.

Secondly, we must view with deep suspicion all those who offer the simple, straightforward answer to the problems of education. Here I have in mind particularly the educators and the preservers of "true" Americanism, the curriculum developers, and the eagle-eyed members of the school board. Each time I hear someone who knows (or pretends to know) what, in detail, education should consist of, I shudder. For their position usually rests on the assumption that a human can be made into this or that or the other thing. But if humans can be made into this or that or the other thing, then they become mere things and are not human beings. To be human is to be morally responsible, and to be morally responsible is to be free. A rigid doctrine of education negates this freedom.

WHAT I have been saying has certain bearings on two other specific areas of discussion in the general area of education: (1) the curriculum, and (2) the teacher. Let me take them in order.

First, the curriculum. Currently there seems to be a growing emphasis on developing excellence in the traditional academic subject matters. The pendulum seems to be swinging from progressive to traditional education, much to the delight of the intellectuals. That this is at least partly good is certainly beyond dispute. But their delight in this return to solid subjects seems to have caused the intellectuals to increase their attacks on public education for deliberately leaving the solid subjects out of the curriculum. What puzzles me is just who is supposedly against the three Rs. I have met no such beast during my involvement with education—as a student, as a professor, or as a parent. Everyone I have met is for excellence in solid subject matter—but I gather that *somebody* (always unknown) is against it. What I have met with, to the point of utter boredom, is professors in the arts and humanities who sigh over the poor quality of our

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public schools. They point to Russian education, and then trade in their academic gowns for sackcloth and ashes.

Allied with these professors are all those world-betterers and watchdogs of the public weal who are concerned that Johnny can't read. Scientists, too, if they express themselves on the issue, usually join this camp. What allows all these to be treated together is their common desire to tinker with the curriculum. They *know* what ought to be taught in the third grade or in the ninth grade, and, ideally speaking, they would be happy to judge public education by giving high school seniors a comprehensive examination just prior to graduation. They have very definite views about what a high school graduate should know and be able to do, and they have strong convictions about how such graduates can be produced. They probably are right in their belief that such products could be turned out rather consistently after twelve years of public instruction. But they overlook the fact that such training is indoctrination, a process that rarely discloses much freedom to the student.

THE targets of this criticism are the public school teachers, their administrators, and the professors of education in the colleges of education. How is it that the sensitive professors and earnest citizens, on the one hand, and the idealistic and long-suffering educators, on the other hand, can misunderstand each other so splendidly? My feeling is that they fail to realize how thoroughly they agree on ends while disagreeing on means. If I am right, certain comments are in order. Means are really skills, not substantial knowledge. I suspect that either the traditionalists who want children taught foreign languages and mathematics fail to see that the e subjects are merely means for developing moral character or else they confuse "disinterested" knowledge with what philosophers call "practical" knowledge, that is, knowledge which enables one to practice the art of moral living. My own specialty is logic, certainly one of the most disinterested of all the disciplines. Logic is certainly an extremely important and valuable course, yet it is a mistake to regard logic, by itself, as anything other than a skill. Learning logic can be an enormous advantage to a person—it can make him more logical in his pursuit or virtue of it can make him more logical in his pursuit of vice. Similarly with the other academic subjects we arts professors are so keen for. They are merely skills, and what one does with them is finally independent of how well he has mastered them. Churchill and Hitler were both masters of the skills of rhetoric. To say that teaching a child mathematics will, by itself, make him a better person is to be guilty of reprehensible naïveté.

—*CBS Television News*

"Means are really skills, not substantial knowledge."

On the other hand, failure to see that the traditional academic subject matters *do* equip those who can master them with tools which enable them better to appraise and evaluate the problems they face is to be guilty of equally serious stupidity. Public school students certainly differ widely as individuals, but these individual differences do not in the least alter the general solution of a quadratic equation. Responsible educators cannot possibly give equal significance to cheerleading and to studying the Declaration of Independence in its historical context. Granting that most academic subjects are merely tools or means for pursuing the morally good life, we must nevertheless recognize that some tools are better suited to the task than others. One cannot build a house with a pencil or write a book with a hammer and saw.

My point is that although subject matters are primarily tools or means rather than ends in themselves, we must not overlook the fact that some tools or skills are better means of achieving the goals of education. The goal is to make the student aware of his freedom, so that he thereby becomes morally responsible. Those subjects which clarify the choices and express them most precisely deserve to be emphasized in the curriculum. Those subjects which do not serve this purpose ought to be de-emphasized. The traditionalists who want to go back to the Latin Grammar School should cease confusing means with ends; the progressive professionals in education should begin drawing significant distinction. They need to recognize that not all means are equally useful for achieving the goals of education.

ENOUGH about what ought to be taught; let me turn to those who do the teaching, since, when all is said and done, the teachers are more important than the curriculum in any school. (There is only one sensible choice between a good curriculum with poor teachers and a poor curriculum with good teachers.)

Next to the job of being a parent, no other job in our society is as important as that of the public school teacher. By and large, the teachers are doing a good job, too, in spite of the abuse, the legal and social pressures, and the scandalously low pay they receive. They keep cool heads, and continue their exhausting work. Surely they have large souls.

How is it that, despite undesirable conditions, they continue at their jobs? The answer is that they (at least the good ones) are artists. They are like orchestra conductors. The conductor is an artist, a performer—dedicated to his art—who is attempting to get a group of musicians to breathe life into a musical score. He must be able to bring each individual musician with his peculiar talents and psychological make-up into a group effort that finally transcends the mere sum of the individual efforts of the musicians. He must communicate his own vision to his musicians and build the individual performances into an artistic unity that embodies the spirit of the score, and,

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as a result, moves and ennobles the audience. Is not the good teacher one who accomplishes a similar task in the classroom? But the comparison should be pressed a bit further. What works for Maestro X fails for Maestro Z. Similarly with teachers. It is true of good teachers, just as it is true of good conductors, that they are persons with visions, seeking to bring these visions into some more concrete kind of actuality. And what works for one fails for another. Each one senses that he has a job he must do, a goal to achieve, and he adapts his own peculiar talents to moving his pupils on toward that goal. Any other view minimizes and falsifies the work of the good teacher.

But if this is true, if good teachers are really artists, then we cannot hope to lay down specific rules concerning how they are to practice their art and communicate their visions. This, of course, bears directly on the problems of teacher training and certification. We cannot hope to make more than the smallest advance toward securing an adequate corps of skilled teachers by focusing our attention on formal and often insignificant criteria for certification or by loading the training programs for prospective teachers with narrow and sometimes empty professional courses that deaden rather than quicken their spirits. Here again we must avoid trying to solve all problems by tinkering with the curriculum in teacher training programs. Instead, we must bear in mind the purpose of education: to make men as free as possible. If any progress is to be made toward that goal the teacher must be free. Disclosing freedom to young minds requires that the teacher himself be as free as possible to express his vision.

Before I conclude, I wish to turn again to the problem of whether men are free or not. Let me outline my resolution of the issue and show how it bears on what I have been saying.

A striking feature of the debate over human freedom is that it arises only when people start building theoretical systems. The problem arises only for the intellectual who has turned from acting to thinking. It is the theoretical psychologist or sociologist who holds a doctrine of rigid determinism. The social worker who is trying to get Bill Brown to take his paycheck home to the wife instead of squandering it in the saloon is acting on a very real belief in human freedom and the moral responsibility of individual men. The philosophy professor may lecture to his class that men are not free, but he goes home and demonstrates his true beliefs by how he treats his wife and children. We scholars may *think*

as rigid determinists, but we *live* our conviction that men are free. In nontechnical language, the problem of freedom is a theoretical one, not a practical one.

A further point should be made. Not only is the problem of freedom a theoretical one, but to a degree, any theory about human beings tends to raise this theoretical problem and to make those who hold the theory deny human freedom. To the extent that we believe human behavior can be defined, classified, and explained by reference to some theory, we tend naturally to make the inference that human behavior can be predicted and controlled, then, in some sense, its origin lies outside the human being who supposedly initiates the act. And if the origin is not in the person he is certainly not free, and if he is not free he most assuredly is not morally responsible.

This conclusion, however, is extremely distasteful. We want to educate to make men free, yet it seems that if we try to lay down a program for doing this we are led to say that men are not free. We are caught in a dreadful dilemma.

THE resolution lies in distinguishing between the realms of science and of morality. Science has been very successful in constructing theories that do describe and explain classes of events, but its most singular success has been in the physical sciences where the materials being studied are without consciousness and will. If we turn to the sciences involving human behavior, the degree of success in predicting and controlling events is markedly lower. What separates physics and chemistry from the sciences of human behavior is the presence in the latter of human volition and human freedom. This is the unpredictable and uncontrollable factor. The human will does seem capable of making choices and initiating acts that defy complete prediction and control. It is this that men sense and act on when they treat each other as free. And it is this awareness that lies at the root of our moral concern and interest in education.

If what I have been arguing is correct, then it follows that any rigid theory of education that may form the basis of curriculum planning and teacher training must be treated as something less than an ultimate truth that admits of no debate. We must use such theories when we can, of course, but we must also recognize their limitations, and not allow them to blind us to the fundamental business of education. We must not violate our shared practical belief that men are responsible as individuals; we must not sap the very root of education by assuming that students are mere things rather than human beings. For *things* need not be educated, since they (at least in principle) can be controlled; *people* deserve an education under the direction of an artist who, because he himself is free, helps them to discover their own freedom and sense of moral responsibility.

Dons on the Dais

It is perhaps a pity, though not a surprise, that the proctors have forbidden *Isis*, the Oxford undergraduate journal, to continue its interesting novelty of reviewing university lectures. Students at Oxford are in a state of pupilage, junior members of a hierarchical society, in which respect is owed to the seniors who wield authority. The censors' stroke is understandable in its context. On the other hand, the idea of reviewing lectures is a good one. If he writes a textbook, a don must face its review by a colleague, but no colleague will dare to review a don's lecture. So this whole activity proceeds without any critical check and commonly falls into an appalling slackness. Obviously not everyone is capable of lecturing well. The trouble now is that most practitioners think it beneath them to try. Far from attempting to learn the art of speaking in public, they will sometimes not even bother to set their arguments in order. It is not good enough. Anyone put up to lecture at a university should be sent off on a short training course to learn the tricks of the trade. There seems a place, too, for questions during or after lectures. They would increase liveliness of mind on both sides.

—From the London Times Educational Supplement, February 3, 1961.

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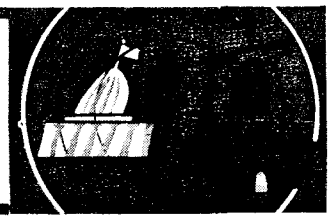
While School Keeps



SOME TEACHERS OF READING achieve seemingly fabulous results with their classes; others don't. But the difference between them appears to be less a matter of method than of the quality of their teaching. A roomful of successful reading teachers is likely to contain exponents of virtually every teaching method or combination of methods in the book. Few will agree completely on much of anything except broad generalizations, but they have in common the vitality, the enthusiasm, the knowledge, and the dedication that make for great teaching.

In an effort to learn how colleges and universities in the country are preparing teachers of reading for tomorrow's schools, a study team from the Harvard University Graduate School of Education visited 74 schools throughout the country and secured data from 371 others by questionnaire. They found poor preparation of elementary school teachers in training institutions, little reliance on sound research in the field, too little emphasis on course work, and inadequate practice teaching. The results of their study, together with recommendations for improvement, were published last month in **"The Torch Lighters, Tomorrow's Teachers of Reading,"** by Mary C. Austin, *et al.* (Harvard University Press, 191 pp., paperback, $1).

In the foreword, Dean Francis Keppel of the School writes, "At long last, the public has become interested in what is, without any doubt, one of the key aspects of a good system of schools. From this interest will come the energy and the support needed to bring change and improvement—provided we know what to do. But here is the rub: what should be done?" The authors of "The Torch Lighters" have no simple solutions, but their twenty-two recommendations, if widely read and discussed, could spark a big forward step.

SCHOLASTIC LITERATURE UNITS promise to add a new and exciting dimension to English study in the secondary school. In most high school English classes everyone is expected to read the same assignment—often in massive anthologies that contain many bits and pieces of major literary works. Under these circumstances all students are introduced to literature in its least attractive physical form; both superior students and slow readers suffer from the lack of variety in assignments. The new literature units, created by Scholastic Book Services, a division of Scholastic Magazines, Inc., bypasses these problems by providing a wide range of reading in inexpensive, paperback books.

Each unit is built around a single theme and consists of about 120 volumes. These include copies of a small anthology for each student containing fiction, nonfiction, and verse. Multiple copies of fifteen to twenty-five individual books, all related to the same theme and covering a wide range of reading difficulty, complete the unit. All the works included are complete and unexpurgated.

The first unit to appear, designed for eighth-graders, focuses on the theme "Courage." The anthology for this unit contains nineteen readings that range from Stephen Vincent Benét's "Western Wagons" and Alfred Noyes' "The Highwayman," to newspaper and magazine accounts of contemporary acts of courage. Some of the individual books, included in multiple copies in the unit, are: "The Bridge at Andau," "The Red Badge of Courage," "Anna and the King of Siam," "Captains Courageous," "Jane Eyre," and "God Is My Co-Pilot." Included also are a variety of early teenage fiction titles that range in reading difficulty from the very simple to the more difficult titles above.

Another unit released recently centers around the theme, "Mirrors," and attempts to help ninth-graders toward realistic self-appraisal through the study of character as mirrored in works of drama and literature. Some of the titles included in the unit are: "Best Television Plays," "Two Years Before the Mast," "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," "Great Expectations," "Of Human Bondage," and "Romeo and Juliet." A third unit for tenth graders, on "Survival," includes "The Diary of Anne Frank," "The Good Earth," "Robinson Crusoe," "Kon-Tiki," and "Hiroshima." Seven other units are in preparation for grades 7 to 10.

Scholastic Literature Units do not develop in students an appreciation of fine book-making. The volumes included are inexpensively bound paperbacks. The evidence indicates, however, that they do develop in students of widely varying backgrounds an awareness that reading does not have to be a chore, that it can be exciting, informative, and just plain fun. Of such stuff are lifetime reading habits made.

PHYSICS STUDENTS in high school and college will be grateful for a new review of basic physical principles, **"How to Solve Physics Problems,"** by Edwin M. Ripin (John F. Rider, 128 pp., $1.89). More extensive than a review outline, and considerably less detailed than a textbook, the volume offers a tightly organized, clearly and succinctly stated review of principles that may have grown hazy with time. Many laymen who find that the introductory physics course they took a quarter of a century ago doesn't prepare them adequately to read today's science news may also find this little volume helpful.

DESEGREGATION AND INTEGRATION are commonly used as synonyms to describe the effect of the 1954 Supreme Court decision on the schools. Legal terminology and the press particularly have tended to use them interchangeably, but the feeling has been growing that there is a clear distinction in meaning that should be recognized in practice.

The issue is more than an interesting excursion into semantics. For many Southerners, especially in the Deep South, "integration" evokes profound fears not merely of equality before the law, but of total mixing or amalgamation of the races. The dictionary definition of the verb "to integrate" leaves it open to such interpretation when applied to human relationships: "to form into a whole; to unite . . . so as to form a complete or perfect whole; unify." "Segregate,"

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on the other hand, is defined simply, "to separate or cut off from others or from the general mass; to isolate; seclude." To desegregate is merely to reverse the process of segregation.

Now the *Southern School News,* official publication of the Southern Education Reporting Service, has made a study to determine the most nearly accurate definitions, based on current usage by journalists, educators, and social scientists who have a professional interest in the field. From the many examples of usage collected, there appears to be considerable agreement that "desegregation" implies objective, legal, and political relationships, while "integration" connotes more subjective social and personal relationships and attitudes. As a result of its study, the *Southern School News* determined for its own use these definitions of the two key words:

Desegregation—Change from segregation to biracial or multiracial status, either in practice or in principle.

Integration—Absence of all racial distinctions.

THE PRESSURE OF NUMBERS in college classrooms poses, for an increasing number of schools the alternatives of an expensive building program, increasing class size, or both. To determine the effect of increasing class size in college, two City College of New York professors, Louis Long and James D. Perry, ran a series of tests at their home institution in the departments of history, drafting, and civil engineering. Their conclusion, reported in the February 11 issue of **School and Society,** was "that increasing class size did not produce any adverse effects." They believe that the quality of the teacher is the crucial element in student learning and that the burden of proof rests on the proponents of small classes.

ABILITY GROUPING continues to stimulate heated controversy among both teachers and parents. But the weight of professional opinion strongly favors grouping by ability in separate classes, according to the latest Teacher Opinion Poll of the Research Division of the National Education Association. On the basis of a scientifically selected sample of the nation's elementary school teachers, it appears that 57.6 per cent approve, about 33 per cent disapprove, and nearly 10 per cent have no opinion. However, of those who have taught under ability grouping, 78.8 per cent approve as against 46.1 per cent of those who have never experienced it. Of those who have taught under both systems, 61.3 per cent favor ability grouping.

Secondary school teachers are even more favorable to a system of grouping students by ability in academic subjects. 81.8 per cent of those who have never taught under the system favor it, as compared with 87.3 per cent of those who have had personal experience with it. Of those who have had experience with both systems, an overwhelming 90.5 per cent are in favor.

Another study by Dr. Elizabeth M. Drews, of Michigan State University, tends to corroborate teacher opinion. Slow students, Dr. Drews finds, are often average or better in intelligence, but have reading problems. In classes with superior students who monopolize class discussions, they are overwhelmed and get used "to being at the bottom of the heap." However, when they are placed in classes with students of similar ability, they read and recite more, are more confident, and are eager to be at least average. According to Dr. Drews, all students, whether slow, average, or superior, prefer to be in classes where the abilities of other students are not too different from their own.

TEACHER EDUCATION and certification are about to receive the same careful and objective study from James Bryant Conant that he has devoted to secondary education in recent years. Author of two widely influential reports "The American High School Today" and "Education in the Junior High School Years," the former U.S. ambassador and president emeritus of Harvard University has already placed his indelible stamp on the nation's schools. His new study, financed as were his studies of secondary education, by the Carnegie Corporation, promises to extend his influence into another crucial area of education.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING in the elementary school is not an unmixed blessing, according to three teachers at Francis W. Parker School in Chicago, a K-12 independent school which often takes an experimental approach to education. Writing in a recent issue of the *Elementary School Journal,* they claim that the well-publicized virtues of elementary foreign language programs are often accepted uncritically by the public, which in turn puts pressure on the school. There are real values to be derived, they feel, but in the case of their own school these were outweighed by the disadvantages. Their reservations:

► Foreign language programs in elementary schools are still experimental. Conclusions on their value cannot be drawn until pupils in such programs have moved at least through high school.

► Many of these programs are planned for children of superior intelligence and the writers are not convinced that ability grouping based on I.Q. is desirable.

► The school day is limited, yet language study should have the same status as other major subjects. It is necessary, therefore, to replace another subject or to steal a little time from several subjects to create an extra period.

► There is a serious lack of qualified teachers—and "no teaching is better than inadequate teaching."

► The child who enters the class after the beginning of language study presents a problem.

► A second language has no practical use except in border states or bilingual communities and there is question about how much the student retains when motivation for learning has to be created artificially.

► There is no evidence that students who have had experience with a foreign language in elementary school get better language grades in high school, although there is general agreement that they are more fluent, have better pronunciation, and have more feeling of at-homeness in the language.

Many of those who favor teaching foreign languages in the elementary school are well aware of the difficulties involved and are working hard to overcome them. They also place greater value, apparently, on the virtues of fluency, better pronunciation and a feeling of at-homeness in the language, characteristics that students of foreign languages in the U.S. have traditionally lacked to a notable degree. But it is good to hear from teachers who are independent enough to reject a course of study that is currently fashionable, when it does not fit into the pattern of their own school.

CURRENT BOOKS for children are selectively listed in two annotated book-

(*Continued on page 73*)

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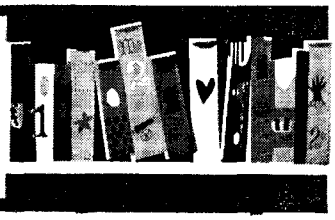
the Editor's Bookshelf



"THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE SCHOOL," by Lawrence A. Cremin, (Knopf, 387 pp. $5.50), is the first definitive history of the Progressive Education movement and one of the most important books on education in many years. For the years it covers—1876 to 1957—it comes close to being a comprehensive history of education in America, for Cremin defines Progressive Education so broadly that its history, along with that of its critics and the countermovements resulting from it, leaves out little of importance that happened in the schools during those years.

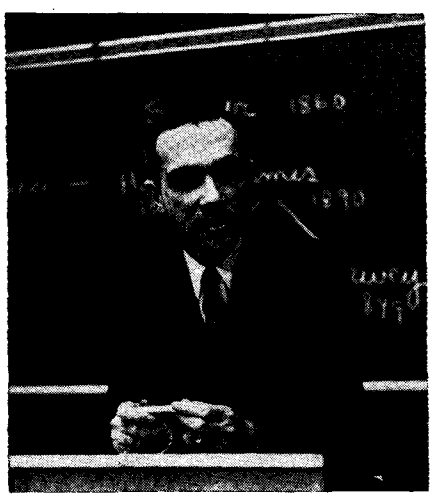
Such a book has long been needed because Progressive Education has not been well understood, either by its critics or by those teachers most influenced by it. Many gave their support to the movement without a clear understanding of what they were endorsing because, particularly in the years between World Wars I and II, men of good will easily accepted the notion that anything "progressive" must be good and because they were sympathetic with the more humane approach to child rearing promised by the progressives. After World War II, however, many parents and teachers became critical of softness and vagueness in the schools and, because they identified Progressive Education with these traits, they climbed off the bandwagon as rapidly as they had climbed on a decade or two earlier. Meanwhile, the critics had a field day.

"The death of the Progressive Education Association in 1955 and the passing of its journal, *Progressive Education,* two years later marked the end of an era in American pedagogy," says Cremin. "Yet one would hardly have known it from the pitifully small group of mourners at both funerals. Somehow a movement that had for half a century enlisted the enthusiasm, the loyalty, the imagination, and the energy of large segments of the American public and the teaching profession became, in the decade following World War II, anathema—immortalized only in jokes. . . ."

It was not the end of its influence. Professor Cremin makes it clear that much that was once considered "progressive" is now an accepted part of all American education and no longer is identified with any particular ideology. In this respect progressivism in education has suffered the same fate as progressivism in politics for many of the ideas and programs considered "progressive" in Senator La Follette's day may now be found in the Republican platform.

Cremin devotes the first half of his book to an account of the origins and development of what he calls "The Progressive Impulse in Education" from 1876 to 1917. During these years the schools felt the influence of urbanization, industrialism, and the increased humanitarianism and concern for the "common man" that made universal, compulsory education a necessity. They also felt the influence of Darwinism and the new research in child and adolescent psychology including the scientific testing movement, but it must be said that the relation of the more important psychologists to anything properly called "Progressive Education" was less close than Cremin makes it appear. The leaders of the progressive movement selected those findings from psychological research most congenial to their tastes and ignored the rest. They ignored much that was important in the discoveries of James, Thorndike, and even Dewey.

Cremin finds many references to progressivism in the educational literature from the 1890s onward, but Progressive Education as an organized reform movement with a platform and identifiable leadership hardly existed prior to 1919. For this reason, the second half of the book, dealing with the movement since 1917, will be of greater interest to most readers. For many the final chapter, which might appropriately have been titled "The Decline and Fall of Progressive Education," will be the most interesting of all. Cremin says, "The surprising thing about the progressive response to the assault of the fifties is not that the movement collapsed but that it collapsed so readily." He lists a number of reasons. There had always been the negativism inherent in all reform movements—the progressives knew what they were against better than what they were for. The programs prescribed by progressives made inordinate demands on the teacher's time and ability—"integrated studies," for example, required a fantastic range of knowledge on the part of the teacher. More important was the fact that schisms had developed in the ranks: "Factions developed and within these factions, cults, cliques, and fanatics. The movement became strife-ridden, given to bandwagon behavior, dominated by the feuding minorities." The final blow came after World War II when America became a very different nation from the one that had given birth to the movement, and the Progressives, involved in their factional disputes and looking back to the Thirties rather than ahead to the Sixties, were unprepared to meet the new challenges. Progressivism had become a part of the conventional wisdom and was unable to move beyond it.



Lawrence A. Cremin—has written "the first definitive history of progressive education."

CREMIN'S interpretations will not satisfy all readers. They will not please the bitter-end progressives who believe to this day that their movement was destroyed, not by its own internal defects and changing social forces, but by a few "reactionary" critics who got the public's attention by dubious means. Many readers will disagree with Cremin's choice of 1876 for the origin of progressivism; some will say that the movement really began with the publication of Rousseau's "Emile" in 1762, while others will prefer a date as late as 1919. It can legitimately be said that Cremin defines Progressive Education so broadly that he seems to include within it many people who were never sympathetic with the movement. And, although he is not uncritical, Cremin's discussion of the more questionable aspects of progressivism, including its anti-intellectualism, is so prudent and gentle that his criticisms will be lost on unsophisticated readers. An equally competent historian, writing from a different background, might have rendered a much harsher judgment of the total influence of Progressive Education on the present level of educational excellence in our nation.

It is an unfortunate limitation of historical scholarship that it must rest

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upon documents and so must ignore the many forces, influences, and events that were never recorded; the most important facts about the subtle effects of the progressive movement in the classrooms of America fall into this unrecorded category and so are lost to history. Older teachers who fought valiantly but unsuccessfully to uphold intellectual excellence in the schools against the progressive onslaught of the Twenties and Thirties—and who still remember—may protest that Cremin sees the schools through the eyes of a scholar in an urban university and shows little understanding of the real effects of the progressive movement upon the smaller teachers colleges and in schools throughout the land. But these are relatively minor cavils that do not seriously reduce the book's importance.

Besides helping to clear the air and promote understanding by placing the progressive movement in its proper perspective, **"The Transformation of the School"** will help restore the languishing prestige of professional educators within the halls of ivy, for Cremin, who is a professor of education at Columbia's Teachers College, has produced a well-documented example of historical scholarship, clearly reasoned and lucidly presented.

"GENIUS," "GIFTED," AND "TALENTED" are words popularly used in describing exceptionally creative individuals in specialized fields such as music, art, and literature, but educators and psychologists sometimes use these same words to describe levels of intelligence. They are often used loosely, but talent is usually considered to be more common than giftedness while genius is giftedness of the highest order.

Conant applies the term "academically talented" to about 15 per cent of the high school population, which means that the majority of students in the more selective colleges, and nearly all professional men and women, may be so classified. "Giftedness" is applied to a much smaller group. H. B. English, in his "Dictionary of Psychological Terms," suggests that it be limited to 2 per cent of the population. "Genius" is still more rare; Terman, in his classification of levels of intelligence, uses the term for those children scoring over 140 on the Stanford-Binet intelligence test, but by this definition nearly 1 per cent, or well over a million Americans, could be so classified, whereas no more than a few dozen are popularly recognized as geniuses. What Terman presumably meant was that those with I.Q. scores over 140 possess the potentialities of genius, for his own studies revealed that many who score in this group never accomplish anything notable.

A half-century has elapsed since H. H. Goddard, later a professor of psychology at Ohio State, brought the Binet intelligence test to this country, translated it into English, and restandardized it for American children. Since that time there has been a growing interest in the educational problems resulting from the fact that children differ widely in their capacity for learning, but during the earlier part of the period the major attention was given to the slow learners. It was assumed that the brilliant student could take care of himself.

Psychologists and educators have now become aware that many gifted children will *not* take care of themselves without special attention. In a new book, **"Gifted Children, Their Psychology and Education"** (Macmillan, 412 pp. $5.50), Professor Maurice Freehill, of Western Washington College, says, "The gifted child seeks complex answers to questions not yet recognized by his age mates. He searches to solve the problems of origin, death, and philosophy when neither the school nor the parents are prepared to answer. There is a general conviction concerning the age at which these questions are appropriate [but] the child proposes them outside the anticipated pattern and adults may avoid them or refuse to answer. The gifted child's progress is inhibited and he withdraws from emotional and philosophic learning. He may well become infantile and depend on adults for all his judgments or he may become negativistic and reject adult judgments."

Freehill proposes many ways in which parents and teachers may avoid these problems and he also examines the nature of giftedness and provides an excellent introduction to the vast literature on the subject. His book apparently is intended as a textbook for teachers but it will also be of interest to any parent of a gifted child.

—P.W.

New Books

WHAT PRIORITY FOR EDUCATION? THE AMERICAN PEOPLE MUST SOON DECIDE. *By David D. Henry. University of Illinois.* 92 *pp.* $2.50. The president of the University of Illinois and chairman of the American Council on Education analyzes current issues in education and concludes that the schools must receive higher priority in America's scale of values if they are to meet the challenges of today and tomorrow.

COMPENSATION ON THE CAMPUS. Case Studies of College and University Faculty Compensation Practices. *Edited by J. F. Wellemeyer, Jr., Association for Higher Education, NEA.* 528 *pp. Paperback,* $2. *Cloth,* $3. Report on policies and practices in fourteen institutions representing a broad range of colleges and universities.

CRUSADE AGAINST IGNORANCE. Thomas Jefferson on Education. *Edited by Gordon C. Lee. Classics in Education No. 6. Teachers College, Columbia University.* 167 *pp. Paperback.* $1.50. Selections from Jefferson's writings with an introduction, "Learning and Liberty: The Jeffersonian Tradition in Education," by the editor.

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BOOK REVIEW

Quality and Equality

"Excellence," by John W. Gardner *(Harper. 171 pp. $3.95), offers an answer to the question "Can we be equal and excellent too?" Harold Taylor, former president of Sarah Lawrence College, is the author of many books and articles on the problems of education.*

By Harold Taylor

"THE SCHOOLS are the golden avenue of opportunity for able youngsters, but by the same token they are the arena in which less able youngsters discover their limitations." John Gardner's book has to do with this plain fact. He wishes to make it plainer, to have the country face up to it and to have educators deal with it wisely.

The way to deal with it is not to assume that in school the able and the less able are two different species of human being, separated by inherent qualities that screen out those who can contribute to their society and those who can't. Nor is ability to be measured by whether or not a boy or girl is admitted to a well-known college.

"Properly understood," says Mr. Gardner, "college or university is merely the instrument of one kind of further education for those whose interests and capacities fit them for that kind of further education. It should not be regarded as the sole means of establishing one's human worth. It should not be seen as the unique key to happiness, self-respect, and inner confidence."

There are varieties of talent, of motivation, of aptitude, of achievement, of excellence, and it is up to the social system and its educational instruments to make the most of each of the varieties. Otherwise we will build, on the basis of a false educational philosophy, a society that betrays its democratic values by constructing a stratified order. In such an order it will be assumed that those who go to college are those who should run the society, and that the rest are to be considered, and therefore may come to consider themselves, inferiors who work at whatever they can.

Following this path, we quickly reach a point at which no one takes pride in his work because he thinks it is beneath him, and standards of excellence in every part of life are abandoned in favor of a grudging, niggling effort to get as much as possible for doing as little as possible.

The cure for this is not to abandon the ideal of equality, or to deplore and ignore the attitude of those who have little opportunity for social advancement. It is to invent new forms of education that can deal with the entire range of individual talent and ability, to assure that each has an honorable place in his society.

This is a problem that is not confined to the United States and its educational system. It is also at the center of the Soviet effort to blend together vocational training in the factories and on the farms with high school education. It shows itself in the riots of Indian students against their universities—institutions that are ill-adapted to educating the younger generation for productive careers in jobs that need doing.

Once you announce a creed of equality, forces are set in motion which can explode into violence or dissipate into lethargy unless an educational system is put into effect which actually provides a variety of opportunities for a variety of talents.

Mr. Gardner's book has the virtue of going directly to questions that are in the minds of educators, parents, teachers, and students in the schools and colleges and dealing with them sympathetically on the basis of his personal knowledge of the American system as it works. He puts the educational problems in their proper setting, that is, as the outcome of certain social, political, and economic conditions and ideas, and as the result of conflicting aims held by Americans.

We are proud to have thrown off the weight of hereditary privilege, says Mr. Gardner, and we admire both the successful man and the system that makes success a matter of individual performance rather than of birth. At the same time we create new problems for the man whose talent is not of a kind that does well in an intensely competitive society, yet whose abilities must have their own chance to find expression.

In guarding against the excesses of a competitive order where performance "may foster an atmosphere of raw striving" we become overprotective of those who are left behind in the competition, and we fall into sentimental postures in the way we treat children. We become hypocritical and refuse to deal honestly with differences in ability. The conflict between the sentiment of compassion and the reality of human capacity becomes direct when "it proves impossible to enable each to fill his potentialities without treating each differently."

In the matter of tests for ability and achievement, for example, it is crucial that a fair means be established for sorting out the more able from the less able. But intelligence testing cannot account for differences in background, and there is more to intelligence than the ability to pass intelligence tests.

Mr. Gardner suggests that we use testing devices with discretion, as a form of diagnosis as much as a criterion of judgment. We must hold to the doctrine of multiple chances by which the individual is given a variety of means and occasions to prove his worth through the whole of his education and through the whole of his life.

THIS means an enlightened approach to the welfare of the individual, not only through formal education but also through all the other institutions of a democratic society, from slum clearance projects and social welfare programs to hospitals, adoption services, business institutions, adult education, the church, and the home.

Some 1,873,000 boys and girls are graduating from high school this year; 880,000 will not go to college; 900,000 others have already dropped out of high school. Mr. Gardner is concerned about this cross-section of American youth. They are in the majority and will continue to be.

In the overemphasis on college preparation, academic grades, and competitive selection, too little attention has been paid to the educational needs of this majority, both before and after they take jobs and marry. Leadership, and standards of performance, Mr. Gardner points out, must come, not merely from what used to be called the educated classes, but from every segment of the entire society. That is, of course, if the society is to grow in strength and remain democratic. In his Carnegie Corporation presidential report of 1960, Mr. Gardner analyzes the problem, suggests solutions, and calls for action.

The present book provides an intellectual basis for such action on many fronts. It also provides a balanced, informed, and positive statement of democratic belief by a man who, in temperament, experience, and performance, has shown himself to be a gifted educator.

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While School Keeps

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lists just published by the Independent Schools Education Board. The *Junior Booklist,* for children from pre-school age to grade nine, divides the books listed according to grade level. The *Senior Booklist,* for high school students, is divided according to literary form and subject matter. Selections are made by a committee of teachers and librarians and the booklists may be ordered from Esther Osgood, Executive Secretary, ISED, Milton 86, Massachusetts, at 50 cents each.

TESTING sometimes appears to the detached observer to be American education's favorite indoor sport. High on the list for next most popular would be the practice of taking potshots at testing for its many shortcomings. Perrenial complaints are aimed at the fallibility of I.Q. tests—and the undeserved emphasis given them by parents and teachers. More recently, the inability of the testers to measure "creativity" — in contrast to academic achievement and aptitude—has been under attack. And the increasing time the schools must devote to testing, primarily for college admissions and scholarships, has caused educators to raise serious questions.

Meanwhile, Project Talent, a massive testing program that is taking "a national inventory of aptitudes and abilities," has completed the first stage in its planned program. First milestone in the vast project was reached in the spring of 1960 when, after more than two years of careful preparation, a total of nearly half a million ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth-grade students, from more than 1,350 secondary schools completed a two-day battery of tests. At that point, the raw data on a nationwide sample of student abilities, aptitudes, achievements, interests, and backgrounds became available.

In the March issue of the *Phi Delta Kappan,* David B. Orr, research associate in the Washington office of Project Talent, describes the project's objectives, its methods, the kind of data collected, and the way it will be used over the years. According to Mr. Orr, the project aims:

► To provide a comprehensive national inventory of the aptitudes, abilities, and activities of youth.

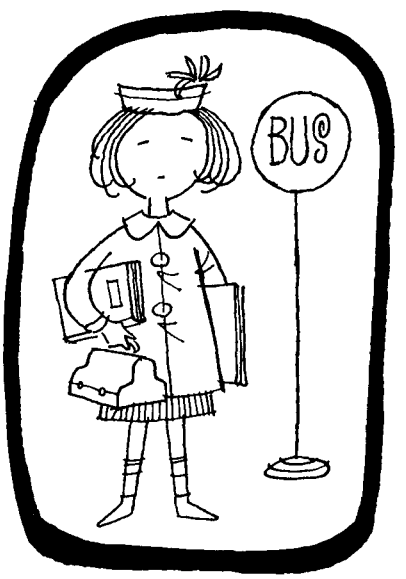
► To determine the specific patterns of aptitudes, abilities, and interests which provide the best basis for various college courses and careers.

► To carry out follow-up studies to determine what educational experience will best contribute to the development of these aptitudes and abilities.

► To determine the guidance procedures most effective in assisting each student to select the career which will assure him the greatest possible personal satisfaction and success.

Project Talent is not likely to provide all the answers to questions about available abilities and aptitudes in our population, nor is it likely to quiet the controversy about the value of testing in general. It may, however, shed helpful light on both issues.

For many years it was assumed that testing was developed in nineteenth-century England—first for the British East India Company and then for civil service exams in the Empire. More knowing students of the subject were aware that oral examinations were introduced in Western Europe in the twelfth century and that written exams



were used some five centuries later. But Herrlee G. Creel, chairman of the Department of Oriental Languages and Civilizations at the University of Chicago, points out in a recent issue of the university's **Reports** that testing was conceived in the 4th century B.C. in China, and that competitive civil service examinations were used there for more than 2,000 years before they were "invented" by the West.

We may take comfort in the realization that testing has been raising problems for so many hundreds of years. Doubtless it has had its critics in every generation, but it has survived as a useful instrument of selection—even though many of the things its critics said about it have probably been true. —JAMES CASS.

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Whats and Whys of Social Studies, Grades 1-6

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Lee L. Jacks Professor of Child Education, Stanford University. Coauthor of The Basic Social Studies Program.*

One of the recognized goals of social studies in today's elementary schools is to develop in children the basic understandings, skills, and values they need for responsible citizenship in the communities of which they are members.

Each of us belongs to several communities. What are they? How can we help a child discover his rôle in each of the expanding communities to which he belongs? For example:

Home, school, neighborhood
Local community, county, metropolitan area
One's own state; regions of states
Our nation, and all the Americas
Beyond the Americas, relations with the world

It's important to help a child see how the basic human activities carried on in all times and in all communities are conducted in each of the expanding communities he studies. These basic human activities include:

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Communicating facts, ideas, feelings
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Maurois

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their passions. Where does one learn to know men if not in the works of and philosophers? I once heard a great French administrator tell younger men: "You will never be able to govern France if you have not read Balzac." He was right. Moreover, a literary and artistic culture is necessary to enjoy all forms of leisure: theatre, travel, music.

The question is: what form of culture? Can modern languages supply at least part of the enrichment ancient authors brought to the minds of former generations? I believe it. Any translation is a useful exercise and increases the nimbleness of a mind. But a language should be studied long enough for the student to reach the point where he really enjoys books and conversation. A foreign language should be chosen very early in life and studied for many years. To study it for only two years is useless. I must say that in many American universities, and especially in girls' colleges, I found the French department very efficient.

A REFORM of the French educational system is now in process. The main object is to open more widely the doors of secondary schools and universities. Legally all schools are open free of charge to all young Frenchmen; in fact the percentage of workers' and farmers' children is only 7 per cent in secondary schools, 2 per cent in universities. Why? Certainly not because there are not excellent students among them. Many men of genius came from the popular classes. Why then, do they not avail themselves of their chances? Partly because a taste for culture develops more readily in cultured surroundings, but mostly because a workman or a farmer wants his son to earn a living as soon as possible. In America unions help, because they want to keep young men outside the labor market as long as possible; in France there is a very little unemployment. Yet the nation has no right to waste some of its best minds.

Until now a young Frenchman has been able to leave school at the age of fourteen. From now on it will be sixteen, and later eighteen. Classes of "orientation" will channel the pupils according to their capacities toward classical, scientific, or technical education. Unfortunately, the reform is made very difficult by the lack of adequate teachers. Many causes converged to increase the number of teachers necessary: a) the high birth rate, which makes today's France a very young nation; b) the democratization of education and the extension of the school years; c) the development of new sciences. We are experiencing an acute shortage of teachers in mathematics, physics, biology. Private industry kidnaps a good many scientific graduates. Teachers are tempted to accept better pay. The result is that classes are much too numerous, that there is no one to take the place of a sick teacher, and that one has to trust students to very young teachers who possess neither the necessary diplomas nor the experience. Therefore it is imperative in France, as in the United States, to better the position of the teacher, both in prestige and in salary.

Because we lack technicians we may be tempted to sacrifice humanities to technical education, but we must remember that no technician will be an efficient leader of men if he has no general culture. Robert Hutchins gave this example, which I could match in France: "When the California State Board of Education, desirous of meeting the needs of the Aircraft Industry, asked the industry to recommend specific courses, one manufacturer replied that he wanted students who had more mathematics, history, literature, and English composition." I agree with that manufacturer. If a student knows how to think and how to work, has a good command of language and has grasped the foundation of mathematics, then he will easily learn any new technique.

FRENCH school children have been accustomed for years to long hours in the classroom and heavy homework, with very little time for sports and outdoor life. Part of the new reform might be to give more time to games and sports. An experiment is being conducted in one of the newly built *lycées* (the one at Vitry), with sixty children who will devote twenty hours a week to classroom lessons, three hours to manual work, and seventeen hours to games and sport. Homework would be abolished, an innovation that goes against a centuries-old French tradition. (As a child I had to work very hard before and after supper, until 10 P.M.) The Vitry children are forbidden to take schoolbooks home with them. We shall see how it works.

As to the difference between French and American students, I should sum up by saying that French students are generally one or two years ahead of American students in general culture, but that American students seem more unspoiled, keep a fresher mind, and know better how to get along with people. It would be madness to ask either nation to act or teach according to the tradition of the other.

Rickover

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systems, but even from the defense establishment if necessary.

Moreover, teachers, not administrators, would run education. Rickover reserves his greatest scorn for the ill-educated nonteaching school administrator, whom he finds both endemic and ubiquitous. Having studied the administrative mind in many settings, Rickover believes that its disabilities in education are inherent. It suffers by nature from all the inertia of entrenched orthodoxy and fear of change, is generally insulated from matters upon which it makes crucial decisions, is richly encrusted with many kinds of ignorance, and withal is perhaps the most expendable item in education. One feels that, if he could, Rickover would hitch school administrators to the **Nautilus** and tow them all out to sea, but he contents himself with recommending their displacement by practicing teachers.

In assessing Rickover's opinions on all these matters, one should not confuse vigor with dogmatism, for without a good deal of the former and little of the latter, Rickover could never have achieved what everyone assured him could never be achieved in nuclear power. He insists on his right to make educational judgments, to judge American schools by their *results*, and to criticize schoolmen, who are public officials paid out of taxes, when they botch their job. He will go right on making judgments, of course, and propounding ideas, for it is a duty he could not well put aside if he would. And it seems clear that an increasing audience, both public and professional, will listen to this rather austere and hopelessly inner-directed man, this Jeremiah whose lamentations preach greater personal responsibility, worthier aims, higher performance at every level, this unadjusted moralist who doesn't own a car, whose sartorial habits would be the despair of any Ivy League haberdasher, who isn't interested in money, who, in directing a crucial defense enterprise spending hundreds of millions of dollars, travels economy fare to save taxpayer dollars, who never accepts money for personal use from his speeches or writings but always assigns it to charities, usually those for children; who in short is a commanding if somewhat raucous voice of urgency and conscience in the land.

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Books Go Co-op

Continued from page 25

ries, teaching them the effective use of film as a library service.

The system well understands that one of its primary responsibilities is to bring children and books together; consequently an experienced children's librarian at headquarters conducts a guidance program designed to promote well-planned library activities, cooperating with the children's librarians in member libraries by means of individual conferences, workshops, and frequent visits. Headquarters has also set up a central juvenile book-review and book-selection center, to provide better methods of purchasing and selection. Sample copies of new books are on display at headquarters, where librarians may evaluate them by themselves or in workshop groups. Story hours, pre-school programs, activities with community agencies, and lists of recommended reading are all in the province of the children's consultant.

Headquarters of the Nassau system is an increasingly busy place these days, threatening to expand beyond its boundaries. In addition to the interlibrary loan service and the children's program, headquarters has a public relations director who seeks to get wider grassroots support for quality library service in the county; it prepares cooperative displays (posters, booklists, brochures, and other promotional material) for use in member libraries; it maintains a central exhibit collection to share displays already created and used; and it publishes *Sum and Substance*, a monthly newsletter, which reports the system's activities to the staffs and trustees of member libraries. The system itself is governed by a board of trustees, geographically representing its membership.

In Nassau, as in other systems, the long-range objective is to bring the maximum service of libraries to bear on the schools, and on adult education in general. Librarians, a patient breed of men and women who have borne much with dedication, can begin to see results today. Library use is multiplying daily, and the bulk of the newcomers are those maligned Americans, the teen-agers. To them especially the librarians, with the help of co-ops, hope they will never have to say, "I'm sorry, we don't have that book."

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PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 78)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 77)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1412

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Followed by "of Christendom", epithet for Scanderbeg because of his successful warfare against the Turks.

B. Sinister (comp.).

C. Opening two words of Hamlet's poem to Ophelia, which Polonius read to the King and Queen with such effect.

D. Advantageous way to alight (3 wds.).

E. Not perceived by sense.

F. Specifying the ability of a radio circuit to respond to one frequency and not others.

G. An Assiniboin.

H. Not uniform; irregular.

I. Of the nature of wood.

J. Island group NW of Norway valuable for fisheries.

K. Specially appropriate adjective, etc.

L. Airfield on W coast of Okinawa.

M. The poison oak of the Pacific Coast.

WORDS

140 153 135 43 150 123 180

133 119 49 173 160 157 80 66

134 154 5 144 179 129 69 18 92

99 172 29 131 58 3 88 169 13 149

126 151 10 101 39 159

33 27 91 138 62 50 161 72 121

98 34 59 71

64 110 145 89 38 28

76 158 22 36 168 141

21 171 14 45 54 164 74

93 155 1 78 83 73 23

184 79 148 115 67 102

44 118 15 31 90

DEFINITIONS

N. One way you shouldn't deal cards (3 wds.).

O. Tatar militiaman used as scout in Prussian armies since 1870.

P. Warning away from a wrong choice (3 wds.).

Q. Stout wooden lever with curved metal point, used to break out logging sleds (comp.).

R. The Scottish brose which features whiskey and honey as the necessary liquids.

S. A form established as by authority.

T. Large spiral univalve shell.

U. Given name of male Nebraska movie star (1892-).

V. Violent denunciation.

W. Form of Hebrew liturgy in a particular community.

X. Specifying an enamored girl (French).

Y. The Alpes Venetae of the ancients.

Z. Musical composition in mournful mood.

Z1. Place of deep mud or mire.

WORDS

125 19 176 47 12 95 103 4 57 77 63 163

132 55 65 20 108

114 181 8 97 128 56 11 166 32 75

6 96 40 142 174 105 48 130

136 152 35 143 165

117 178 94 182 84 111

146 87 162 120 24

7 104 30 82

122 106 100 175 68 16 107 137 53

52 70 85 139 109 127

60 37 185 51 170 17

167 81 177 9 26 112 2 186 42

113 156 25 86 61

41 183 147 46 116 124

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 K		2 Y	3 D	4 N	5 C	6 Q	7 U	8 P		9 Y	10 E		11 P
12 N	13 D		14 J	15 M	16 V	17 X		18 C	19 N		20 O	21 J	22 I		23 K	24 T
25 Z		26 Y	27 I	28 H		29 D	30 U	31 M	32 P		33 F	34 G		35 R	36 I	37 X
38 H	39 E	40 Q	41 Z1	42 Y	43 A	44 M		45 J	46 Z1	47 N		48 Q	49 B		50 F	51 X
52 W	53 V		54 J	55 O	56 P	57 N		58 D	59 G	60 X	61 Z		62 F	63 N	64 H	65 O
66 B		67 L	68 V	69 C	70 W	71 G	72 F	73 K		74 J	75 P	76 I	77 N		78 K	79 L
	80 B	81 Y	82 U	83 K	84 S	85 W	86 Z		87 T	88 D		89 H	90 M	91 F	92 C	93 K
	94 S	95 N	96 Q	97 P	98 G	99 D	100 V	101 E	102 L		103 N	104 U	105 Q	106 V		107 V
108 O		109 W	110 H	111 S	112 Y	113 Z	114 P	115 L		116 Z1	117 S	118 M	119 B	120 T	121 F	
122 V		123 A	124 Z1	125 N	126 E	127 W	128 P	129 C		130 Q	131 D	132 O	133 B	134 C		135 A
136 R	137 V	138 F		139 W	140 A	141 I		142 Q	143 R		144 C	145 H		146 T	147 Z1	148 L
149 D	150 A	151 E	152 R		153 A	154 C		155 K	156 Z	157 B	158 I		159 E	160 B	161 F	162 T
	163 N	164 J	165 R	166 P	167 Y	168 I	169 D	170 X		171 J	172 D		173 B	174 Q	175 V	
176 N	177 Y	178 S	179 C	180 A		181 P	182 S		183 Z1	184 L	185 X	186 Y				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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Progress report on the preparation of the

WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA DICTIONARY

under the editorial direction of

Clarence L. Barnhart

1. A distinguished International Editorial Advisory Committee of 45 members has been formed, under the chairmanship of W. Cabell Greet, Professor of English, Barnard College, Columbia University.

2. A panel of 148 Special Consultants from America and England has agreed to review technical and scientific terms in all fields of knowledge.

3. The Editors of World Book Encyclopedia are constantly consulting with the Dictionary Editors in the creation of this new Thorndike-Barnhart dictionary. It will be the first dictionary designed especially as a companion to a family encyclopedia.

4. Outstanding typography and illustration are being designed. The new dictionary will utilize all the Thorndike-Barnhart principles which since 1935 have set the standards of lexicography in this country.

To be published in January 1963

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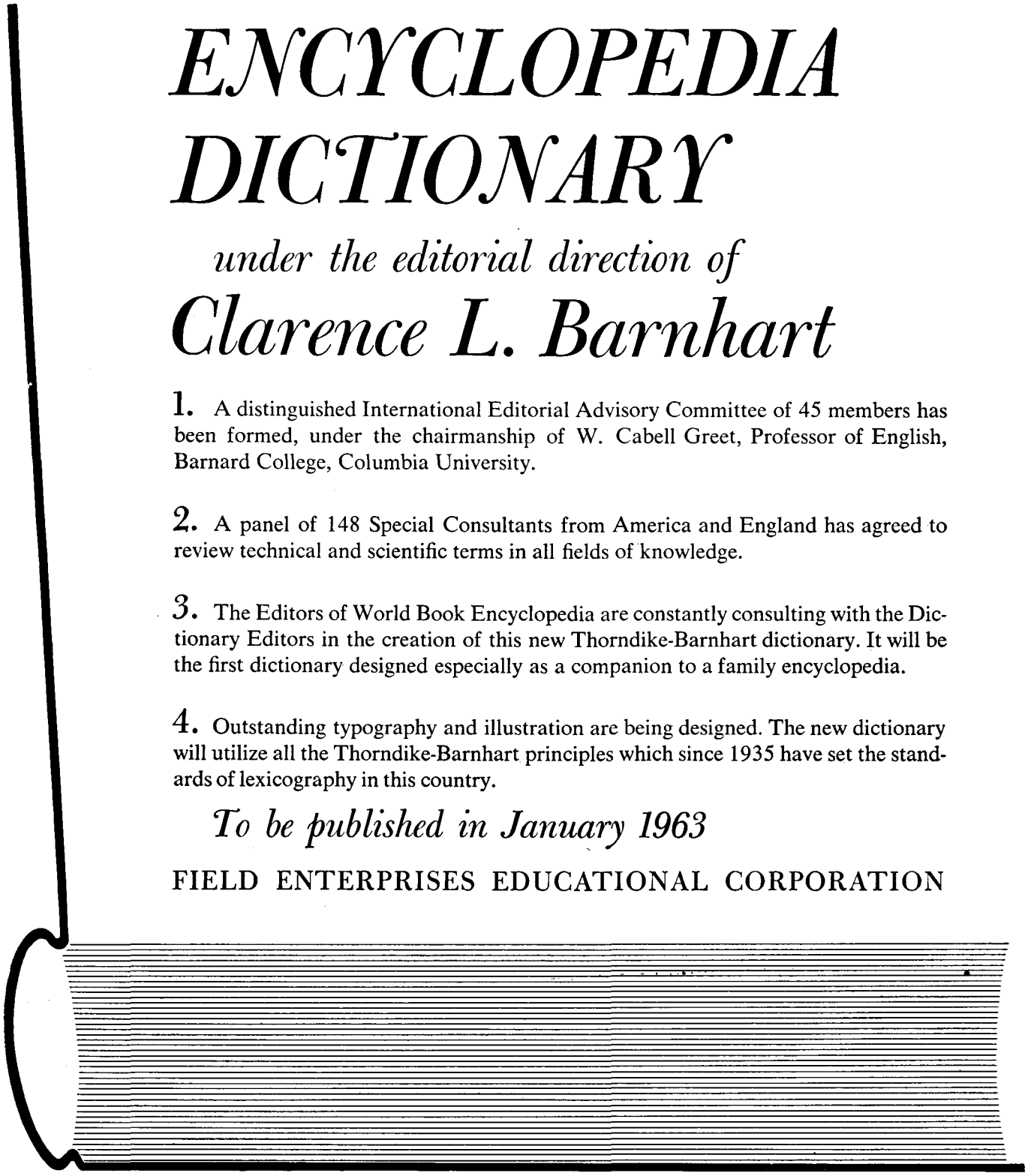

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